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September 11, 1937

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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RONALD
McLEOD

All Horse Players Die Broke

A SHORT STORY BY

DAMON RUNYON

MRS JOAN ..HARGROVE 12E
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Sept. 11, 1937

"It's a battle of wits from morning 'til night

Cobbs Creek
Blended Whisky
A smooth and delicious whisky superbly blended for bouquet and flavor
One Quart
90 Proof
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORP. Philadelphia, Pa.

but after I RELAX . . . I stick to MILD whisky"

Nature counsels—*relax* after a hard day! When you are comfortably settled and in the mood for a drink—call for MILD whisky . . . COBBS CREEK. No bite, no harshness, not a raw edge to jar your leisure. Thanks to its pleasing mildness, Cobbs Creek is the happy choice for better taste.

Continental Distilling Corporation, Philadelphia, Penna.

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Neutral Spirits

Cobbs Creek

90 Proof **BLENDED WHISKY**

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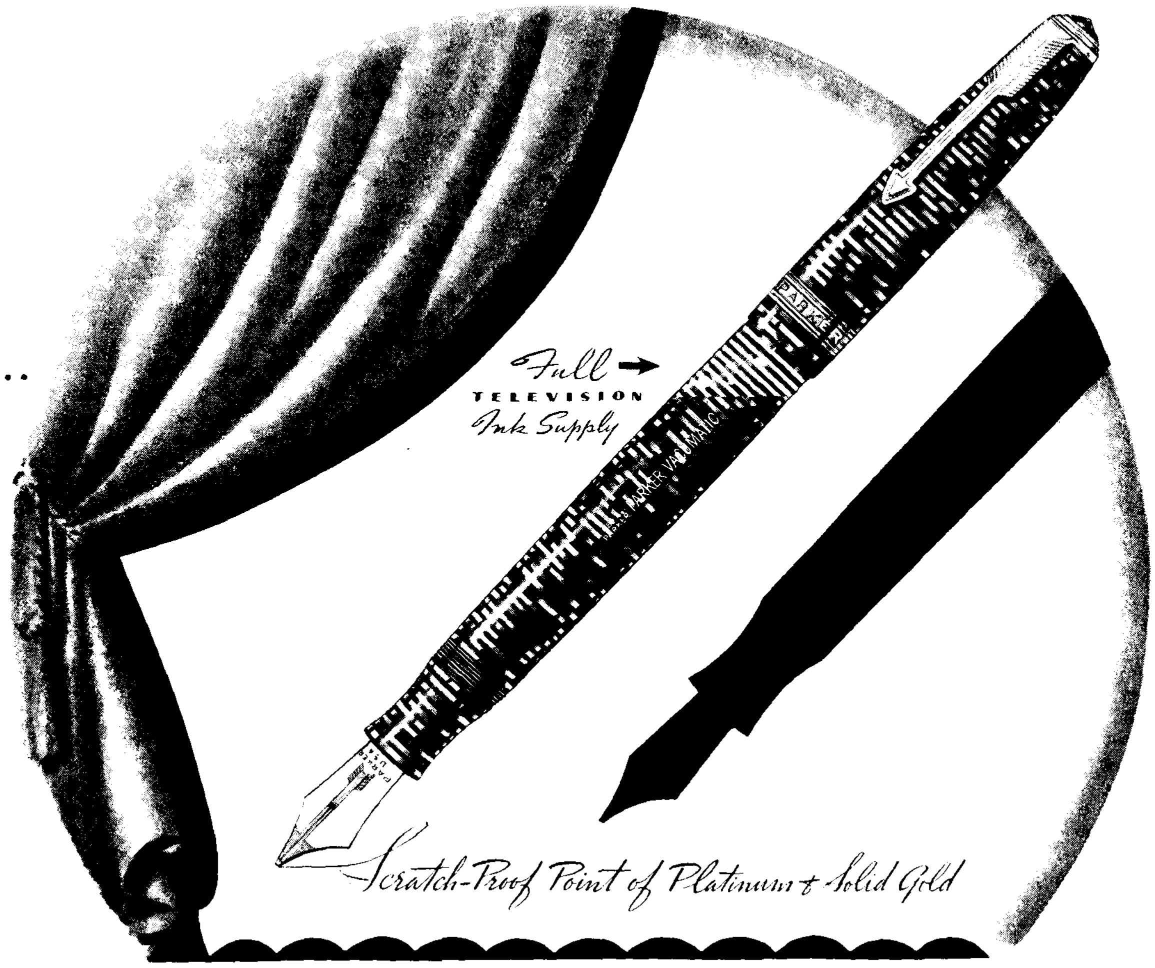
Today
the Curtain Rises
ON THE PEN OF
HIGHEST PEDIGREE...



A New and SUPERLATIVE Model of the Revolutionary Vacumatic

PARKER'S *SPEEDLINE* MAJOR and MAXIMA, $8.75 and $10

Attend Original Showing September 3 to September 11—
Start Fall Earning or Learning on a New High Plane

New Speedline Shape
with enlarged
Ink Capacity,
Self-governed Flow,
33⅓% More Gold,
and of course
Parker's smartly
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and Jet Style,
and Full Television
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TODAY there takes place at all good pen counters the curtain-raising on the king of all pens—the new Parker Speedline Vacumatic, in three sizes.

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An utterly new and revolutionary self-filling principle, eliminating the old-time rubber ink sac and lever filler—using the space thus gained for additional ink—in the Maxima enough to write a 16,000-word book with ink to spare. Even the slender Speedline Major holds 102% more ink than our famous Duofold.

A truly marvelous and patented invention within this shimmering Pearl and Jet Permanite barrel—a wholly original and exclusive Style, now with restful Speedline shape, smartly laminated.

Not merely a 1938 style, but also a 1938 mechanism! The flow is automatically governed regardless of your writing speed. And every Parker Vacumatic is GUARANTEED mechanically perfect, with no coddling asked or expected.

By all means see this new creation at once. Become the owner of a Speedline Vacumatic. The curtain rises on this pedigreed Beauty today. Don't be late. The Parker Pen Co., Janesville, Wis.

Makers of Parker Qu*ink*, the amazing new ink that cleans a pen as it writes. 15c, 25c, and up at any store selling ink.

$7 50
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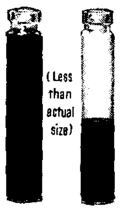
Parker



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THAN OUR FAMOUS DUOFOLD

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Collier's

September 11, 1937

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JIM MARSHALL	The Orient

OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN
Associate Editors

Next Week

TRY as we will we can find no description that fits Bazarada. It would be easy enough to call him a practitioner of black magic living in the twentieth century, but do black magicians spend their time aiding the oppressed and helpless? Everyone agrees that he is a master of illusion, but how much of it is sleight of hand and how much the result of occult powers?

As you may have guessed, Bazarada is a protégé of Sax Rohmer, the most talented of all his super-magicians. It comes as a bit of a shock to discover that he is on the side of law and order. But that applies only to his intentions; his methods are strictly his own. His first adventure is brilliantly narrated in "The Jade Serpent."

STORIES of the Dust Bowl, a country where the earth takes to the air, turning everything in its path into a smothering twilight world, where men and animals stumble about, blinded and choking—such stories are becoming a tragic commonplace of the Middle West. Walter Davenport and Ifor Thomas, Collier's staff photographer, were sent to find out what was being done for the sufferers in that region. A dust storm caught them. In "Land Where Our Children Die," they present a vivid picture of what it's like when you're there.

IT IS still an open question whether Valyrie Stilton Cutts, on trial for the murder of her husband, tried to influence the opinion of Juror Summers by flirting with him. What matters is that Juror McMurty thought she did and Juror McMurty (Reba to her friends) had other plans for young Mr. Summers. Frederick Hazlitt Brennan makes the most of this courtroom triangle in "Jury of Her Peers."

NADYA was given a free choice: she could either marry Commissar Kareshenko or face the firing squad. If she married him he would give her a divorce at the end of a year. Nadya felt no enthusiasm for firing squads; she said yes. But before the year was over Kareshenko had spectacularly saved her life and become a hopeless cripple in the process. That's the cheerless background of Nadya's romance, described by David Hoadley Munroe in "Life Class."

HUGH MacNAIR KAHLER writes the Short Short Story. Additional stories and articles come from Kyle Crichton, Ernest Haycox, George Creel, Agatha Christie, Freling Foster, Kathleen Norris and others. Partake of the feast.

This Week

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●

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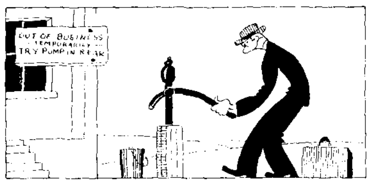
COVER RONALD McLEOD

Any Week

MR. WILL C. BODE of Indianapolis, Indiana, having devoted several hours of an otherwise beneficial vacation to a survey of the national scene, thinks a "firm hand ought to take hold." He is convinced, he assures us, that "personally, I don't need any dictator to regulate my life for me, but my neighbors do. Therefore, I'm for a dictatorship for everybody but me."

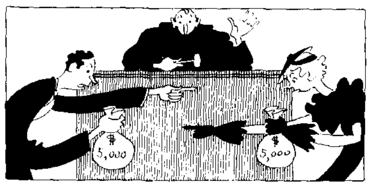
ONE of our government's best engineers was assigned to pilot a squad of Peruvian data compilers through our mining and agricultural sections. They made many bookfuls of notes which will one day be converted into a report to Peru's government. When they had almost finished their tour our engineer asked them what they thought of us. "Well," said their spokesman, "we are compelled to think you a very backward nation. We in Peru have made more mistakes than you have with a much smaller population. Perhaps you lack enterprise."

YET we've noticed signs of vigorous life here and there. Lately we were driving through Oklahoma and saw a sign: Two Miles From Foley's Famous Ice Water. We stopped at Mr. Foley's but the place was closed. There was a sign on the door: Out of Business Temporarily. Try Pump in Rear. If it Works Notify Foley. But someone else had beaten us to the pump—and broken it. Farther on, however, was a sign which bade us stop at Bob's Place for food. It said: Maybe You'll Think Our Food is Lousy and Maybe It is, but You Can't Beat It in This County. The sign was half right anyway. We took its word for the rest.



WE GOT to talking in Colorado Springs, Colorado, with a lady who thinks that we don't need a dictator but that it is going soon to be necessary for someone to talk to us pretty forthrightly. Said she: "I've quit listening to overloaded minds who start out with Ladies and Gentlemen or My Fellow Citizens. Experience has taught poor me that after such preamble I'm about to be wheedled, not informed. The fellow who gets my ear from now on will be the hero who starts out with Listen, You Dumb Clucks. That's what I call starting with the truth on your side."

MRS. JOSEPHINE THROBB of Racine, Wisconsin, has made a "painstaking analysis of why the New Deal has not been blessed with the immediate and unanimous acceptance of the whole people." It has bothered Mrs. Throbb no little that the current federal administration has come frequently and suddenly upon "stumbling blocks." But, says she, the reasons are clear: "I, for example, have a bill to discourage divorces by imposing a tax upon each party of five thousand dollars. As for the wealthy, there would be no divorce at all if my bill were enacted by Congress. There have been too few measures of this moral sort introduced into Congress by the New Deal. It has all been too material."



HOWEVER it will not be ridiculously simple for Mrs. Throbb or anyone else to substitute the spiritual for the material just now. What with wars and rumors of wars, high prices and towering taxes and other hard realities, the public mind, according to Mr. Edward J. Mortenson of Moorhead, Minnesota, is not soaring much. "A couple of the old Nonpartisan Leaguers, looking around for a chance to get in the money, tried to stage an old-fashioned Down-with-Wall-Street meeting out here," he reports. "But it was pretty floppy. Most of the farmers tell me that if the league and its puny heirs spent the time they used up denouncing Wall Street at something useful like how to grow forty bushels of wheat on every acre every year and what to do with it once they've got it, we'd have been somewhere by now."

FRANKLY we're feeling a trifle material ourselves. Just enough anyway to get a bit tough with Mr. Luman Peters of Athens, Georgia. Mr. Peters has read this magazine for many years and seems to think that we'd be better off and that he'd enjoy us more if we were carrying somebody's political banner. "There's no telling which way you fellows are going to strike out. One day you think the Democratic party and the Roosevelt administration are all right. The next you're raising hell with them. I demand that you come out and tell us whose side *you're on*."

OKAY. Our side.

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10 MORE...and he will be ready for College

Here's a Systematic Savings Plan to provide college funds

Planned purchases of United States Savings Bonds have become an increasingly popular means for parents to provide funds for future education of children.

By making a lump sum investment of $3,000, a return of $4,000 in ten years is assured. Another plan calls for the investment of $750 annually for four years in order to realize $1,000 a year for the same period ten years later. Some, who invest from current income, are using the Treasury Department's *Regular Purchase Plan*... investing $75 a month for four years, to provide $100 a month for the same period ten years later when children reach college age.

A United States Savings Bond may be registered in the name of a parent or other person with a minor named as coowner, or with the minor named as beneficiary in case of death of the owner. Also a Savings Bond may be purchased and registered in the name of a child. A Savings Bond never shrinks in dollar value and always is worth, after the first year, more money than was paid for it. Any bond may be surrendered for cash at any time after 60 days from its issue date.

UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS

DIRECT OBLIGATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

How Systematic Savings Grow

To provide funds for the future, select the program best suited to your needs—then buy a bond each month.

If you invest each consecutive month any specific amount shown below	Beginning in 10 years you will receive each month thereafter for as many consecutive months
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$93.75	**$125.00**
$187.50	**$250.00**
$375.00	**$500.00**

A Regular Purchase Plan is offered by the Treasury Department to facilitate systematic purchases. You will be reminded to save regularly, at intervals selected by you. Check coupon at right for full details.

FOR SALE AT POST OFFICES OR, IF YOU PREFER, ORDER BY MAIL

TREASURER OF THE UNITED STATES, DEPARTMENT C-09, WASHINGTON, D. C.

☐ Please send me without obligation, your Regular Purchase Plan and forms for my consideration and optional use.

☐ Send me the following bonds for which I enclose check, draft, or money order

NUMBER				
....	**$25**	United States Savings Bonds at	**$18.75**	$.............
....	**$50**	United States Savings Bonds at	**$37.50**	$.............
....	**$100**	United States Savings Bonds at	**$75.00**	$.............
....	**$500**	United States Savings Bonds at	**$375.00**	$.............
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It is understood that not more than $10,000 (Maturity Value) of these bonds issued during each or any calendar year (January 1st to December 31st) may be held by any one person.

Register in the name of and send to
Name *Miss* / *Mrs.* / *Mr.* ____________
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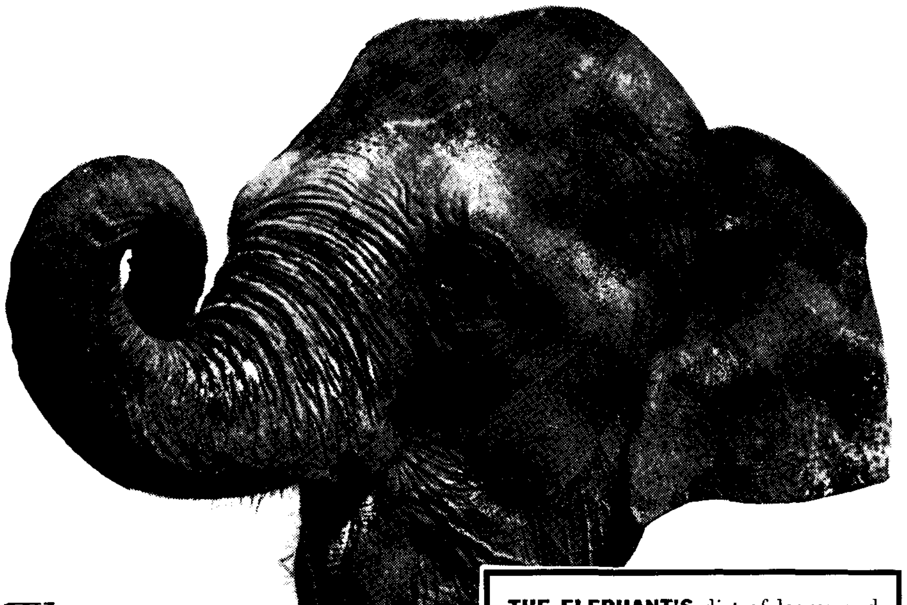

THE ELEPHANT'S diet of leaves and hay needs to be crushed and ground. For this purpose he has highly developed molars, which work like millstones. Human molars (*back teeth*) have a similar function, and grow stronger with the exercise of chewing. Be sure to give your molars special attention every time you brush your teeth.

Watch your dentist next time he cleans your teeth. Note how he makes his powder into a paste to keep the fine particles from flying off his rapidly revolving brush.

Similarly, for your convenience we "cream" the safest dental powders into a paste, which is easy to put on the brush. No dentifrice goes down the drain or remains on the hands, as with powder.

You get the cleansing power of powder... *in modern form*... when you get Listerine Tooth Paste. It keeps your teeth sparkling and lustrous. Cleans and polishes them to gleaming whiteness. Helps protect against cavity-digging acids.

The famous formula of this tooth paste contains no pumice, grit, or harmful abrasives. Contains no soap, which many dentists believe to be harmful to the gums.

Get the economical double-size tube of Listerine Tooth Paste at any drug counter. You will be pleased because it works so fast. And you will like that brisk, clean, glad-to-be-alive taste which starts the day right for millions of users every morning.

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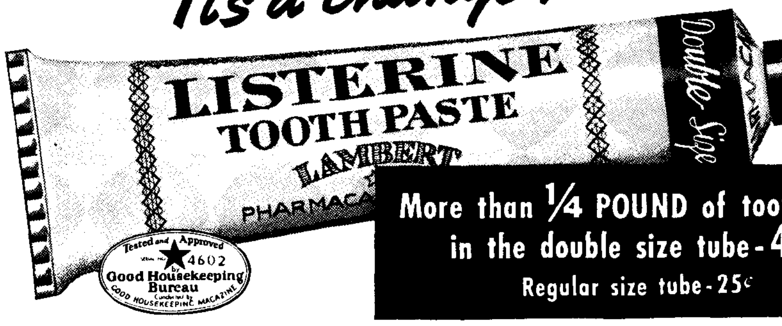
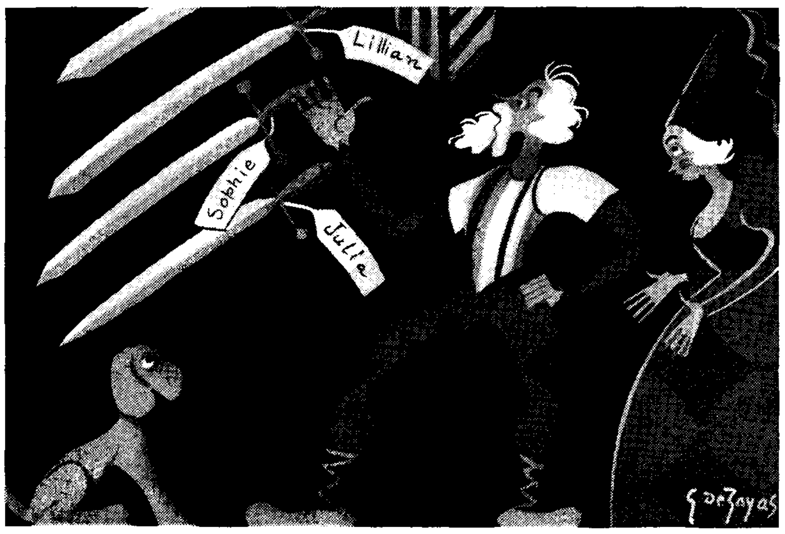
CHANGE TO LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE...

It's a change for the better



More than ¼ POUND of tooth paste in the double size tube - 40¢
Regular size tube - 25¢



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Many centuries ago, when a fine sword was among man's most cherished possessions, these weapons were frequently given names, many of which are recorded in history. "Crocea Mors" was owned by Cæsar, "Al Battar" by Mohammed, "Flamberge" by Charlemagne and "Curta'na" by Edward the Confessor.

Sir Samuel Hoare, Britain's recent Secretary of State for India, spent a record amount of time and energy in successfully piloting his India Bill to its place on the Statute Roll. During the more than seven years before it was passed, he made 600 speeches, answered 15,000 questions, read 25,000 pages of reports and entered into debates which comprised 15,500,000 words.—*By Marshall Greenspon, Hartford, Connecticut.*

The Founder of Christianity probably never heard himself called Jesus Christ. During His life, He was known only by His original Hebrew name Joshua. After the crucifixion, He was referred to as Joshua the Messiah until the time, many years later, when this name was changed into Greek and became Jesus the Christ.—*By Paul Parnell, Cliffside Park, New Jersey.*

Paradoxically, the employment of spies during a war is held to be legitimate by all nations, but the spy himself is regarded as an outlaw.

In Paris a concern profitably trades in secondhand, life-sized marble statues of historical personages. Its stock includes a nice line of kings, reasonably priced for bargain hunters.

In the theater projection of sound moving pictures, the picture on a 24-foot screen is approximately 100,000 times larger than the picture on the film.—*By Francis W. Simpson, Greer, South Carolina.*

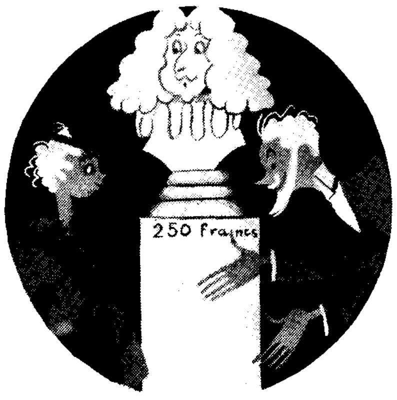
All of our numerals and ordinals up to a million are Anglo-Saxon, with the exception of the word Second, which is French. The Anglo-Saxon word for Second was Other, as First, Other, Third, etc.

Streets occupy more than one third of the developed area of the average American city.—*By Eldridge Lovelace, Lansing, Michigan.*

In some South American countries, it is not unusual to see a sign over a store reading "Butcher Shop of the Holy Spirit," a bottle label identifying "The Wine of the Last Supper" or a billboard sign depicting Judas smoking and endorsing a certain cigarette.—*By Robert Reynolds, Los Angeles, California.*

One of America's newest games is three-dimensional chess, which is played on eight boards at a time, one above the other, and contains 512 instead of the regular 64 checkered squares.—*By Dr. W. F. H. Godson, Jr., Norwood, Pennsylvania.*

Fourteen states in this country now require visiting motorists to register and obtain a permit if they expect to stay for some time. These permits, which must be secured from within a few hours to thirty days and are issued without charge in eleven states, are good for periods ranging from 25 days to four or more months.—*By Larston Dawn Farrar, Birmingham, Alabama.*



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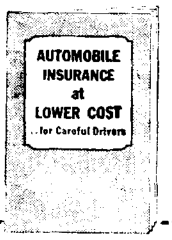

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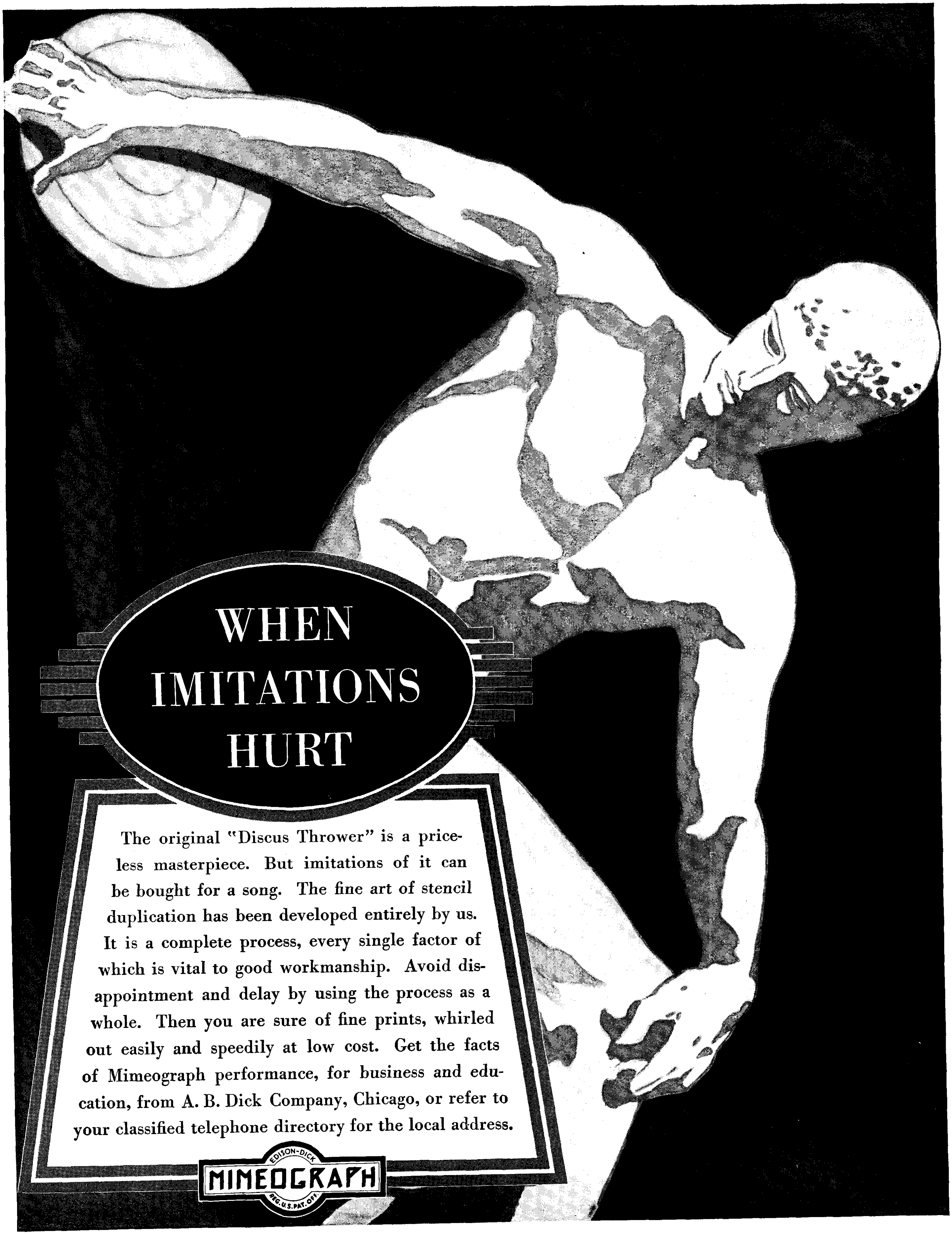

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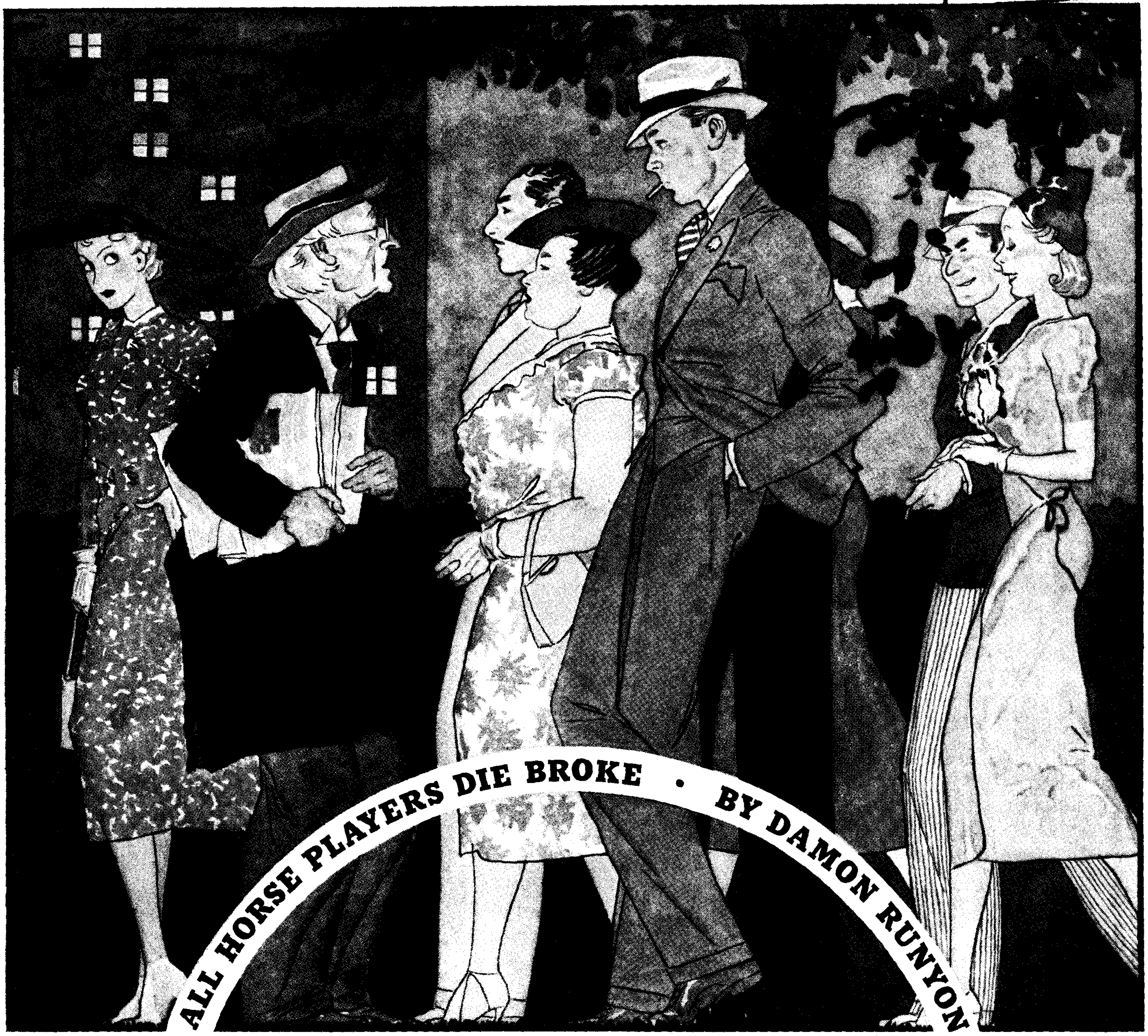


ALL HORSE PLAYERS DIE BROKE

BY DAMON RUNYON

"I often stand here under these trees," Unser Fritz says, "watching her windows to see what time she puts out her lights"

Being the story of a well-known character by the name of Unser Fritz, who places many a dib on the right horse and many an emerald on the wrong doll

IT IS during the last race meeting at Saratoga, and one evening I am standing out under the elms in front of the Grand Union Hotel thinking what a beautiful world it is, to be sure, for what do I do in the afternoon at the track but grab myself a piece of a 10-to-1 shot.

I am thinking what a beautiful moon it is, indeed, that is shining down over the park where Mr. Dick Canfield once deals them higher than a cat's back, and how pure and balmy the air is, and also what nice-looking Judys are wandering around and about, although it is only the night before that I am standing in the same spot wondering where I can borrow a Betsy with which to shoot myself smack-dab through the pimple.

In fact, I go around to see a character I know by the name of Solly something, who owns a Betsy, but it seems he has only one cartridge to his name for this Betsy and he is thinking some of either using the cartridge to shoot his own self smack-dab through the pimple, or of going out to the race course and shooting an old catfish by the name of Pair of Jacks that plays him false in the fifth race, and therefore Solly is not in a mood to lend his Betsy to anybody else.

So we try to figure out a way we can make one cartridge do for two pimples, and in the meantime Solly outs with a bottle of applejack, and after a couple of belts at this bottle we decide that the sensible thing to do is to take the Betsy out and peddle it for whatever we can, and maybe get a taw for the next day.

Well, it happens that we run into an Italian party from Passaic, N. J., by the name of Guiseppe Palladino, who is called Joe for short, and this Joe is in the money very good at the moment, and he is glad to lend us a pound note on the Betsy, because Joe is such a character as never knows when he may need an extra Betsy, and anyway it is the first time in his experience around the race tracks that anybody ever offers him collateral for a loan.

So there Solly and I are with a deuce apiece after we spend the odd dollar for breakfast the next day, and I run my deuce up to a total of twenty-two slugs on the 10-to-1 shot in the last heat of the day, and everything is certainly all right with me in every respect.

Well, while I am standing there under the elms, who comes along but a raggedy old Dutchman by the name of Unser Fritz, who is maybe seventy-five years old, come next grass, and who is following the giddy-aps since the battle of Gettysburg, as near as anybody can figure out. In fact, Unser Fritz is quite an institution around the race tracks, and is often written up by the newspaper scribes as a terrible example of what a horse player comes to, although personally I always say that what Unser Fritz comes to is not so tough when you figure that he does not do a tap of work in all these years.

In his day, Unser Fritz is a most successful handicapper, a handicapper being a character who can dope out from the form what horses ought to win the races, and as long as his figures turn out all right, a handicapper is spoken of most respectfully by one and all, although of course when he begins missing out for any length of time as handicappers are bound to do, he is no longer spoken of respectfully, or even as a handicapper. He is spoken of as a bum.

It is a strange thing how a handicapper can go along for years doing everything right, and then all of a sudden he finds himself doing everything wrong, and this is the way it is with Unser Fritz. For a long time his figures on the horse races are considered most remarkable, indeed, and as he will bet till the cows come home on his own figures, he generally has plenty of money, and a fiancée by the name of Emerald Em.

She is called Emerald Em because she has a habit of wearing a raft of emeralds in rings, and pins, and bracelets, and one thing and another, which are purchased for her by Unser Fritz to express his love, an emerald being a green stone that is considered most expressive of love, if it is big enough. It seems that Emerald Em is very fond of emeralds, especially when they are surrounded by large, coarse diamonds.

I HEAR the old-timers around the race tracks say that when Emerald Em is young, she is a tall, good-looking Judy with yellow hair that is by no means a phony yellow, at that, and with a shape that does not require a bustle such as most Judys always wear in those days.

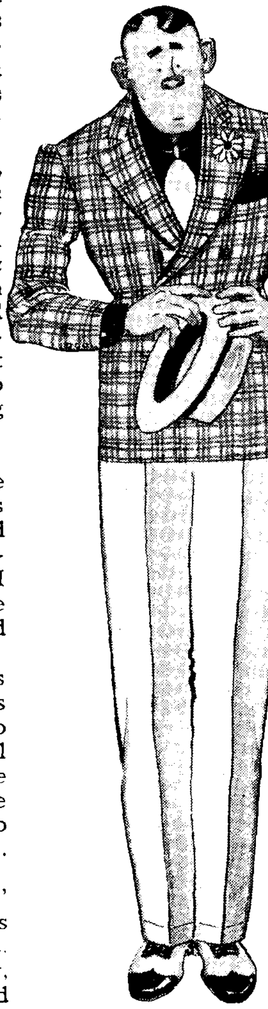
But then nobody ever hears an old-timer mention any Judy that he remembers from back down the years who is not good-looking, and in fact beautiful. To hear the old-timers tell it, every pancake they ever see when they are young is a double Myrna Loy, though the chances are, figuring in the law of averages, that some of them are bound to be rutabagas, the same as now. Anyway, for years this Emerald Em is known on every race track from coast to coast as Unser Fritz's fiancée, and is considered quite a remarkable scene, what with her emeralds, and not requiring any bustle, and everything else.

Then one day Unser Fritz's figures run plumb out on him, and so does his dough, and so does Emerald Em, and now Unser Fritz is an old pappy guy, and it is years since he is regarded as anything but a crumbo around the race tracks, and nobody remembers much of his story, or cares a cuss about it, for if there is anything that is a drug on the market around the tracks it is the story of a broker.

How he gets from place to place, and how he lives after he gets there, is a very great mystery to one and all, although I hear he often rides in the horsecars with the horses, when some owner or trainer happens to be feeling tenderhearted, or he hitchhikes in automobiles, and sometimes he even walks, for Unser Fritz is still fairly nimble, no matter how old he is.

He always has under his arm a bundle of newspapers that somebody throws away, and every night he sits down and handicaps the horses running the next day according to his own system, but he seldom picks any winners, and even if he does pick any winners, he seldom has anything to bet on them.

Sometimes he promotes a stranger, who does not know he is bad luck to a good hunting dog, to put down a few dibs on one of his picks, and once in a while the pick wins, and Unser Fritz gets a small stake, and sometimes an old-timer who feels sorry for him will slip him something. But whatever Unser Fritz gets hold of, he bets off right away on the next race that comes up, so naturally he never is holding anything very long.



WELL, Unser Fritz stands under the elms with me a while, speaking of this and that, and especially of the races, and I am wondering to myself if I will become as disheveled as Unser Fritz if I keep on following the races, when he gazes at the Grand Union Hotel, and says to me like this:

"It looks nice," he says. "It looks cheery-like, with the lights, and all this and that. It brings back memories to me. Emma always lives in this hotel whenever we make Saratoga for the races back in the days when I am in the money. She always has a suite of two or three rooms on this side of the hotel. Once she has four.

"I often stand here under these trees," Unser Fritz says, "watching her windows to see what time she puts out her lights, because, while I trust Emma implicitly, I know she has a restless nature, and sometimes she cannot resist returning to scenes of gaiety after I bid her good night, especially," he says, "with a party by the name of Pete Shovelin, who runs the restaurant where she once deals them off the arm."

ILLUSTRATED BY
ROBERT O. REID

"You mean she is a biscuit shooter?" I say.

"A waitress," Unser Fritz says. "A good waitress. She comes of a family of farm folks in this very section, although I never know much about them," he says. "Shovelin's is a little hole-in-the-wall up the street here somewhere which long since disappears. I go there for my morning java in the old days.

"I will say one thing for Shovelin," Unser Fritz says, "he always has good java. Three days after I first clap eyes on Emma, she is wearing her first emerald, and is my fiancée. Then she moves into a suite in the Grand Union. I only wish you can know Emma in those days," he says. "She is beautiful. She is a fine character. She is always on the level, and I love her dearly."

"What do you mean—always on the level?" I say. "What about this Shovelin party you just mention?"

"Ah," Unser Fritz says, "I suppose I am dull company for a squab, what with having to stay in at night to work on my figures, and Emma likes to go around and about. She is a highly nervous type, and extremely restless, and she cannot bear to hold still very long at a time. But," he says, "in those days it is not considered proper for a young Judy to go around and about without a chaperon, so she goes with Shovelin for her chaperon. Emma never goes anywhere without a chaperon," he says.

WELL, it seems that early in their courtship, Unser Fritz learns that he can generally quiet her restlessness with emeralds, if they have diamonds on the side. It seems that these stones have a very soothing effect on her, and this is why he purchases them for her by the bucket.

"Yes," Unser Fritz says, "I always think of Emma whenever I am in New York City, and look down Broadway at night with the go lights on."

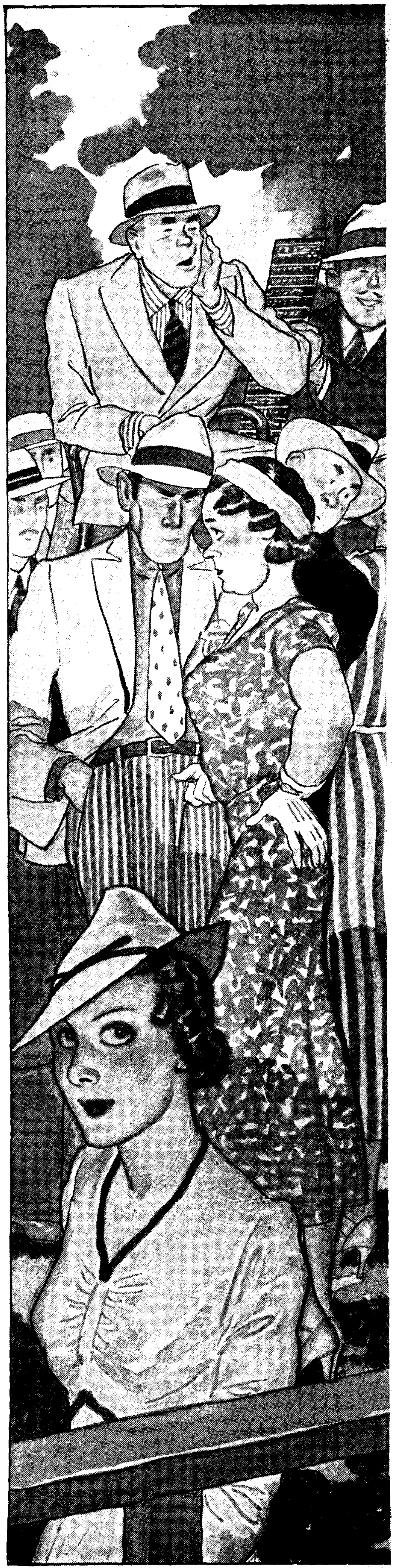
But it seems from what Unser Fritz tells me that even with the emeralds her restless spells come on her very bad, and especially when he finds himself running short of ready, and is unable to purchase more emeralds for her at the moment, although Unser Fritz claims this is nothing unusual. In fact, he says anybody with any experience with nervous female characters knows that it becomes very monotonous for them to be around people who are short of ready.

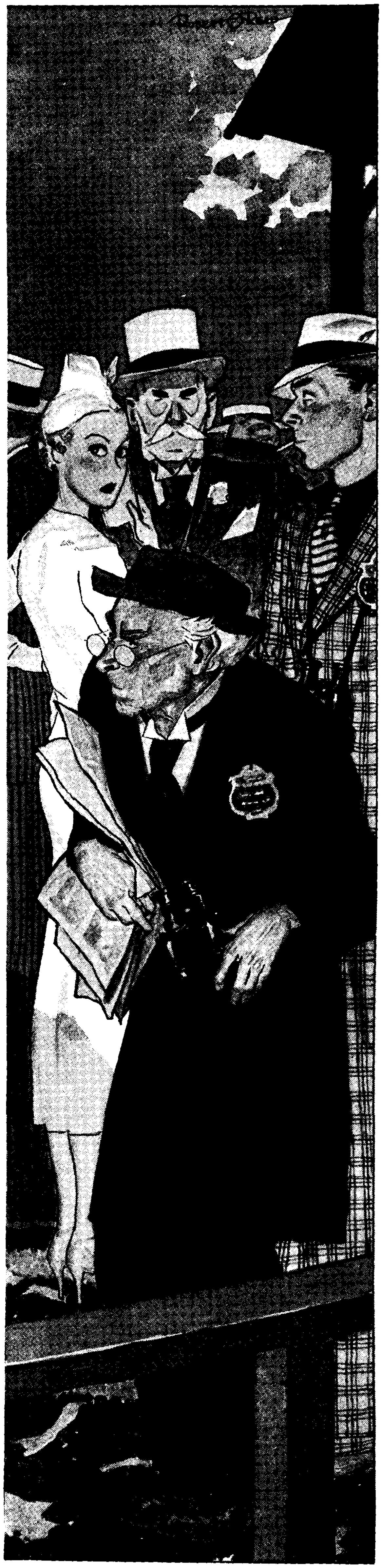
"But," he says, "not all of them require soothing with emeralds. Some require pearls," he says.

Well, it seems that Emma generally takes a trip without Unser Fritz to break the monotony of his running short of ready, but she never takes one of these trips without a chaperon, because she is very careful about her good name, and Unser Fritz's, too. It seems that in those days Judys have to be more careful about such matters than they do now.

He remembers that once when they are in San Francisco she takes a trip through the Yellowstone with Jockey Gus Kloobus as her chaperon, and is gone three weeks and returns much refreshed, especially as she gets back just as Unser Fritz makes a nice score and has a seidel of emeralds waiting for her. He remembers another time she goes to England with a trainer by the name of Blootz as her chaperon and comes home with an English accent that sounds right cute, to find Unser Fritz going like a house afire at Belmont.

"She takes a lot of other trips without me during the time we are





"Hello, Dirty Dutch," says Willie the Worrier. "How is the soap market? What are you looking for around here? Santa Claus?"

engaged," Unser Fritz says, "but," he says, "I always know Emma will return to me as soon as she hears I am back in the money and can purchase more emeralds for her. In fact," he says, "this knowledge is all that keeps me struggling now."

"Look, Fritz," I say, "what do you mean, keeps you going? Do you mean you think Emma may return to you again?"

"Why, sure," Unser Fritz says. "Why, certainly, if I get my rushes again. Why not?" he says. "She knows there will be a pail of emeralds waiting for her. She knows I love her and always will," he says.

Well, I ask him when he sees Emerald Em last, and he says it is 1908 in the old Waldorf-Astoria the night he blows a hundred and sixty thousand betting on a hide called Sir Martin to win the Futurity, and it is all the dough Unser Fritz has at the moment. In fact, he is cleaner than a jay bird, and he is feeling somewhat discouraged.

It seems he is waiting on his floor for the elevator, and when it comes down Emerald Em is one of the several passengers, and when the door opens, and Unser Fritz starts to get in, she raises her foot and plants it in his stomach, and gives him a big push back out the door and the elevator goes on down without him.

"BUT, of course," Unser Fritz says. "Emma never likes to ride in the same elevator with me, because I am not always tidy enough to suit her in those days, what with having so much work to do on my figures, and she claims it is a knock to her socially. Anyway," he says, "this is the last I see of Emma."

"Why, Fritz," I say, "nineteen-eight is nearly thirty years back, and if she ever thinks of returning to you, she will return long before this."

"No," Unser Fritz says. "You see, I never make a scratch since then. I am never since in the money, so there is no reason for Emma to return to me. But," he says, "wait until I get going good again and you will see."

Well, I always figure Unser Fritz must be more or less of an old screwball for going on thinking there is still a chance for him around the tracks, and now I am sure of it, and I am about to bid him good evening, when he mentions that he can use about two dollars if I happen to have a deuce on me that is not working, and I will say one thing for Unser Fritz, he seldom comes right out and asks anybody for anything unless things are very desperate with him, indeed.

"I need it to pay something on account of my landlady," he says. "I room with old Mrs. Crob around the corner for over twenty years, and," he says, "she only charges me a finnif a week, so I try to keep from getting too far to the rear with her. I will return it to you the first score I make."

"Well, of course I know this means practically never, but I am feeling so good about my success at the track that I slip him a deucer, and it is half an hour later before I fully realize what I do, and go looking for Fritz to get anyway half of it back. But by this time he disappears, and I think no more of the matter until the next day out at the course when I hear Unser Fritz bets two dollars on a thing by the name of Speed Cart, and it bows down at 50 to 1, so I know Mrs. Crob is still waiting for hers.

Now there is Unser Fritz with one hundred slugs, and this is undoubtedly more money than he enjoys since Hickory Slim is a two-year-old. And from here on the story becomes very interesting, and in fact remarkable, because up to the moment Speed Cart hits the wire, Unser Fritz is still nothing but a crumbo, and you can say it again, while from now on he is somebody to point out and say can you imagine such a thing happening?

He bets a hundred on a centipede called Marchesa, and down pops Marchesa like a trained pig at 20 to 1. Then old Unser Fritz bets two hundred on a caterpillar by the name of Merry Soul, at 4 to 1, and Merry Soul just laughs his way home. Unser Fritz winds up the day betting two thousand more on something called Sharp Practice, and when Sharp Practice wins by so far it looks as if he is a shoo-in, Fritz finds himself with over twelve thousand slugs, and the way the bookmakers in the betting ring are sobbing is really most distressing to hear.

WELL, in a week Unser Fritz is a hundred thousand dollars in front, because the way he sends it in is quite astonishing to behold, although the old-timers tell me it is just the way he sends it when he is younger. He is betting only on horses that he personally figures out, and what happens is that Unser Fritz's figures suddenly come to life again, and he cannot do anything wrong.

He wins so much dough that he even pays off a few old touches, including my two, and he goes so far as to lend Joe Palladino three dollars on the Betsy that Solly and I hock with Joe for the pound note, as it seems that by this time Joe himself is practically on his way to the poorhouse, and while Unser Fritz has no use whatsoever for a Betsy he cannot bear to see a character such as Joe go to the poorhouse.

But with all the dough Unser Fritz carries in his pockets, and plants in a safe-deposit box in the jug downtown, he looks just the same as ever, because he claims he cannot find time from working on his figures to buy new clothes and dust himself off, and if you tell anybody who does not know who he is that this old crutch is stone rich, the chances are they will call you a liar.

In fact, on a Monday around noon, the clerk in the branch office that a big Fifth Avenue jewelry firm keeps in the lobby of the States Hotel is all ready to yell for the constables when Unser Fritz leans up against the counter and asks to see some jewelry on display in a showcase, as Unser Fritz is by no means the clerk's idea of a customer for jewelry.

I am standing in the lobby of the hotel on the off chance that some fresh money may arrive in the city on the late trains that I may be able to connect up with before the races, when I notice Unser Fritz and observe the agitation of the clerk, and presently I see Unser Fritz waving a fistful of bank notes under the clerk's beak, and the clerk starts setting out the jewelry with surprising speed.

I go over to see what is coming off, and I can see that the jewelry Unser Fritz is looking at consists of a necklace of emeralds and diamonds, with a centerpiece the size of the home plate, and some eardrops, and bracelets, and clips of same, and as I approach the scene I hear Unser Fritz ask how much for the lot as if he is dickering for a basket of fish.

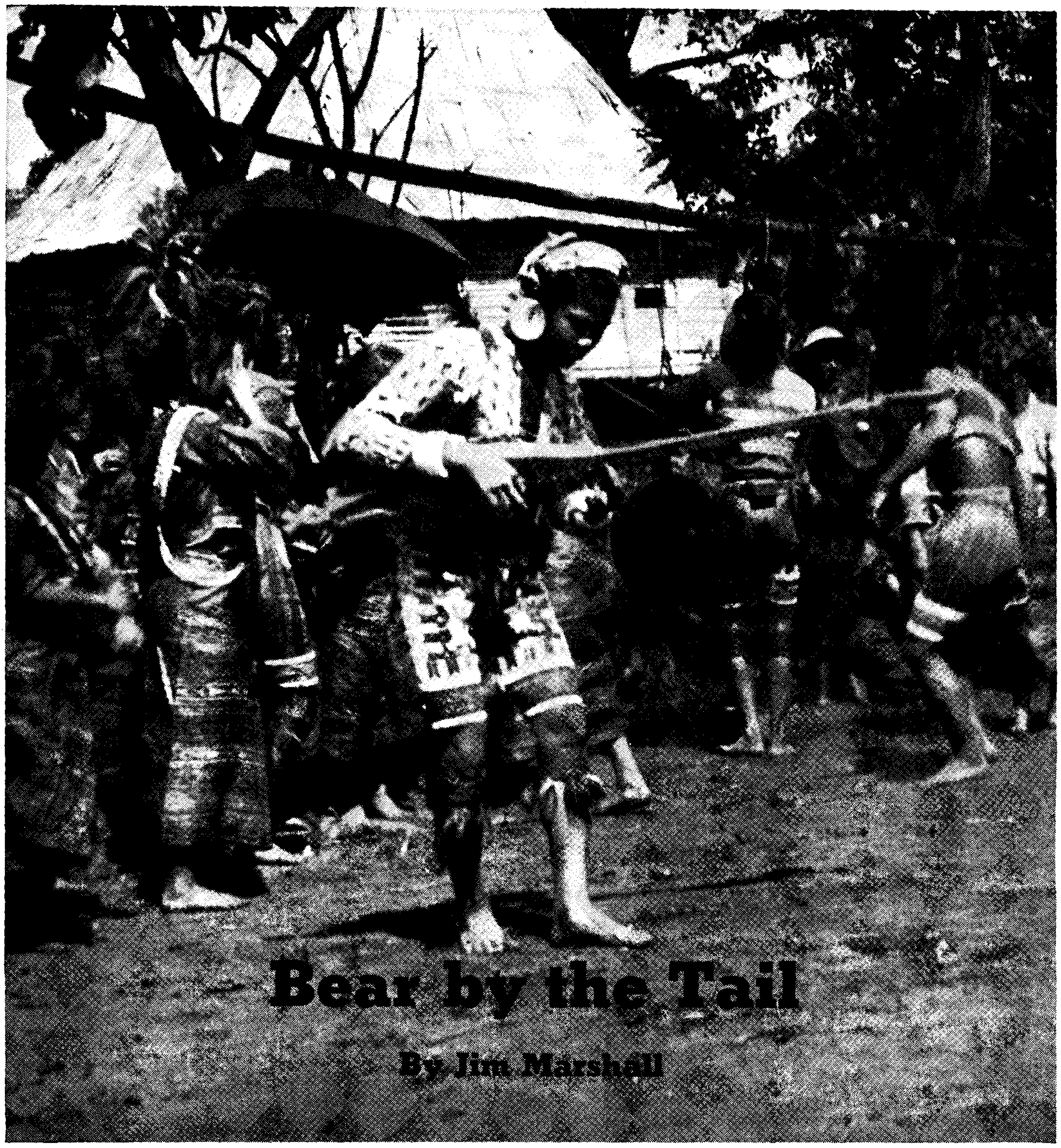
"One hundred and one thousand dollars, sir," the clerk says. "You see, sir, it is a set, and one of the finest things of the kind in the country. We just got it in from our New York store to show a party here, and," he says, "she is absolutely crazy about it, but she states she cannot give us a final decision until five o'clock this afternoon. Confidentially, sir," the clerk says, "I think the real trouble is financial, and doubt that we will hear from her again. In fact," he says, "I am so strongly of this opinion that I am prepared to sell the goods without waiting on her. It is really a bargain at the price," he says.

"Dear me," Unser Fritz says to me, "this is most unfortunate as the sum mentioned is just one thousand dollars more than I possess in all this world. I have twenty thousand on my person, and eighty thousand over in the box in the jug, and not another dime. But," he says, "I will be back before five o'clock and take the lot. In fact," he says, "I will run in right after the third race, and pick it up."

Well, at this, the clerk starts putting the jewelry back in the case, and anybody can see that he figures he is on a lob and that he is sorry he wastes so

(Continued on page 70)

When the question of independence for the Philippines is raised, the general American sentiment is: "Oh, turn them loose and let's go to the movies." But abandoning the Filipinos, nominally to themselves, in reality to Japan, is going to be no easy trick. Those of us who say we are finally letting go of the bear's tail will discover that it's right back in our palm again



Bear by the Tail

By Jim Marshall

EWING GALLOWAY

A Bagabo tribal dance. Thousands of tribes like these, with as many varying degrees of civilization, make up the native population of the Philippines

HE LEANED wearily on the counter of the steamship ticket office on Plaza Moraga in Manila, his creased whites clinging damply to him and his face wetly red with sweat. He was bargaining for freighter passage to America—a tanned young Western mining engineer with calluses on his palms and wrinkles around his blue eyes from the sun glare.

Outside, the plaza echoed with rat-a-tat of the *carromato* ponies trotting down off the Jones bridge over the muddy Pasig River and honks and rattles from the pint-size ten-centavo taxis. The southwest monsoon blew hot and sticky from the South China Sea. We soaked up the sweat from our foreheads with wet handkerchiefs and wondered when white men in the tropics would get some sense and adopt shirts and shorts.

Or maybe just shorts.

"Going home?" I asked.

"You bet—and broke. . . ."

The Filipino behind the counter handed him a square yard of ticket. He paid for it from a thin roll of damp peso currency and we plowed through the brown and white mob along the Escolta and into the Exchange Bar on San Vicente for a gin fizz. The fans revolved lazily in the heavy half-darkness. Outside, the sky had gone suddenly black and the rain was driving in in sheets from the bay. The waiter brought over two cool glasses and some free lunch.

"Yes," said the boy, gulping half his fizz, "I'm going home—before the rush starts. Before the Little Brown Brother tears loose from the Stars and Stripes and starts running himself and having revolutions and dictatorship. Before the Chinese take over the place. A jump ahead of the time the Filipino flag comes down and the Fried Egg the Jap boys fly goes up on the Luneta."

"Been out in the Philippines long?"

You Kick In, or Else

"Couple years. Working on a gold proposition down in Surigao. That's two days south of Manila by boat and two more into the jungle, with the Negritos and crocs and pythons for company. Came out here from the School of Mines in Colorado. My old man gave me a couple thousand and I put it into the mine. Getting $200 a month salary."

"Mine no good?"

"Sure it was good. We got the gold, all right. Only, like all the other mining men and sugar men and coconut men, we got too many of these chits from the politicians . . . You know—a subscription of a thousand pesos will be welcome for something or somebody or other. We paid, at first. All the American outfits do. Then we balked—told 'em to go to hell.

"So it turned out there were flaws in our papers and some other guy got the claims. He subscribed, I guess . . . That's what you get for being independent, out here."

The tall, lean Nevadan, pouring San Miguel beer into himself at the next table, said out of the corner of his mouth: "You bet he subscribed, son. We all do. Me—I put it down on the books as Incidentals. Or Miscellaneous, when I can remember how to spell miscellaneous. Cost us more'n ten thousand pesos last year. But if you want to do business out here, that's how it is. For Americans. Filipinos too, I guess. We all kick in. Or else. . . ."

"It's too bad, too," said the boy who was getting out, "because there's room and opportunity down here in the islands for ten or twenty million young Americans—if the United States would just take over the country and run it—instead of giving it back to the Filipinos, who'll just have it stolen from them, anyway, within five years."

"You're dead right, son," said the Nevadan. "Here's more'n seven thousand of the richest islands on earth. Gold and sugar and hemp and iron and copra and chromite and bananas and hell knows what else, in abundance. And we're proposing to turn them over to fourteen million little brown people who'll just drift back to Asia and let things slide. . . ."

Two Days' Wages for a Drink

"Thirteen million of 'em," said the boy, "don't care whether they have independence or not—they have a hard enough time just living. Hundreds of thousands of 'em go hungry part of the year, between crops. . . ."

"You're a bit light there, son," said the Nevadan. "Make it thirteen, five."

A black limousine slid to a stop outside the bar. A door banged and a slim Filipino politician in a spotless white sharkskin suit came through the swinging doors, sat down and rested brown ringed fingers on the table. A waiter from the bar brought him whisky and soda. The chit was eighty centavos.

"He's one of the guys who got 'em independence," said the Nevadan. "Big shot. That eighty centavos he just paid for his drink is two days' wages for a *tao*—peasant—down in the rice paddies."

"Independence my eye!" exploded the

BLACK STAR

ACME

Above, native Igorots, civilized, prefer to dispense with trousers. Below, a Japanese ship, one of many needed to handle her Philippine trade

boy. "What they're going to get is the tightest little dictatorship on earth."

So-called "independence" for the Filipinos was supposed to be all settled back in 1935. The islands were given a commonwealth government, to end July 3, 1946. Then, next day, they were to blossom out as a full-feathered republic, complete with congress, army, oratory, national debts, departments, scandals and members of the president's family writing pieces for the newspapers.

Against two opponents—one the fire-eating Aguinaldo, the other a bishop—Manuel Luis Quezon was elected the commonwealth's first president. By his own demand he was limited to one six-year term—and still is, the national legislature having had no orders to the contrary. Today, most Americans have been eased out of government posts, American teachers have been replaced by Filipinos, and the commonwealth is supposed to be practicing up in the operation of a democracy, including the good features of ours, but omitting the mistakes.

After Quezon's election, everybody in America sighed happily; said: "Well, we've got rid of *that* problem!"—and forgot about the Philippines. It looked as if, after forty years, we'd finally managed to let go of the bear's tail.

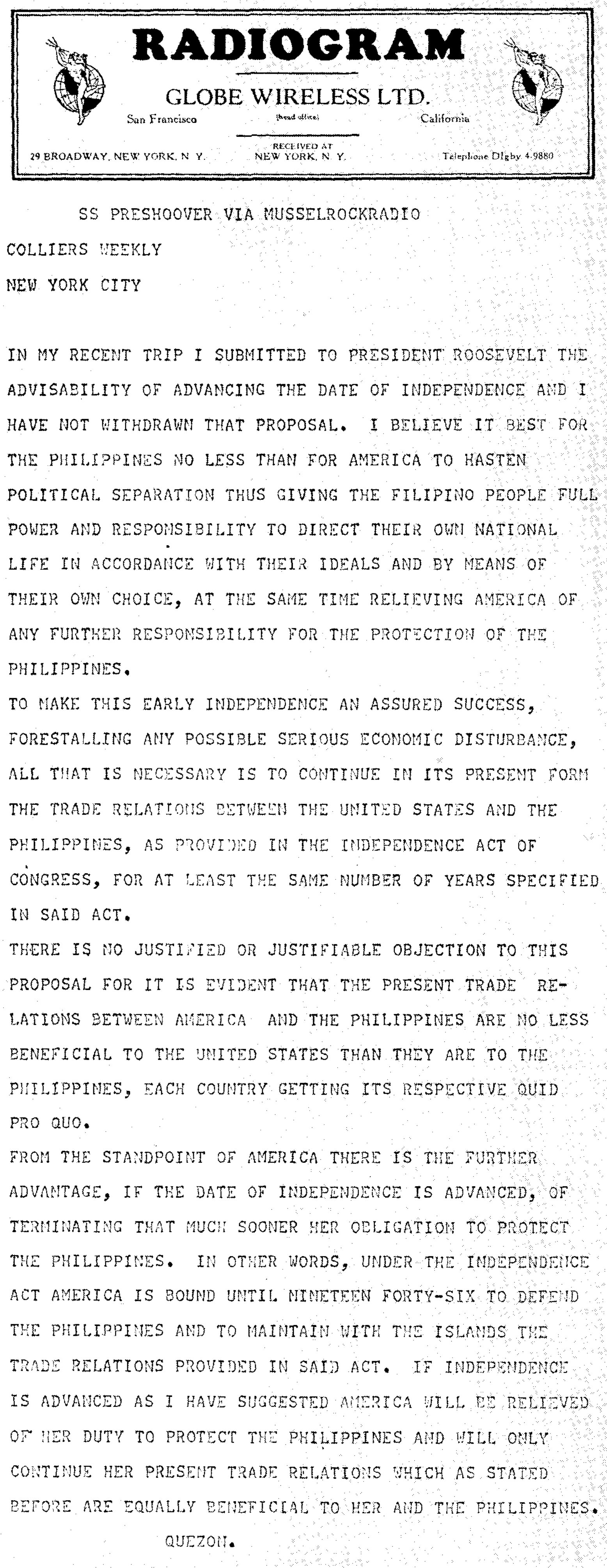
Then, this summer, there was a soft thud in our national palm—and there was the bear's tail again. Dictator Quezon, roaming snappily around the world on a de luxe cruise, letting other rulers look at him, suddenly decided he couldn't wait until 1946 for independence. He had to have it right away—by July 4, 1938, or 1939 at the latest.

This desire was as much of a shock to Filipinos as it was to Americans—so much so that Manila stock-exchange prices crashed and island businessmen all got the twilps. Most American business in the island is geared to wind up in 1946. Forcing it out six or seven years ahead of that date would mean heavy losses.

The Quezon demand naturally brought that American institution, the investigating committee. Today, commissions and experts are piling up opinions, facts, evidence, hunches and soothsayings upon which—some day—Congress is expected to base a decision. Congress being what it is and most congressmen being only slightly fact-conscious, the decision is likely to be: Let go of that bear's tail as soon as possible. This conforms with the general American sentiment: "Oh, turn the Philippines loose and let's go to the movies!"

(Continued on page 30)

Here is Quezon's present position on Philippine independence. The President radioed this message to Collier's from mid-Pacific



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COLLIERS WEEKLY

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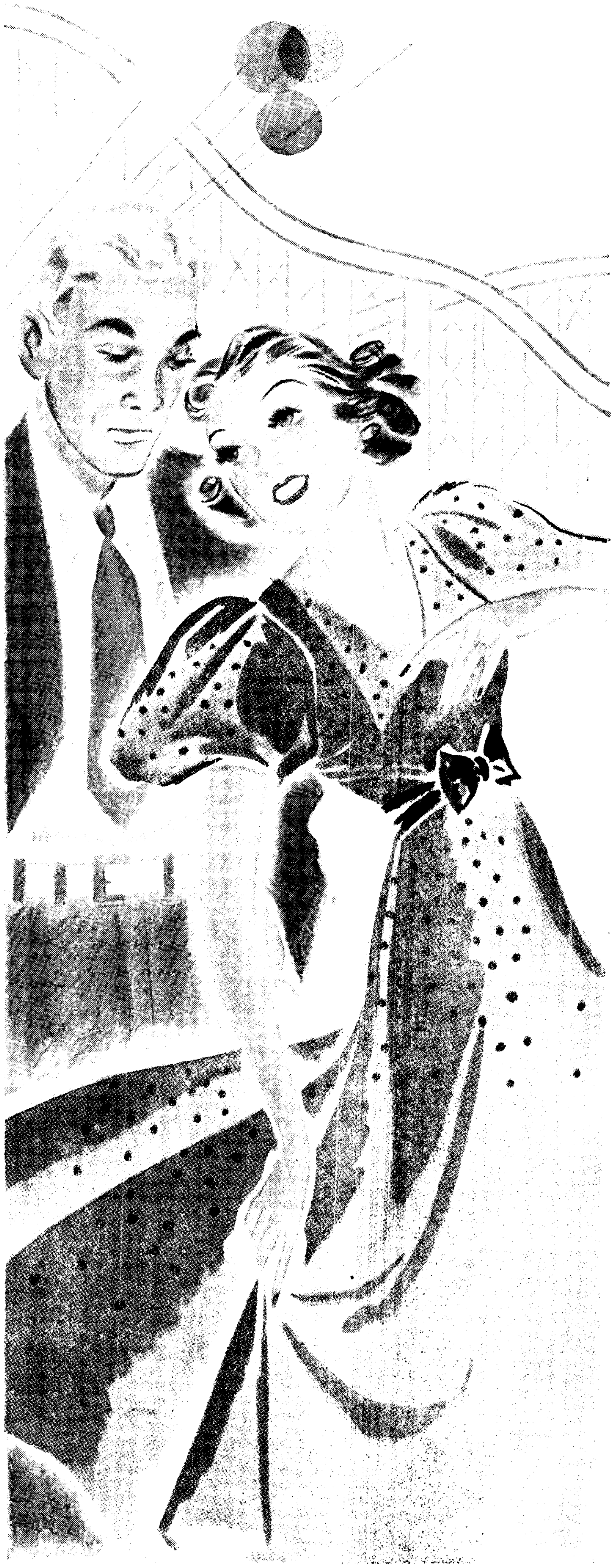
IN MY RECENT TRIP I SUBMITTED TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT THE ADVISABILITY OF ADVANCING THE DATE OF INDEPENDENCE AND I HAVE NOT WITHDRAWN THAT PROPOSAL. I BELIEVE IT BEST FOR THE PHILIPPINES NO LESS THAN FOR AMERICA TO HASTEN POLITICAL SEPARATION THUS GIVING THE FILIPINO PEOPLE FULL POWER AND RESPONSIBILITY TO DIRECT THEIR OWN NATIONAL LIFE IN ACCORDANCE WITH THEIR IDEALS AND BY MEANS OF THEIR OWN CHOICE, AT THE SAME TIME RELIEVING AMERICA OF ANY FURTHER RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE PROTECTION OF THE PHILIPPINES.

TO MAKE THIS EARLY INDEPENDENCE AN ASSURED SUCCESS, FORESTALLING ANY POSSIBLE SERIOUS ECONOMIC DISTURBANCE, ALL THAT IS NECESSARY IS TO CONTINUE IN ITS PRESENT FORM THE TRADE RELATIONS BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND THE PHILIPPINES, AS PROVIDED IN THE INDEPENDENCE ACT OF CONGRESS, FOR AT LEAST THE SAME NUMBER OF YEARS SPECIFIED IN SAID ACT.

THERE IS NO JUSTIFIED OR JUSTIFIABLE OBJECTION TO THIS PROPOSAL FOR IT IS EVIDENT THAT THE PRESENT TRADE RELATIONS BETWEEN AMERICA AND THE PHILIPPINES ARE NO LESS BENEFICIAL TO THE UNITED STATES THAN THEY ARE TO THE PHILIPPINES, EACH COUNTRY GETTING ITS RESPECTIVE QUID PRO QUO.

FROM THE STANDPOINT OF AMERICA THERE IS THE FURTHER ADVANTAGE, IF THE DATE OF INDEPENDENCE IS ADVANCED, OF TERMINATING THAT MUCH SOONER HER OBLIGATION TO PROTECT THE PHILIPPINES. IN OTHER WORDS, UNDER THE INDEPENDENCE ACT AMERICA IS BOUND UNTIL NINETEEN FORTY-SIX TO DEFEND THE PHILIPPINES AND TO MAINTAIN WITH THE ISLANDS THE TRADE RELATIONS PROVIDED IN SAID ACT. IF INDEPENDENCE IS ADVANCED AS I HAVE SUGGESTED AMERICA WILL BE RELIEVED OF HER DUTY TO PROTECT THE PHILIPPINES AND WILL ONLY CONTINUE HER PRESENT TRADE RELATIONS WHICH AS STATED BEFORE ARE EQUALLY BENEFICIAL TO HER AND THE PHILIPPINES.

QUEZON.



"Oh, sure," she said. "I feel swell." She smiled and twirled around

Marriage is Silent

By Hamlen Hunt

ILLUSTRATED BY ILSE SHANK

A big day in the life of Mary and Ed Lundo, a couple with a large capacity for love but none for chatter

THEY had been married a year and they sat side by side without talking, he with his arms flung out along the railing of the ferry, not touching her thin shoulders, she sitting with her back bent as if this were a weekday, not a bright, sunny Sunday. This was their wedding anniversary, which proved they'd been together for a year, but still they couldn't get used to the silence that was marriage. It still made them a little uncomfortable to be alone this way. When they were engaged, they'd had enough to talk about—they'd been as noisy as any of the couples around and they'd usually been with a lot of their friends. Now, because they were a married couple and none of their married friends had been able to come with them to Revere Beach today, they were alone, silent in the middle of the excursion crowd. Girls screamed with excitement and pushed their boy friends in the chest for reproof; boys put their caps on backward and laughed loudly; old men talked and spat; mothers exchanged gossip and children blew up balloons, and still they sat by, silently watching.

They weren't a very noticeable couple. Mary Lundo was small and slight with plain dark hair curled at the ends and long, pointed fingernails enameled ruby red, matching her lipstick. She didn't wear rouge and, in the plaster-of-Paris whiteness of her face, the red of her lips and her big, light blue eyes were all you could see. She wore a cheap, pretty, red print dress with puffed sleeves, and white shoes that were too cheap to fit—it was obvious that only their straps held them on her thin feet—and she carried a big white oilcloth purse under her arm. She worked in a five-and-dime store for ten dollars a week, and was thinner than she should have been because her lunch money went on things for the apartment. It was so swell to have a two-room apartment away from their folks—they were lucky like that—she kept trying to persuade the apartment to belong to them for good with little favors of a new can-opener with a red handle, a runner for the installment sideboard.

A lot of their friends had tried to have apartments, too, but after babies started coming or their folks got out of work or sick, they'd had to go back and double up at home to share expenses. Mary wished suddenly she could tell Ed what it meant to her that he worked steady, and she worked steady, and they had a place of their own. If she ever had to go home to Dorchester with her folks, she'd die, she hated it so, it was so terrible. But there was no use talking to Ed when they were married. Sometimes she wondered what Ed thought about, even got a little frightened because he never said, and hoped he was as satisfied with things as she was. She told herself sure he was; hadn't he said if he didn't like things he'd walk out and go back in the Navy?

"Listen," he'd said. "Even if we was married an' there was three kids, an' things wasn't going so good, I'd sign up again, see? Me, I don't wanna be tied up for life like my old man. I ain't crazy about the Navy, neither, but it's better than stewing your insides out for nothin' on land. That's how I am, see?" And he had set his jaw heavily.

But Ed hadn't talked like that for a long time, not since before they got married. He had a good job driving a coal truck; they lived nice; on Sundays they went to a ball game or a movie, and they even had thirty-five dollars in the bank. This was their wedding anniversary and Ed had five dollars in his pocket, she had eighty cents in her purse, and they were going to spend every cent if they felt like it. They'd eat and dance and go on everything there was to go on, and still have carfare home. It was swell, all but the little dread at the back of her mind about one thing, and maybe she was wrong about that. Some of the girls at the store had said one thing, some another. Anyway, today was swell. She smiled a little and looked at Ed, but he was staring up at the pilot's wheel.

ED WAS thin, too, but not in the way Mary was. He was long and rangy and his cheap summer suit had a snappy air that almost covered up the way the collar didn't fit and the way his sleeves hung short above his flat-boned wrists. His big feet were enormous in pointed white shoes and his blond hair was brushed up from a side part. His blue eyes had a steady, farsighted look. Ed Lundo came from Danish folks. He looked at a couple of sailors with girls they'd just picked up and one sailor alone who was going to wait until he got to Revere to find himself a girl and thought, "Suckers!" If he hadn't been married to Mary, he'd have dropped one arm across her shoulders and made her lean up against him, it was such a swell day, the sun shining on the harbor, the ferry churning away, everybody talking, laughing, making a noise for fun. Mary was a good kid; they had a nice place to live. The only trouble was he was sick of driving that damn' coal truck. He'd had just about enough of that.

At East Boston the ferry passengers raced for the little train with straw seats and open windows that would take them across the swamps to the beach. Without talking, Mary and Ed settled into a seat near the door, and Mary leaned her elbow on the window sill and stared out at the drab scenery; Ed watched the sailors kid with the girls who were trying to get their white caps to wear. Someone set off a firecracker and Mary jumped, then tried to act as if she hadn't. It made Ed mad if she acted scared of noises or crowds pushing her down the bleacher steps, or crossing the street against the lights.

Ed looked at her. "June seventeenth's next week," he explained. "Bunker Hill Day."

"Sure," she said. "I know. Firecrackers." She smiled and wished she could forget the dread at the back of her mind. She was more scared of that than anything in the world, and Ed would be madder at that than anything. If it was true, it would spoil everything. She'd have to stop working, they wouldn't have any extra money. She almost wished she could talk to Ed about it, not as a fact, but just to be talking, wondering out loud what things meant, what might happen. But of course you couldn't talk to a man that way, anyway. It was just a crazy idea of hers.

"We're soon there," Ed said. He got out a cigarette and hung it from his lips without lighting it.

"We are now," Mary said, and got up, brushing wrinkles out of her skirt, as if it were possible to brush wrinkles out of cheap light material without body or weight or honor. Her shoes already hurt a little.

ON THE boardwalk, Ed suddenly got talkative, the sea air and the sunshine and the excitement made him feel so good. He didn't even mind missing the double-header so much now. He looked at the Italian families with three or four small children attached to older brothers and sisters, to parents and grandparents, and thought how swell it was he and Mary could still walk along without being bothered by kids. It was even kind of fun not being with another couple, for once.

"What you want to do first?" he asked. "I'm kind of glad we came today. It's okay here. What you want to do?"

"Anything you want," she said, shrugging a little. She wanted to do what Ed wanted all the time. Then she thought maybe it would be better to get something to eat, because she felt kind of funny and they hadn't bothered much with breakfast.

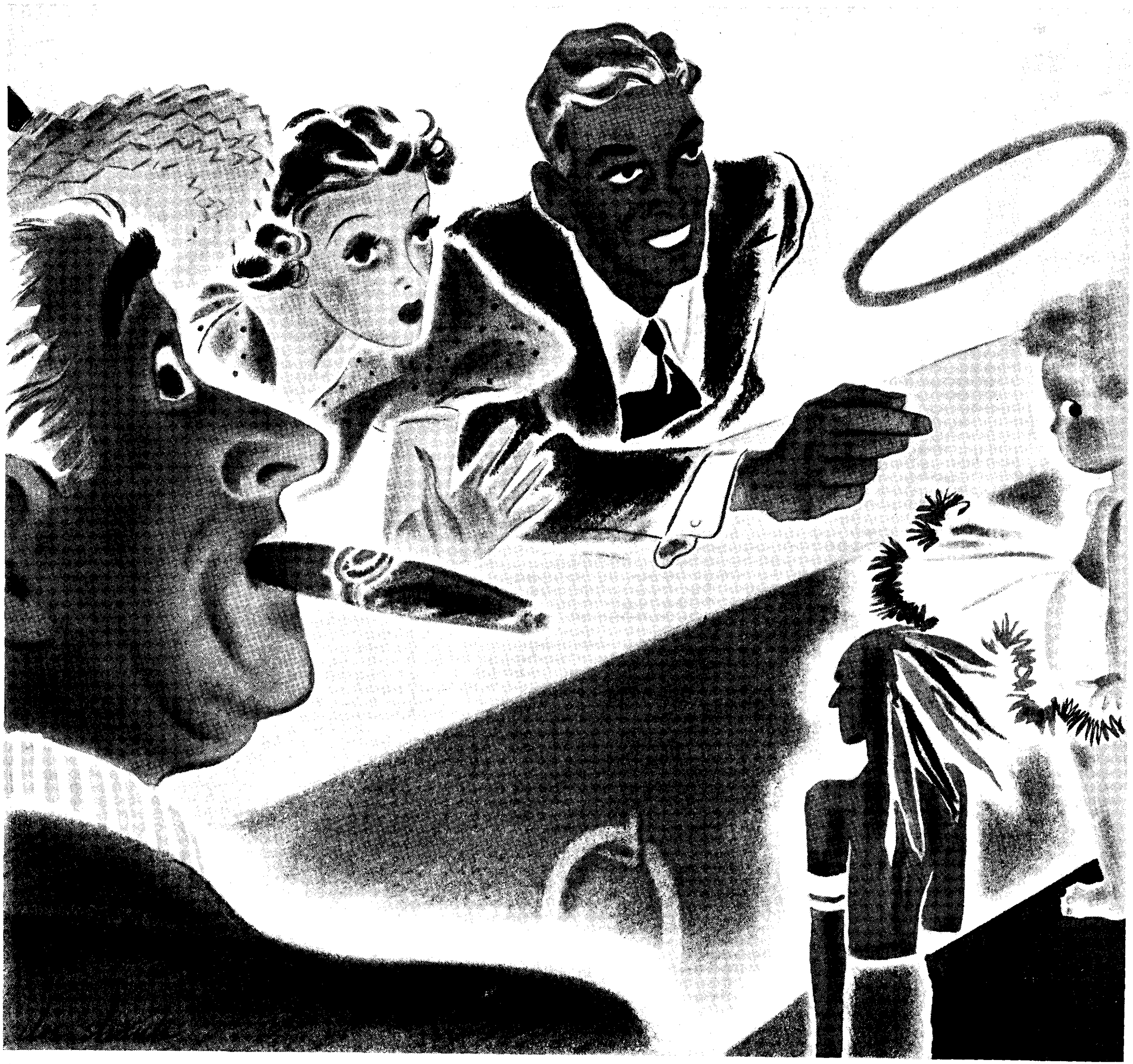
"I'd like a cone," she said, and Ed bought her a double scoop of green frozen custard and himself a pink cone. Eating, they walked along, looking at all the things to do. Before they finished the cones, they were in a big arcade, tossing pennies into plates that floated on tubs of water, bowling down miniature alleys, throwing rings over painted plaster Indians and Betty Boops. Ed was good at this kind of thing, he had a steady eye and hand, and they went out laden with Mickey Mouse balloons and he had a pack of cigarettes in his pocket. By noon they had walked the length of the boardwalk twice and knew what they wanted to do, but first they'd have a swim and some dinner.

And then the day was almost ruined. They hired bathing suits and went down to the crowded, stony beach and into the water, but Mary couldn't swim very well and she stayed around the edge while Ed went out to the float. He was gone a long time and she got scared about him, because there were so many people on the float, scrambling up on it and splashing off it, she couldn't tell if he was there or not, and she couldn't pick him out of the crowd of swimmers near the edge like herself. Suddenly she got panicky. She started to tremble, running up and down, pushing people out of the way, looking for Ed. But he wasn't in sight anywhere, and tears began to streak down her face.

"Honest to God," she thought. "Honest to God, he could stay around, couldn't he? Where'd he go?"

AND then her knees gave way and she was crouching on the sand, helplessly faint, right out where everybody could see her. She wanted to die, but she couldn't move, and when she stopped being faint, she was still crying terribly. A big woman came anxiously over to her, a paper cup full of warmish ginger ale in her hand.

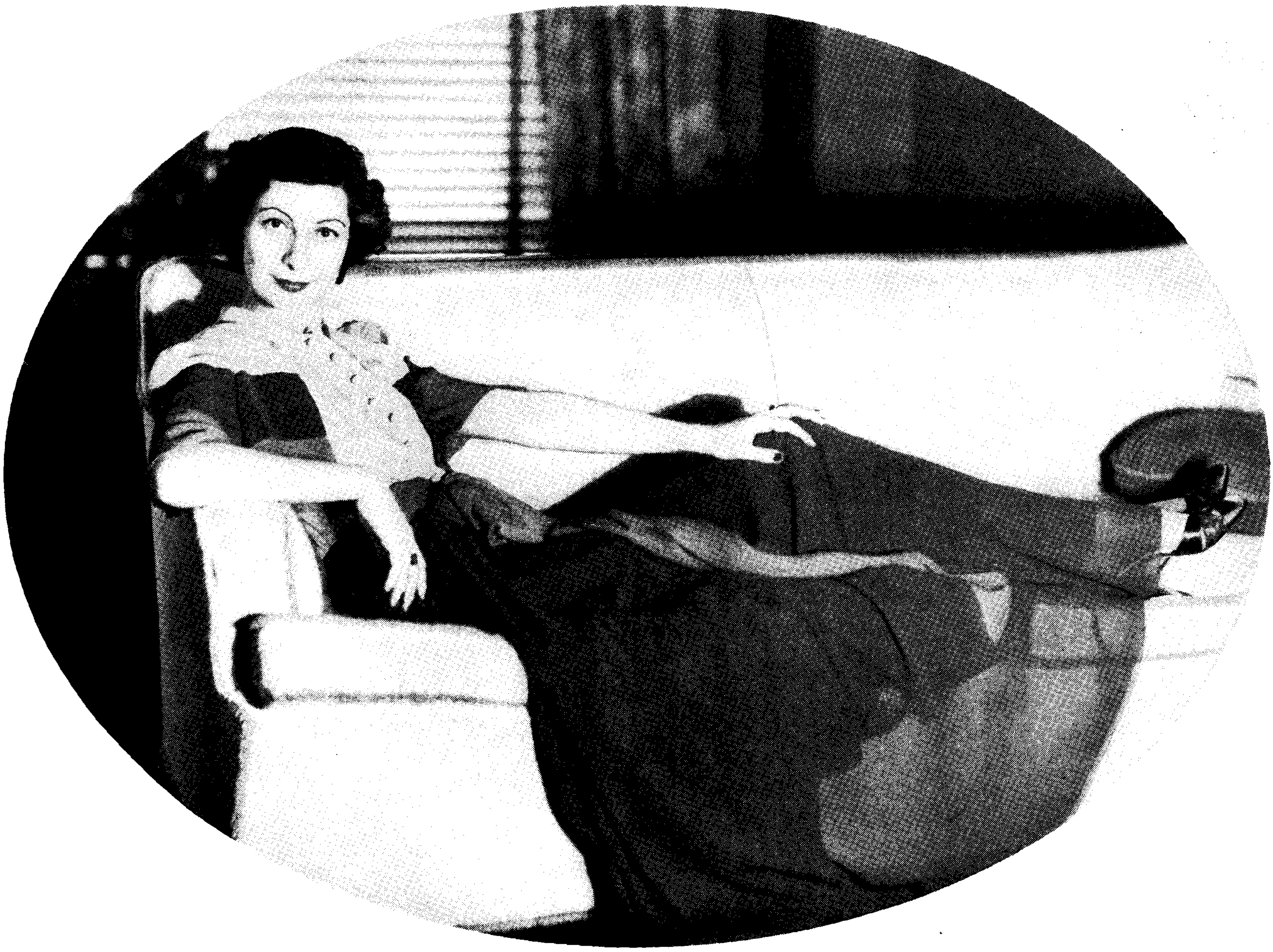
(Continued on page 56)



Ed was good at this kind of thing, he had a steady eye and hand, and they went out laden with balloons

Don't Call Me Pretty

By Ruth Seinfel



Ilka Chase, now playing in The Women, is one of the most attractive, charming and chic women on the stage today, with a distinction that allows no prettiness

A pretty woman is just a pretty woman. But all who are not can be distinctive. So say Nicole, who does it with hats, and Dumas, who does it with make-up. If your mirror gets you down, take some tips from these words of cheer

THE next time you look in your mirror and decide that your face would never launch a thousand ships—not even one outboard motor—don't let it get you down. On the contrary, be thankful that you're no Helen of Troy. You're lucky not to be beautiful, if you'll take the word of Nicole, an outspoken person from Paris who creates hats for some of the most expensively groomed heads there are.

"Ugly women—I love them!" says Madame Nicole, the while with Gallic nonchalance she tosses her creations into boxes for the first leg of their journey to the smart places of the world.

"It is no pleasure to make hats for a beauty. You create the most interesting, the most original *chapeau,* and put it on the head of a pretty woman. What have you? Nothing at all. She remains a pretty woman, and the hat remains a hat. How unfortunate it is to be pretty! She is never interesting, never distinguished. Better a thousand times to have a nose like a tomato, a mouth like a monkey, even to weigh two hundred pounds. Then you can be original. A pretty woman is insipid, an ice-cream soda. But an original woman is champagne."

If it's champagne you want to be, rather than strawberry with vanilla, there are things to be done about it. That is one of the first advantages, says Nicole, that a woman who is no beauty has over one who is. The girl with the looks is always being told she has them, and so she just coasts along on the momentum of flattery, never doing much about her appearance.

But a girl who is conscious of shortcomings every time she glances into a mirror is going to take some trouble with herself. She will experiment with her hair, her make-up, her hats and dresses and even her shoes. She'll study herself until she learns to put the best possible face on the situation.

At least, that is what a French girl will do.

"The French women, they have not pretty faces or figures, you know that. They have short legs, the body like the dumpling. But when the little Parisienne walks along the boulevard, in her black dress with a little white trimming, her neat high-heeled shoes, her chic little hat, her so-careful coiffure and make-up, you do not think that she is plain. She walks proudly, like a queen, a woman of importance.

"The bearing, that is the thing that first impresses people. I am always so astonished at the American woman. She is so much better treated by nature in face and figure than the French woman.

(Continued on page 74)

Appointment with Death

By Agatha Christie

The Story Thus Far:

WHILE touring the Near East, the Boynton family of America—fat old Mrs. Boynton, her daughter Ginevra, and her stepchildren, Raymond, Carol and Lennox (who is accompanied by his wife, Nadine)—attracts the attention of Sarah King, an English girl who is studying medicine, and her friend Dr. Theodore Gerard, a noted alienist. The Boyntons are all obviously miserable, extremely nervous. Something is radically wrong. But what?

Twice, Sarah has a brief interview with Carol, to whom she feels attracted. She learns that Mrs. Boynton—once a wardress in a prison—inherited all of her husband's fortune; that she is a tyrant who sternly refuses to permit her family to meet anyone, make any friends. She learns that Nadine is in more or less open rebellion; that Nadine is the one member of the family who dares to defy the old woman.

But there are no more interviews between the two girls—learning that they have met, Mrs. Boynton makes Carol promise never to speak to Sarah King again!

Unknown to anyone, Raymond is deeply interested in Sarah, with whom he has exchanged a few casual words. Frantic when he realizes that he may never be permitted to see her again, he discusses the situation with Carol. Hating his stepmother and carried away by his suffering, he discusses the idea of killing Mrs. Boynton! Hercule Poirot, a Belgian detective in a near-by hotel room, overhears a few incriminating words—and makes a mental note of the speaker's voice.

From time to time, Dr. Gerard and Sarah compare notes. A middle-aged American—Mr. Cope—has actually succeeded in attaching himself to the Boyntons. Cope has confessed to Gerard that he is "very fond" of Nadine. The doctor and the English girl wonder by what magic formula he has won Mrs. Boynton.

Meanwhile, Nadine has been striving frantically to force her husband to go away with her. Unsuccessful in the attempt, she finally delivers an ultimatum: "You refuse to come away? Well, I can't make you. But I am free to go. I think—I think I *shall* go!"

Lennox gazes at her, terrified. "I can't go away with you. I haven't—God help me—I haven't the courage!"

III

DR. GERARD walked into the office of Messrs. Castles, the tourist agents, and found Sarah King at the counter.

She looked up.

"Oh, good morning, I'm fixing up my tour to Petra. I've just heard you are going after all."

"Yes, I find I can just manage it."

"How nice!"

"Shall we be a large party, I wonder?"

"They say just two other women—and you and me. One carload."

"That will be delightful," said Gerard with a little bow.

Then he, in turn, attended to his business.

Presently, holding his mail in his hands, he joined Sarah as she stepped out of the office. It was a crisp, sunny day, with a slight, cold tang in the air.

"What news of our friends, the Boyntons?" asked Dr. Gerard. "I have been to Bethlehem and Nazareth and other places—a tour of three days."

Slowly and rather unwillingly, Sarah narrated her abortive efforts to establish contact.

"Anyhow, I failed," she finished. "And they're leaving today."

"Where are they going?"

"I've no idea."

She went on, vexedly, "I feel, you know, that I've made rather a fool of myself!"

"In what way?"

"Interfering in other people's business."

Gerard shrugged his shoulders. "That is a matter of opinion."

"You mean whether one should interfere or not?"

"Yes."

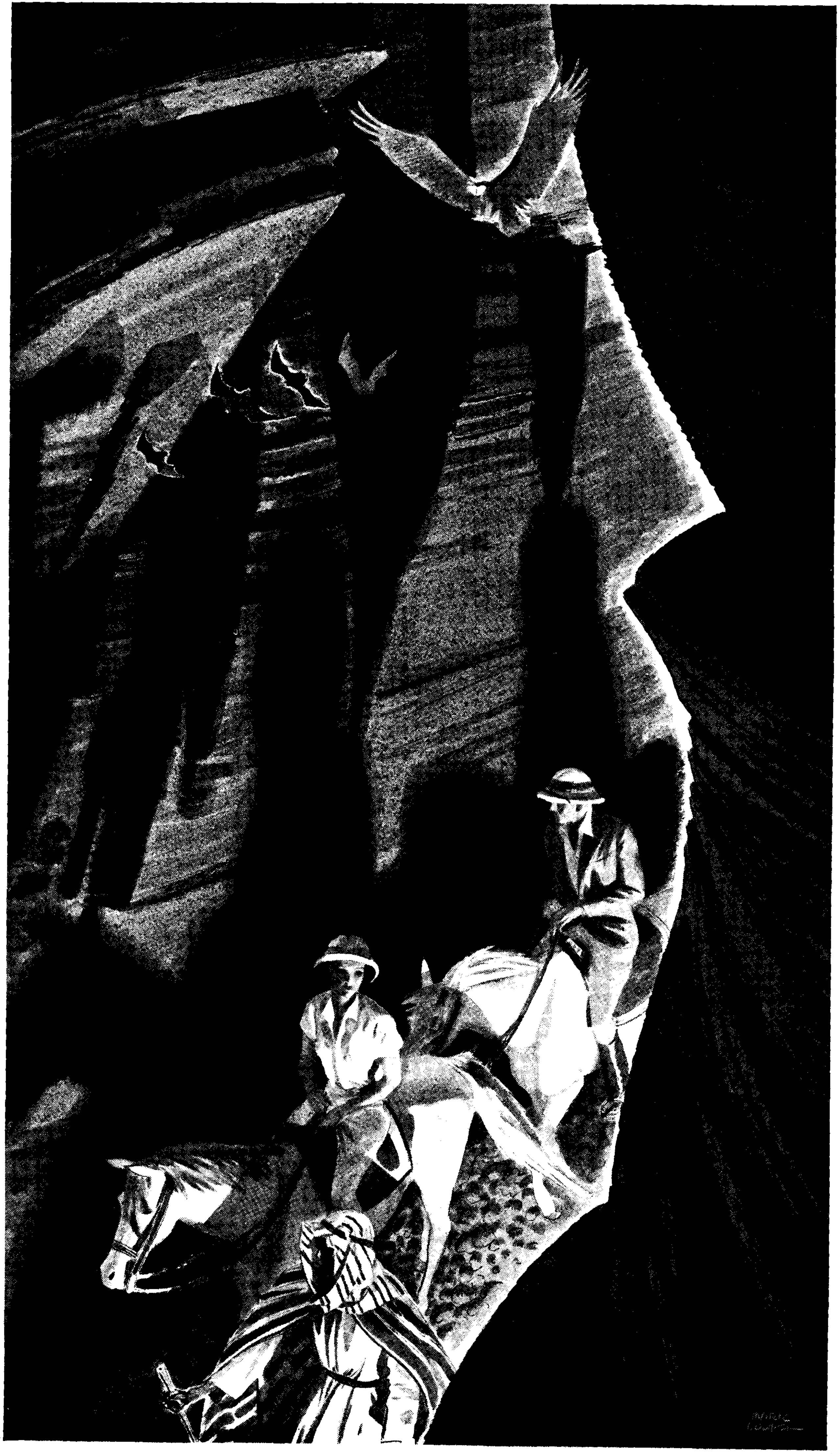
"Do you?"

The Frenchman looked amused. "You mean, is it my habit to concern myself with other people's affairs? I will say to you frankly—no."

"Then you think I'm wrong to have tried butting in?"

"No, no. You misunderstand me." Gerard spoke quickly and *(Continued on page 75)*

MARIO COOPER



It grew dark and the vivid red of the walls faded—and still on, winding in and out. She thought: "It's fantastic and unbelievable . . . a dead city"

Carefree Conqueror

By Bob Considine

Long, redheaded Don Budge, after clowning his merry way through all the amateur competition in sight and bringing home the Davis Cup, comes face to face with the toughest opponent of all his career—the promoter's cash

Miss Jadwiga Jedrzejowska, Poland's standout contender for America's women's tennis title

COLLIER'S PHOTOGRAPHS

Don Budge and friend; nothing short of a broken arm can beat him at Forest Hills

THE impending winners of the men's and women's tennis championships of the United States, to be decided next week on the somewhat mangy turf at Forest Hills, are the same age, twenty-two, and they weigh the same, one hundred and sixty-five. The woman in the case, Miss Jadwiga Jedrzejowska (pronounced Jadveega Yen-jay-yofska), stands 5-feet-6 and is built along the general lines of a fireplug. The gentleman in question, John Donald Budge, stands 6-feet-2 and has the lop-eared, redheaded aura of Ichabod Crane.

The resemblance ceases here, and the leading man and woman of tennis' annual singles classic branch off on wide tangents. Miss Jedrzejowska is a grim, tight-lipped lady who stalks her foes much in the manner of Molla Mallory, who was the first foreign woman to win our title. And, too, the Polish girl is a one-punch player, with a first-class forehand drive. Budge is a happy, garrulous mixture of clown and clouter, full of pity for his foe, and possessed of one of the most brilliant all-court games tennis ever has seen.

It comes as something of a shock—after his season of spectacular tennis—to recollect that J. Donald Budge has never won the tennis championship of his country. He conquered the world so quickly and so completely, and became so dynamically a symbol of supremacy in such a short time, that we tend to forget that he was an obscure kid in 1934, rated under Wilmer Allison in 1935, and was beaten in the final round of our National Singles last September by Fred Perry.

A Champ Without Competition

The 1937 National Singles is, of course, his oyster. It is as helpless before him as a bone in a dog pound. He has fully recovered from the tincture of staleness which marked the final stages of his tremendous one-man fight for the Davis Cup, and he should burn through the tournament in next to nothing flat. His chances of being upset by an inferior player are thousands to one, for tennis is not a game of upsets. The very nature of the sport militates against upheavals in form. A second-flight golfer might very well string together 68 perfect shots and eliminate the tournament's favorite. But it can't happen in tennis, where as many as 5,000 shots are needed to win a long match. The patron saint of Form, the Law of Averages, takes care of such things.

Budge's competition, as he goes out after the final gem in his tennis crown, looks to be the most subjugated set of tennis players to be bullied by a crack headliner since 1925—which was Bill Tilden's last year of utter supremacy. This will be particularly true if Baron Gottfried von Cramm does not compete. The foreign representation will be slim. Bunny Austin, the frail Englishman whose game at times is as exquisite as Budge's, has *(Continued on page 60)*

Woman's Place

By Lucian Cary

The uproarious pay-off of an evening of dancing, or how Miss Phyllis Cameron learned that one punch doesn't always make a hero

PHYLLIS had only four or five minutes to make the 5:35 train after the interview was over and she wanted to make the 5:35 because Dick would be on it. She had marvelous news for him.

She began to run in Locust Street. She came round the corner into Morton Avenue just as the traffic cop waved the taxicabs on. Phyllis dashed in front of them. They had brakes.

At the top of the steps in the station she looked down to see the great floor below jammed with people. It would be so. It was the last Friday afternoon of summer, the Friday before Labor Day, and everybody in town was trying to get out.

Phyllis ran down the steps and toward the Greenhaven gate on the far side, swerving like a skater wherever she saw an opening in the crowd, hurdling piles of luggage regardless of the stares of people astonished to see a pretty girl really running. She made the train gate just as the man in uniform was reaching out to close it. She got aboard the nearest car, and worked her way forward through crowded aisles, while she got her breath.

She didn't want to look red-faced and disheveled when she met Dick. She wanted to look her best. She stopped in a vestibule and got out her compact. The train swayed and the little mirror was inadequate. She could see only part of her face at a time.

But she thought she was lucky—lucky to have so charming a natural wave in her blond hair, and eyes of that special blue and so nicely set, with a lovely little curve from the outward corner to a high cheekbone. The summer had given her skin a pale golden tan that made her eyes look bluer. Her mouth was wide but she had perfect teeth. Her nose was too short. It turned up. That nose prevented her from being beautiful but she wouldn't have changed it if she could. It was somehow engaging and what girl in her right mind wouldn't rather be engaging than beautiful?

SHE gave her hair a final pat, set her little hat just so, and went on. She saw Dick in the last vestibule—the one that led to the car where you got breakfast in the morning. It was jammed now with people having Tom Collinses. Dick was with Hank Palmer and Judy Green and the redheaded girl from Chicago who had been having herself a time in Greenhaven that summer.

Dick was handsome in a completely masculine way. He had thick black hair and thick black eyebrows that almost met over his nose and he had to shave twice a day. He looked solid and powerful. He looked as if he'd been a football player and he had. He had played his last game just a little less than two years before.

Hank Palmer automatically got up to give Phyllis his place beside Dick. She was quite aware how she and Dick emphasized each other. She had been told about it often. He made her look smaller and blonder than she was. She wasn't small. She was taller than the average girl and though she was slender there was nothing the matter with her figure.

She smiled at Hank and he smiled back. He was an odd person with a pleasant homely face, three or four years older than she and Dick were. He understood people so you felt free to tell him things you wouldn't have admitted to anybody else. He was long-limbed and awkward except when he was dancing or swimming. He liked to swim as well as Phyllis did and they often had long talks three or four hundred yards offshore in water three or four hundred yards deep.

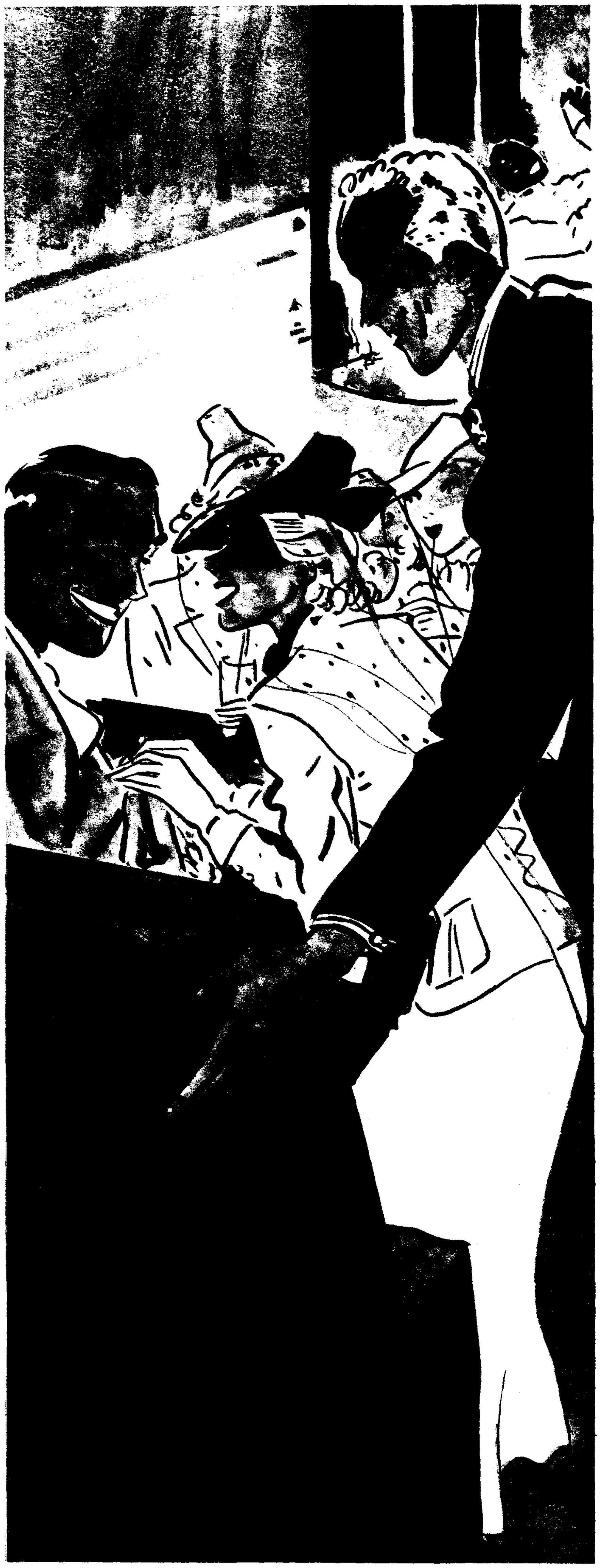
PHYLLIS wouldn't have minded telling the good news in front of Hank but she couldn't tell it in front of Judy Green and the redheaded girl, whose name was Linda Barnes. She would have to wait until they got to Greenhaven and she and Dick could snatch a moment's privacy. She didn't mind so much waiting for that moment as long as she could sit beside Dick and know how deeply pleased he would be with what she had to tell him. She tried hard to please him, and it wasn't always easy. There were so many things he disapproved of. But she forgave him. She didn't like being in love and not being married either.

He was having a tough time in other ways. He couldn't get a job after he got out of college. He had a good-enough college record. He had been a football player and after his last season he had been advertising manager of the college daily paper. But he had hunted a job for months and months—until Hank Palmer had got him a chance at Whitaker & Bancroft's, where Hank was established as a copy writer.

None of the executives at Whitaker & Bancroft's were college men. So they picked and chose the best from among the scores of college graduates who asked for jobs and made them errand boys. If an errand boy could figure out a way to attract the favorable attention of an executive he might be given the next opening as a production man and sit all day monotonously checking things that came and went.

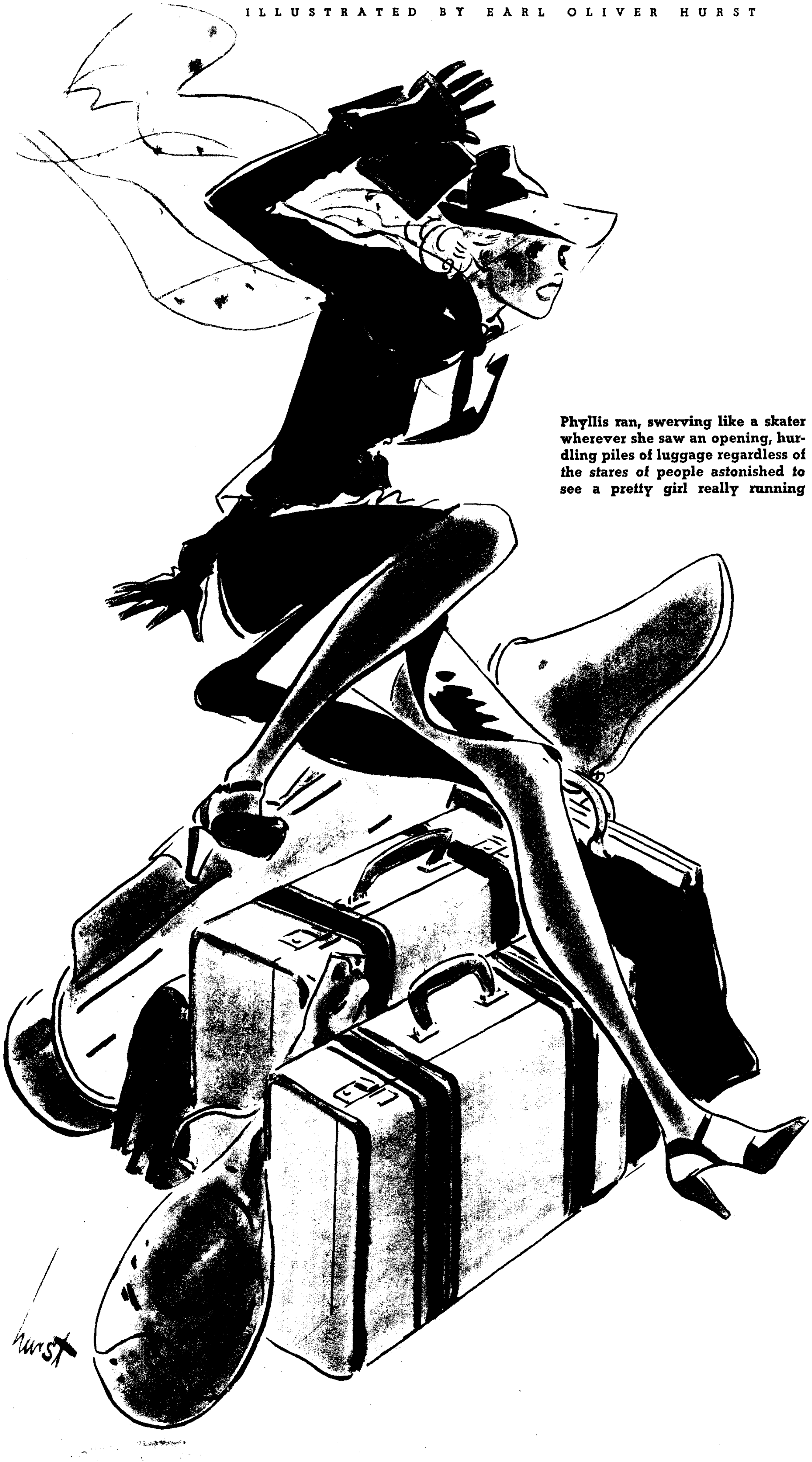
Dick stubbornly spent all the spare time he didn't spend with Phyllis, including a good many evenings she would have liked him to spend with her, in studying advertising. But after six months he was still an errand boy. And how could an errand boy at fifteen dollars a week marry the girl he was in love with?

Phyllis had the answer. She had gone



Hank gave Phyllis his place beside Dick. She was quite aware how she and Dick emphasized each other

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST



Phyllis ran, swerving like a skater wherever she saw an opening, hurdling piles of luggage regardless of the stares of people astonished to see a pretty girl really running

in for statistics at college and made good with her professor and this afternoon she had got a job.

When the train stopped at Greenhaven they escaped from the others. They walked back toward the end of the platform where Phyllis had parked her car, dodging through the crowd of commuters getting off and the crowd of chauffeurs meeting employers and hosts meeting week-end guests and wives meeting husbands.

"Dick," she said, as they reached the car, "I've got a job. And do you know what my salary is—it's thirty dollars a week!"

His dark face did not break into a smile. It looked darker. It looked as if he were on the verge of being sore. She feared and hated and detested his soreness because when he got sore he wouldn't talk it out. He wouldn't quarrel either, though sometimes he said cruel things.

PHYLLIS got in behind the wheel, thinking Dick would stand close beside her and they could talk. The car beside hers would be leaving in a moment. But he wasn't waiting for the chance to talk to her. He was lifting his hat. He said goodby and started for his own car. She sat there looking at his retreating back and not quite believing what she saw. They had been planning how they could get married. He couldn't be sore because she had got a job that meant their dream could come true. Something must have happened.

"Oh, Dick!" she called.

He stopped and turned and walked back to her.

"Will I be seeing you tonight?" she asked.

He leaned close. "You'll be seeing me," he said bitterly, "when I make twice as much money as you do."

Oh, yes, he was sore. It was in his voice and in the stubborn set of his shoulders as he walked off. And what he said left no doubt as to why he was sore. He couldn't stand her getting twice as much money as he was getting.

Phyllis drove toward home. How could he be such a sap as to take it that way? How could he be so mean? He knew it was a lot easier for a girl to get a job than a man. He knew that a girl who had graduated from college, particularly one who had special training, was likely to start at a higher salary than a man who had graduated from college. He took a nominal salary because he was getting a chance girls seldom got.

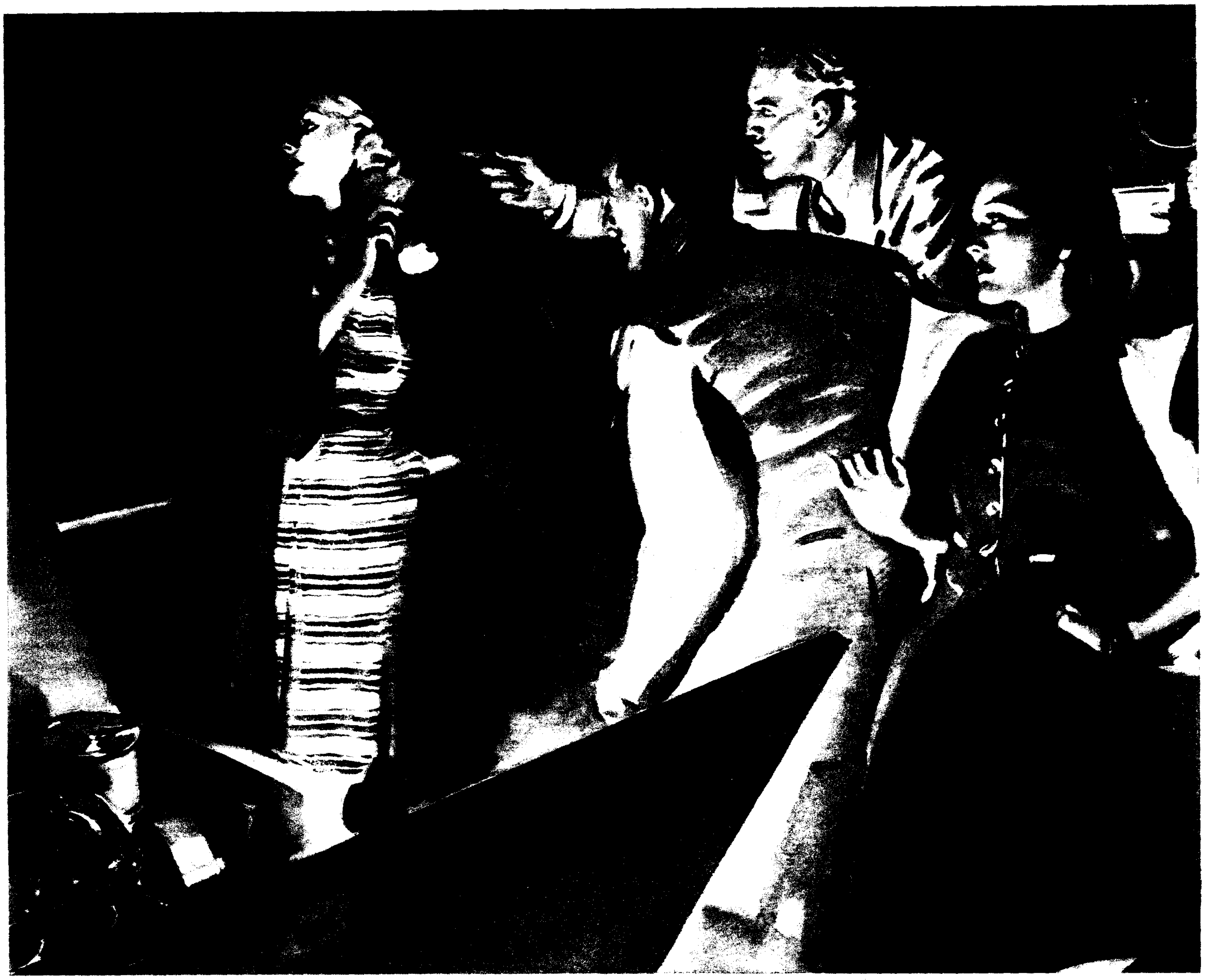
She couldn't call him up and kid him out of it. She knew from experience that you couldn't kid Dick when he was sore. And right now she didn't feel like kidding him along. She was too mad. She thought he was childish and she would have liked to tell him so.

SHE would have to wait until he called up. He would forgive her for making more money than he did when he had a chance to think. He would call up and say, "Let's go places." Of course he would. But even if he did, her bright dream of a little apartment was exploded. They wouldn't get married on her thirty dollars a week and his fifteen. As a matter of fact they'd have more than that. She had a little money of her own—enough to buy her clothes and lunches. They had agreed that they could get married on fifty dollars a week. But she knew now that Dick wouldn't do it—not when she provided more than half of it.

And he wouldn't discuss it, either.

Phyllis tried hard to be amusing at dinner with her father and mother, as if she weren't listening for the telephone. She told them how lucky she was to get the job and all the details of how it happened and what she was to do.

(Continued on page 65)



"Look here a minute, Noel," I said. I couldn't be mistaken. The other boat had swung into a course directly toward us

Dangerous Lady

By Edwin Muller

The hazardous business of espionage, and a woman's vanity. The scene is modern Europe, where governments change but not the ladies

IT SEEMED odd that the suggestion of a boat ride should create such a to-do.

It was Frau Lisa who made the proposal—that we go out in the launch and watch the sunset against the towers of Lindau.

"Noel will take us, won't you, *mon ami?*"

Her eyes came up to his from under their long, dark lashes. When a woman has that tawny-blond skin and makes every movement in the lithe, silky way of a lazy cat she can be very seductive. When, in addition, her eyes are the hazel sort that seem to deepen their color as you look into them the word seductive is too weak to describe her. And when, above all, the eyes are half hidden by the ebony lashes that sweep down over them—if I were twenty years younger—oh, say ten or five, Frau Lisa could be most dangerous to my peace of mind.

Obviously Noel Stewart would take her if she wanted to go. Ellen Blake had once declared to me in a pathetic burst of rage that Noel would jump through hoops if Lisa held them for him. This seemed a very easy way to gratify her. Yet, to watch the shades of doubt and hesitation that passed over his handsome face, you'd have thought that she had proposed an expedition to the Arctic.

And Ellen Blake seemed even more upset by the suggestion.

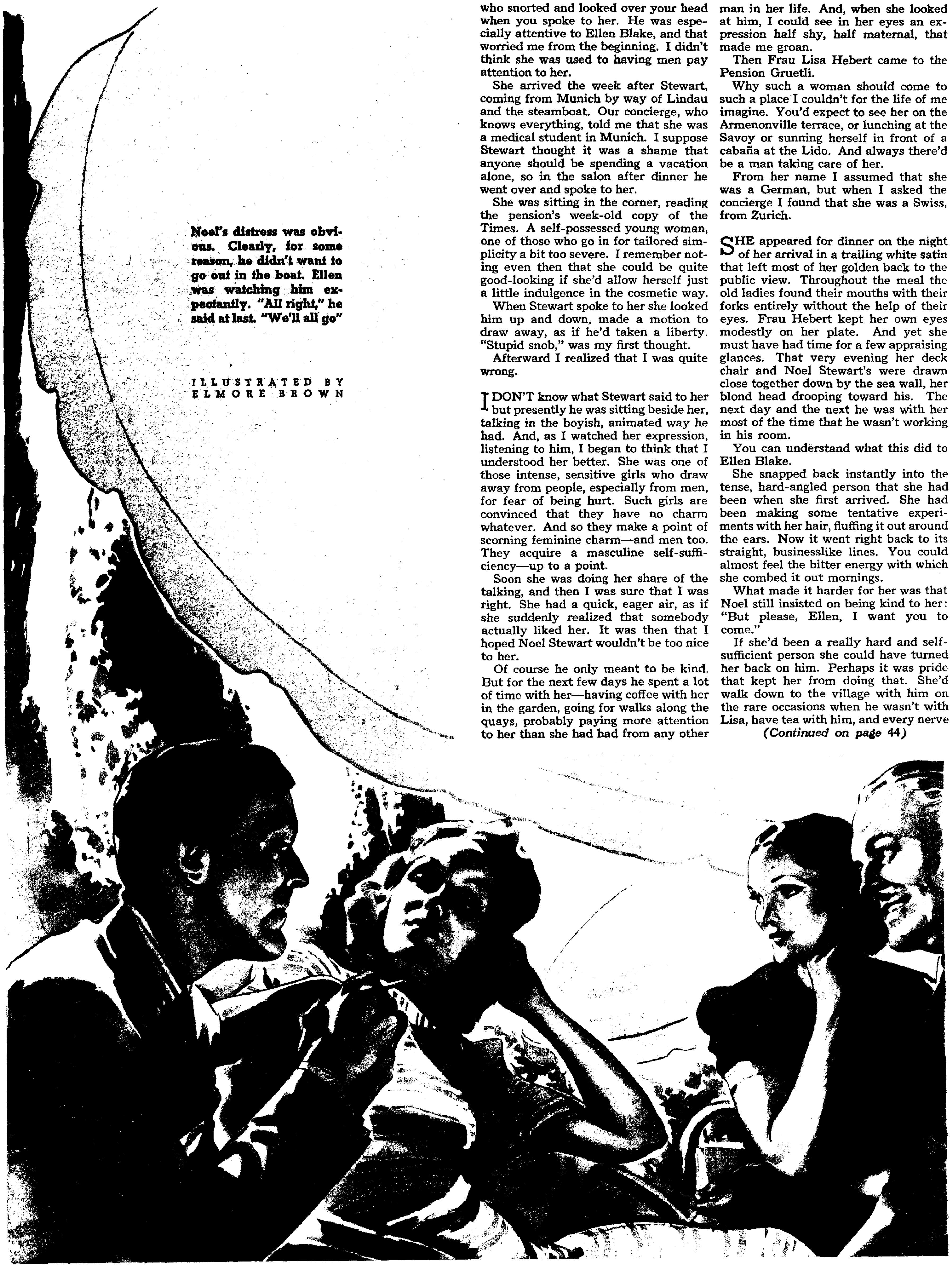
The four of us were having our coffee at the table in the lower corner of the garden. The sea wall was close beside us; we could hear the waters of the Bodensee lapping almost under our feet. Far away on the opposite shore of the lake the hills of the German coast were a deep indigo. The sun going down was hidden behind us, but we could see some little bits of cotton-wool clouds beginning to tinge themselves with gaudy flame color. At neighboring tables the two elderly maiden ladies from Bath and the vicar from the north of England, also elderly, were registering the dignified tolerance of the scenery that is expected of English guests in a Swiss pension.

IT HAD been surprising and very pleasant for such comparatively youthful and interesting persons as my three companions to turn up in succession at the Pension Gruetli.

Noel Stewart had come first, about a month before. I couldn't quite place him. At first I thought that he was the typical and conventional young Englishman, on the Continent for his vacation. Might have gone to Harrow and played on the first fifteen and become a junior partner in some broker's firm in the city. A fresh-colored, likable face with blue eyes that had a trick of lingering on yours a few seconds longer than you'd expect.

But why had he come here? Not for a vacation. He didn't look like a writer but he spent much of his time working in his room. He had visitors but, as they usually came at night and were entertained in the garden, I couldn't tell what sort of people they were. I did observe one of them when I happened to be down at the quay while Stewart was seeing him off on the little steamer to Lindau. A drab, ordinary person who might have been a clerk in a railway office. Stewart was talking with him in what sounded like fluent German.

I liked the way Stewart took the trouble to be nice to the other guests in the pension, even the maiden lady



Noel's distress was obvious. Clearly, for some reason, he didn't want to go out in the boat. Ellen was watching him expectantly. "All right," he said at last. "We'll all go"

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

who snorted and looked over your head when you spoke to her. He was especially attentive to Ellen Blake, and that worried me from the beginning. I didn't think she was used to having men pay attention to her.

She arrived the week after Stewart, coming from Munich by way of Lindau and the steamboat. Our concierge, who knows everything, told me that she was a medical student in Munich. I suppose Stewart thought it was a shame that anyone should be spending a vacation alone, so in the salon after dinner he went over and spoke to her.

She was sitting in the corner, reading the pension's week-old copy of the Times. A self-possessed young woman, one of those who go in for tailored simplicity a bit too severe. I remember noting even then that she could be quite good-looking if she'd allow herself just a little indulgence in the cosmetic way.

When Stewart spoke to her she looked him up and down, made a motion to draw away, as if he'd taken a liberty. "Stupid snob," was my first thought.

Afterward I realized that I was quite wrong.

I DON'T know what Stewart said to her but presently he was sitting beside her, talking in the boyish, animated way he had. And, as I watched her expression, listening to him, I began to think that I understood her better. She was one of those intense, sensitive girls who draw away from people, especially from men, for fear of being hurt. Such girls are convinced that they have no charm whatever. And so they make a point of scorning feminine charm—and men too. They acquire a masculine self-sufficiency—up to a point.

Soon she was doing her share of the talking, and then I was sure that I was right. She had a quick, eager air, as if she suddenly realized that somebody actually liked her. It was then that I hoped Noel Stewart wouldn't be too nice to her.

Of course he only meant to be kind. But for the next few days he spent a lot of time with her—having coffee with her in the garden, going for walks along the quays, probably paying more attention to her than she had had from any other man in her life. And, when she looked at him, I could see in her eyes an expression half shy, half maternal, that made me groan.

Then Frau Lisa Hebert came to the Pension Gruetli.

Why such a woman should come to such a place I couldn't for the life of me imagine. You'd expect to see her on the Armenonville terrace, or lunching at the Savoy or sunning herself in front of a cabaña at the Lido. And always there'd be a man taking care of her.

From her name I assumed that she was a German, but when I asked the concierge I found that she was a Swiss, from Zurich.

SHE appeared for dinner on the night of her arrival in a trailing white satin that left most of her golden back to the public view. Throughout the meal the old ladies found their mouths with their forks entirely without the help of their eyes. Frau Hebert kept her own eyes modestly on her plate. And yet she must have had time for a few appraising glances. That very evening her deck chair and Noel Stewart's were drawn close together down by the sea wall, her blond head drooping toward his. The next day and the next he was with her most of the time that he wasn't working in his room.

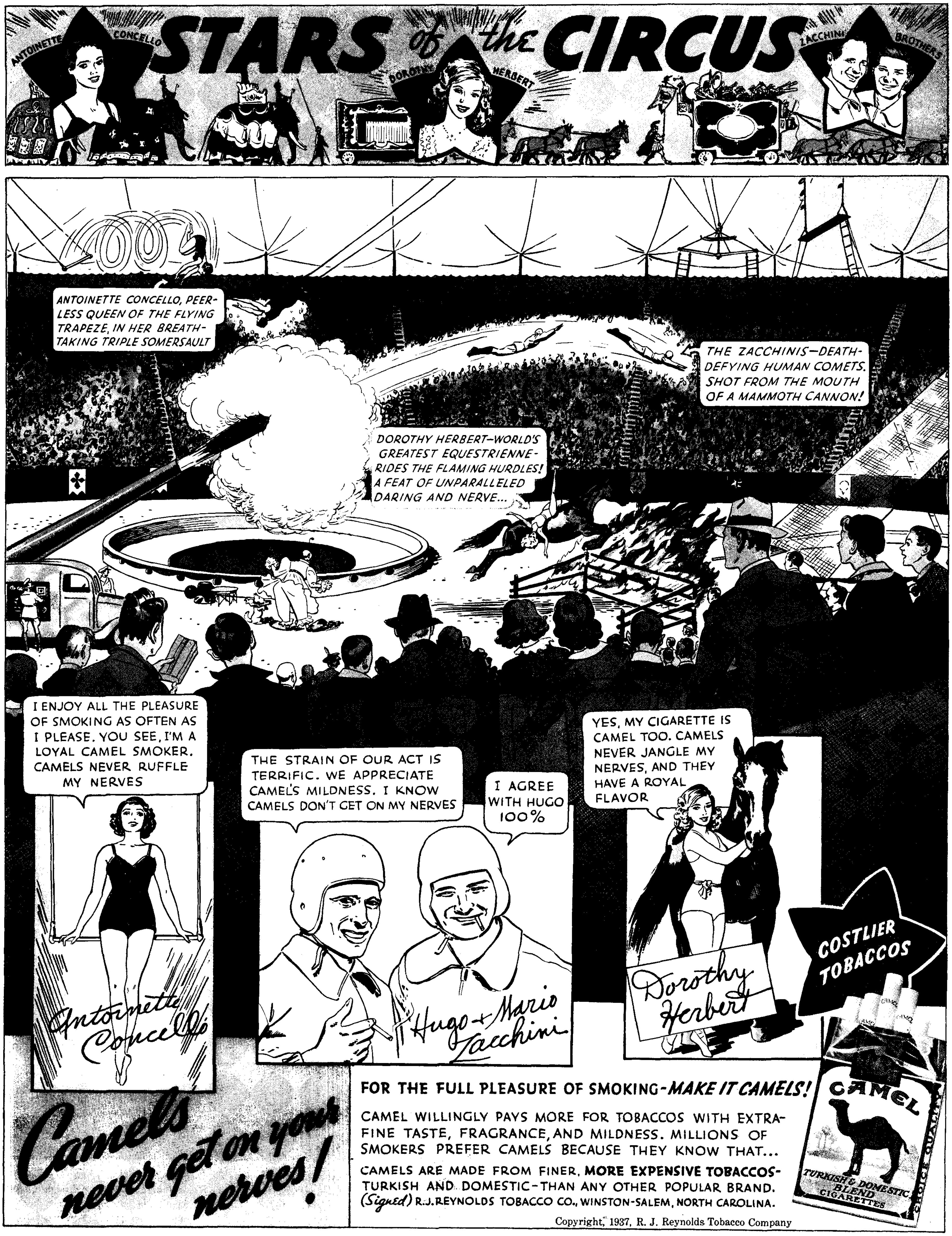
You can understand what this did to Ellen Blake.

She snapped back instantly into the tense, hard-angled person that she had been when she first arrived. She had been making some tentative experiments with her hair, fluffing it out around the ears. Now it went right back to its straight, businesslike lines. You could almost feel the bitter energy with which she combed it out mornings.

What made it harder for her was that Noel still insisted on being kind to her: "But please, Ellen, I want you to come."

If she'd been a really hard and self-sufficient person she could have turned her back on him. Perhaps it was pride that kept her from doing that. She'd walk down to the village with him on the rare occasions when he wasn't with Lisa, have tea with him, and every nerve

(Continued on page 44)


STARS of the CIRCUS
ANTOINETTE CONCELLO
DOROTHY HERBERT
ZACCHINI BROTHERS
ANTOINETTE CONCELLO, PEERLESS QUEEN OF THE FLYING TRAPEZE, IN HER BREATH-TAKING TRIPLE SOMERSAULT
THE ZACCHINIS—DEATH-DEFYING HUMAN COMETS. SHOT FROM THE MOUTH OF A MAMMOTH CANNON!
DOROTHY HERBERT—WORLD'S GREATEST EQUESTRIENNE—RIDES THE FLAMING HURDLES! A FEAT OF UNPARALLELED DARING AND NERVE...
I ENJOY ALL THE PLEASURE OF SMOKING AS OFTEN AS I PLEASE. YOU SEE, I'M A LOYAL CAMEL SMOKER. CAMELS NEVER RUFFLE MY NERVES
THE STRAIN OF OUR ACT IS TERRIFIC. WE APPRECIATE CAMEL'S MILDNESS. I KNOW CAMELS DON'T GET ON MY NERVES
I AGREE WITH HUGO 100%
YES, MY CIGARETTE IS CAMEL TOO. CAMELS NEVER JANGLE MY NERVES, AND THEY HAVE A ROYAL FLAVOR
Antoinette Concello
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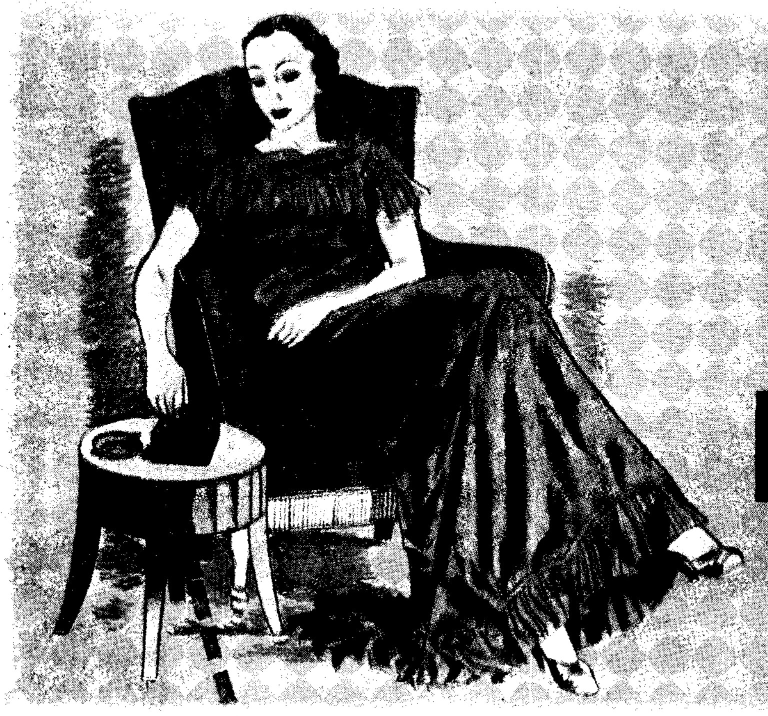

New RCA Victor ARMCHAIR ELECTRIC TUNING

"Push a Button—There's Your Station"

Ingenious device lets you tune your favorite stations from your favorite chair —cost is low

THRILLED by performance, by unique features, by beauty of design, thousands are buying the new 1938 RCA Victor radios. Greatest of all the thrills these sets offer you is Armchair Electric Tuning. With it you can tune any one of your eight favorite stations from your favorite chair, or as you rest on the sun-porch, or lie in bed. There is a fresh excitement to radio programs that are enjoyed in this effortless way.

RCA Victor Armchair Electric Tuning is simple as turning on a light. "Push a button—there's your station" —those six words tell the story. You can switch about as often, and as fast, as you please. Each station is tuned "right on the nose", as accurately as if you had a radio engineer tuning your set.

Magic Voice Made More Tone-*full*

When you own an RCA Victor set, with Armchair Electric Tuning, you can tune it automatically from a distance, or at the set itself, and in addition can tune by hand if you wish. Whichever method you choose you will hear the Sonic-Arc Magic Voice. This is the famous Magic Voice now made still more stirring and lovely by Victor sound experts.

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Visit your RCA Victor dealer's store. See Armchair Electric Tuning, and hear the Sonic-Arc Magic Voice. You'll see why thousands have already bought these superb instruments. You'll see how easily you can afford to bring their delightful entertainment into your home.

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RCA is the only company that makes everything in radio—from microphone to receiving set. You get this extra value that is RCA ALL THE WAY only when you buy RCA Victor.

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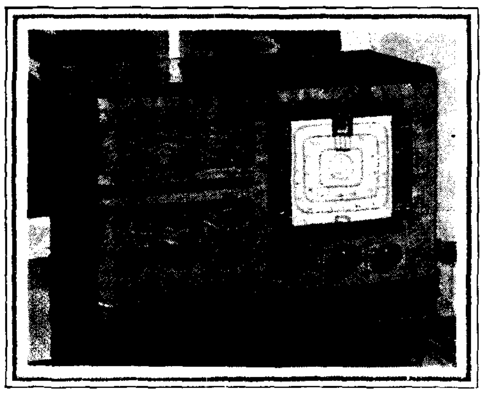

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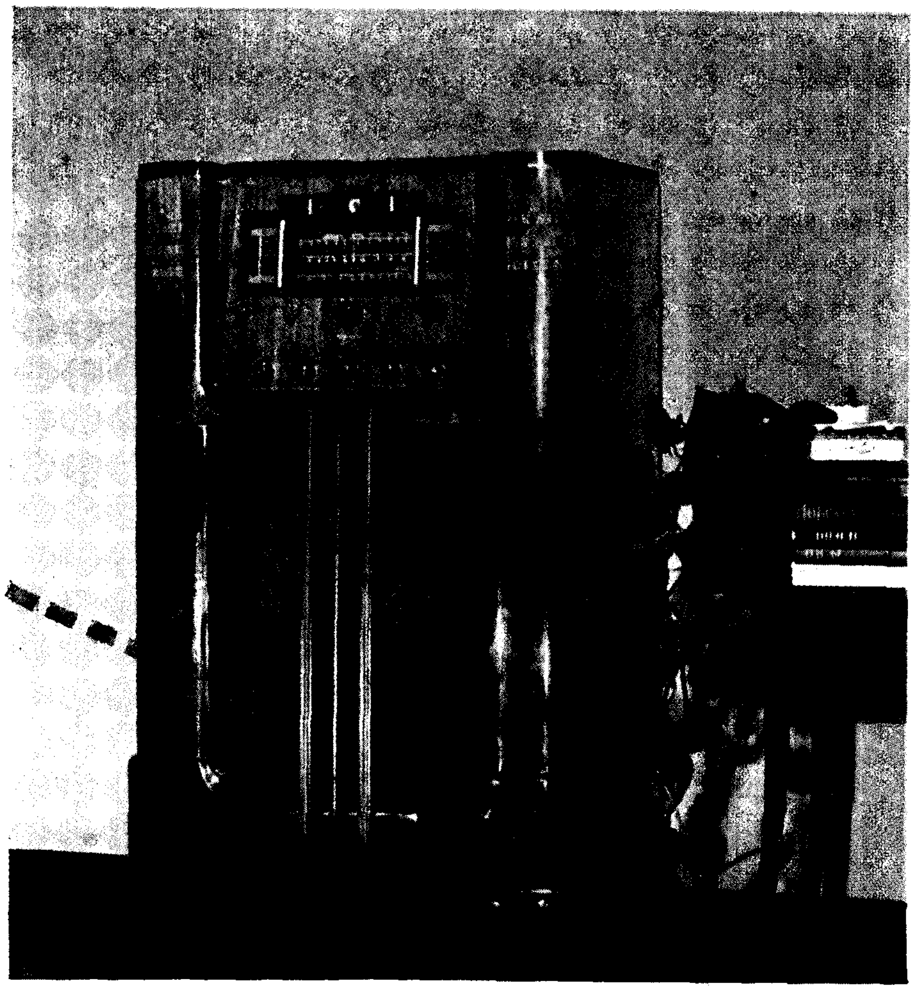
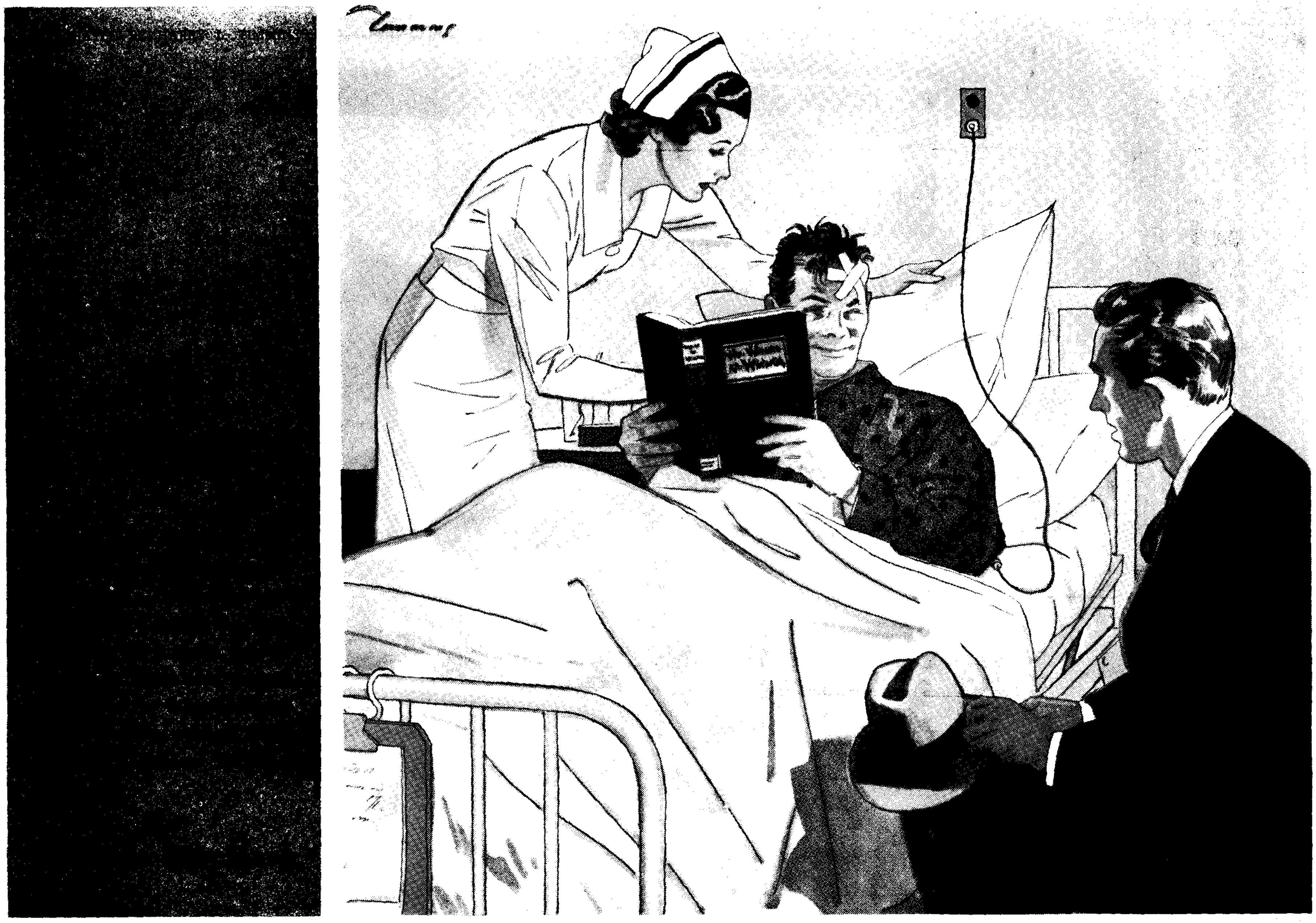
RCA presents the "Magic Key" every Sunday, 2 to 3 p. m., E. D. T., on NBC Blue Network



This fine console offers you the new RCA Victor Electric Tuning (Armchair Control available at slight extra cost). It has the new Sonic-Arc Magic Voice, the attractive new Straight-Line Dial, Magic Brain, Magic Eye, and many other features. An 11-tube superheterodyne giving both domestic and foreign reception. Extraordinary precision and tone quality. You may have Model 811K (above) in your home for a down payment of approximately **$15.00.**



The nurse was pretty. "I got to look up that taxi driver and thank him," O'Malley told me

"THEY give me a tough one now," O'Malley said. "This is that Lugin murder. The guy made a book on the horse races. He was driving around seeing people that had made bets with him and hadn't paid him. Then a cop seen a car parked all night on Riverside Drive. He looked at it and it was Lugin's car and he was dead in it. He had been shot."

"The newspapers said that case was solved," I objected. "He was killed by a man named Streed."

"Yeah, Streed has been indicted."

"What's there to do on it, then?"

"The inspector wanted me to look at it. A couple of high-ranking cops got to wondering if Streed is the right one. I got to talk with the guy."

We went to talk with him. He was in the Tombs.

"The cops feel pretty smart that got this guy," O'Malley said, on the way over. "They found some fingerprints in the car that wasn't Lugin's, then at Lugin's rooms they got a lot of names of people that bet with him. So then they called all them people in to question 'em and they give 'em a picture of the dead guy to look at that was mounted between panes of glass. That way they got their fingerprints without them knowing it. It turned out the prints in the car belonged to Streed."

"That's excellent evidence."

Mrs. Streed was visiting her husband when we got there. We waited till she came out. She was about twenty-two years old and was nice-looking. Streed was good-looking too. He was twenty-six.

"You ready to tell us now what you done with that gun?" O'Malley asked him.

"I never had any gun."

"Yeah, you said that before. You said you didn't even know this Lugin."

"Well, I admit now that I knew him."

"Sure. You admit it because we proved it on you. You bet with him and you couldn't pay the money. You got a wife and kid and you had a job in a bank. Lugin said if you didn't pay him he'd go to the bank officers and you'd lose your job. So then you knocked him off."

"No."

"How was it, then?"

"We drove around in his car. I told him I wasn't going to bet any more and I'd pay him a little at a time. He said that was all right. He let me out in the park and I sat on a bench and worried. Then I went home."

"It ain't an alibi to say you was on a park bench where nobody seen you. You think this over. If everybody that owed a bookmaker money went and knocked him off we wouldn't have no bookmakers left."

"I BELIEVE he's guilty, O'Malley," I decided, after we had left him.

"Yeah, probably. This Lugin liked gambling but he liked women better. If he got killed over some woman, Streed didn't do it. Well, this case is cold. Streed has been in the can a month, and they want I should find out something new about it. How can a cop do that? Now I got to go and look at all this business."

We looked at the car. There wasn't much blood in it. The medical report said the dead man had bled very little. It said he had died about midnight. The police had some pictures of him. He was a big man and rather handsome. He had been shot once. They had the bullet at the police laboratory and we went and looked at it. Then we went and looked at the spot on Riverside Drive where the car had been found. We didn't find out anything.

The police had taken statements from about a hundred people in the case. They had copies of them at headquarters. Lugin had lived in a Times Square hotel and the police had brought in all the papers they found in his rooms. We looked through everything. I was surprised that a bookmaker knew so many different kinds of people. There was a lot of letters, mostly from women, and an amazing number of women's pictures. The hotel kept a record of outgoing telephone calls and the police had checked Lugin's. The names and addresses were written opposite the phone numbers. They didn't seem to mean anything. Most of them were to cafés and hotels; a few were to a hospital; the rest were to friends.

"A guy has to read enough in this case," O'Malley said, "to change him from a cop into a professor. Do you see anything in these things?"

I didn't.

"Well, I got to do something in the case." He picked out about a dozen of the statements. "We'll go see these people."

The first one was a businessman named Mercil.

"This is very embarrassing," he informed us. "I thought the matter was finished. I'm no gambler. I did occasionally make a small bet with this man Lugin, but he had no business to have kept my name. I know nothing about his murder."

"Okay," O'Malley told him.

THEN we saw a man named Bulin and another named Greely, and a woman named Mrs. Freeing and another named Miss O'Cannon, and a man named Golding. None of them could tell us anything.

"You see how this case is," O'Malley complained to me. "Nobody'll tell us nothing."

"They have nothing to tell," I replied, "because Streed did it."

"I can't tell the inspector that."

We went out to the race track.

"I don't know no reason for coming out here," O'Malley remarked to me, "except Lugin was a bookmaker and I got to make motions like an investigator."

We talked with whoever we saw there—with bookmakers and betters and jockeys and trainers. It didn't get us anything.

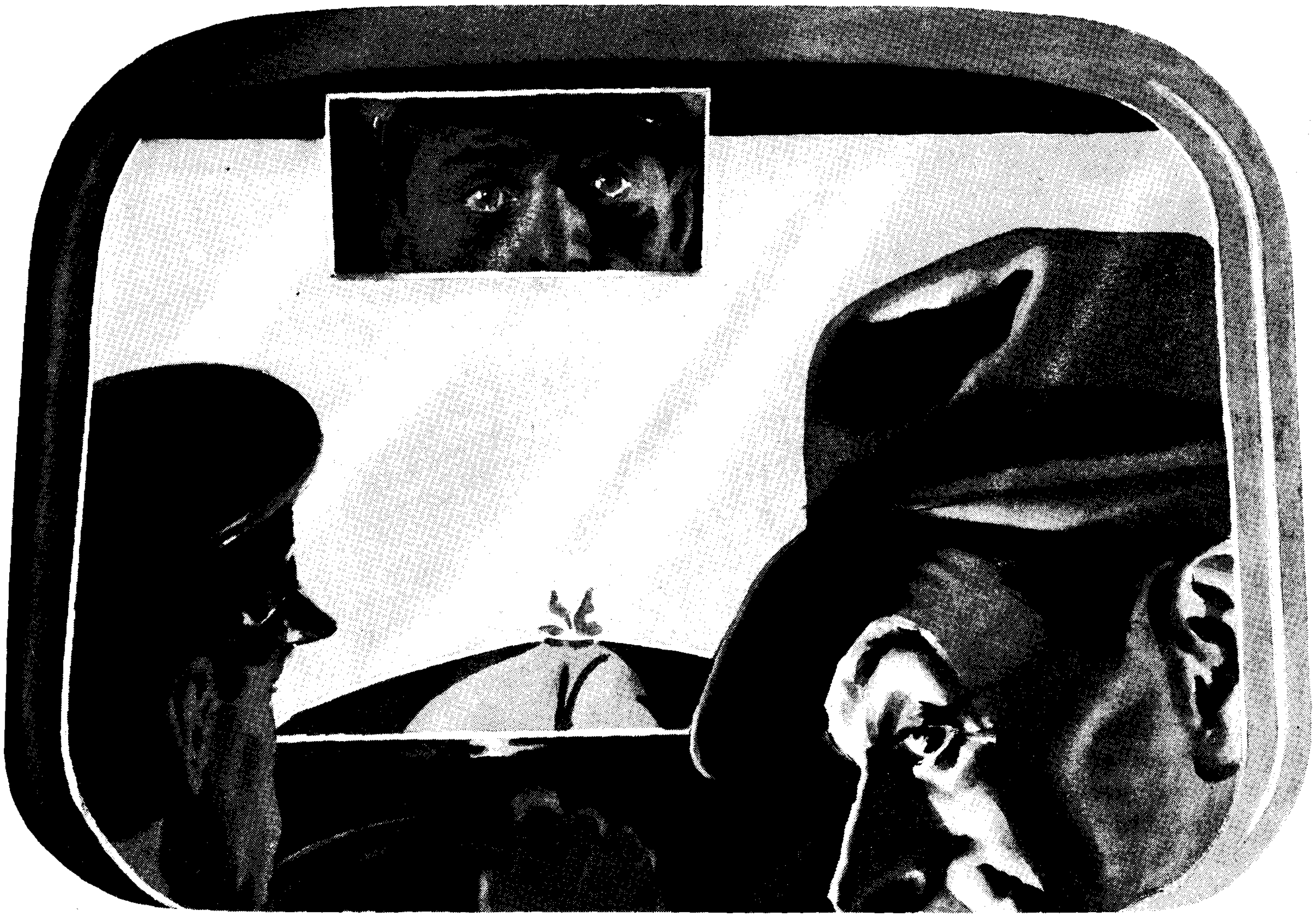
"Listen!" a jockey named Freddie Broom informed us. "You say we knew this Lugin. All right; we knew him. I saw him around and so I said hello to him. I ride horses. Would I have good sense and be palling with a bookmaker?"

We went back to Manhattan.

"What now, O'Malley?" I inquired.

"Not anything. I *am* discouraged. If somebody besides Streed knocked that guy off, the killer ain't saying nothing; and if somebody besides the killer

(Continued on page 68)



Orkney spoke good-humoredly: "Yeah. Slow down a little. Stay under forty"

Expensive Habit

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

"POLICE car back of us," Monk said. His eye showed white as it watched the rear-view mirror and his voice sounded worried. Orkney chuckled. Other men's stupidity didn't annoy him; it only amused and pleased him, a gratifying proof, always, of the difference between his kind of brains and theirs. He spoke good-humoredly:

"Yeah. Slow down a little. Stay under forty."

Monk's face soured, but the speed dropped. Men who worked with Orkney did as they were told. The police car came up swiftly, drew abreast, hung there a moment while the two state troopers in the front seat sent an indifferent glance at Monk and Orkney. Then they were out in front, drawing away fast. The tension of Monk's shoulders relaxed. Orkney laughed again.

"See, Monk? Bulls can think. The smart play in this racket is to bet they will. If we'd been hitting ninety like you wanted to, those two coppers would've wanted to look us over plenty, and switching cars and putting that chauffeur's outfit on you wouldn't have done us much good. But they're dead sure that the birds who cleaned out that bank will be in a hurry. All we got to do is keep on taking it easy and—"

He paused. A long way ahead the police car had swerved to a stop before a battery of red pumps.

"See? I give 'em credit for brains enough to try and find out something at filling stations along the likely getaway roads. Suppose you'd got your way about stepping on the gas? How many stations do those two coppers stop at before somebody remembers about the big gray convertible that went past a while back, burning up the road? Maybe nobody looked up quick enough to catch our number, but I don't bet on maybes, Monk."

Monk said nothing. His heavy face wore the look of one convinced against his will. Before they came to the filling station the police car was on its way again. They lost sight of it for a while, saw it again, a few miles farther on, standing before another station. Orkney's glance consulted the gas gauge on the dash.

"WE GOT room for five gallons, Monk. We'll stop and get 'em here."

Monk's jaw dropped.

"Why, we got gas enough for—"

"For now. Sure. And when we need more it'll be a cinch to get it. Yes, it will—maybe. One of those maybes that I don't bet on."

"But we don't need to get it where there's a couple of bulls to look us over! We could—"

"Yeah. That's what you think. And it's what the bulls'll think, too, if we help 'em to do it. Maybe they forgot all about us; maybe they didn't pull up to take another look at us. But we don't play the maybes. We prove to 'em that we're okay. We only need five gallons of gas, but we stop and get it. We stop and get it right where we can see two harness bulls waiting to watch us do it."

He laughed as he fumbled in a pocket and brought out a handful of silver.

"That's one of the fine points, Monk, but I figure 'em a whole lot finer'n that. We give those two coppers a look at us, but we don't overplay it. That's why we only take five when we got room for six or seven. If we tell the monkey to fill her up the pump slows down on the last couple of gallons and the bulls look us over a few seconds extra. We take five and get 'em quick, without acting as if we wanted 'em that way. And we chisel down the time another way, too. We don't wait for the pump monkey to come around from behind the car and collect. Gas is nineteen cents around here. I got ninety-five cents in my hand and when the monkey asks us how many I slip it to him. When the cap's back on the tank we're on our way, and it don't look as if we're in a hurry, either. We—"

He left the sentence in the air. The car was slowing to a stop. From the police car, parked beyond the row of pumps, the two troopers turned incurious eyes that manifestly weren't interested in a genial, dapper little man, touring leisurely in a quietly luxurious car driven by a correctly wooden-faced chauffeur. Orkney beamed benevolently on the lanky youth in greasy overalls who turned away from the police car to wait on him.

"Five, son. Here's your ninety-five cents."

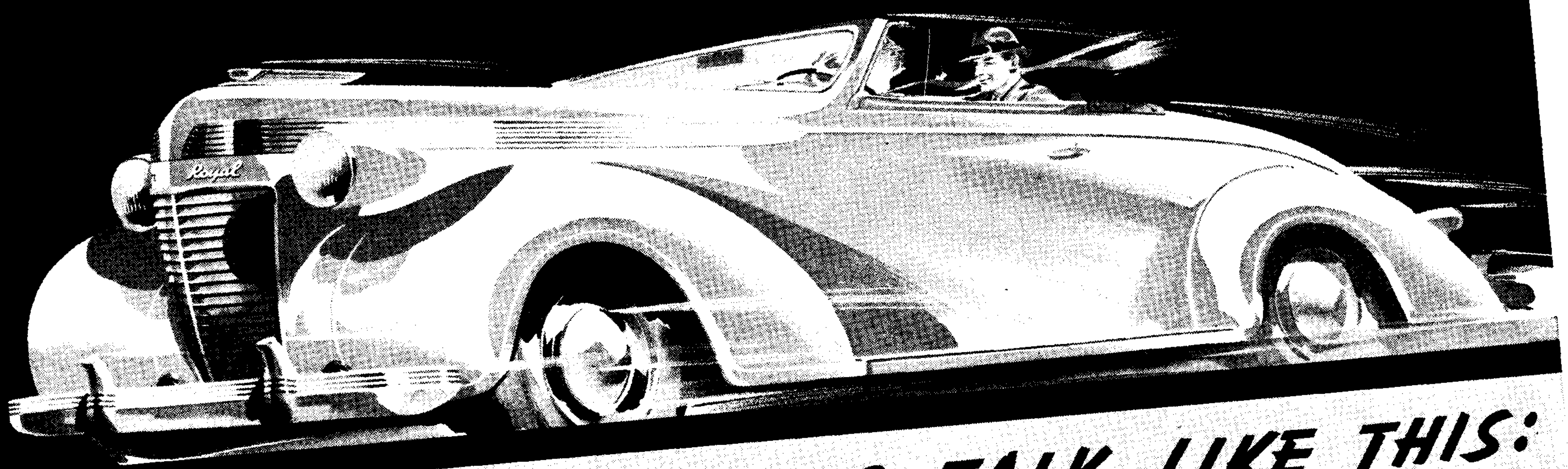
HE DROPPED the coins on the oily palm and looked up just in time to see the two troopers slide out of their seats. One of them turned quickly. Orkney's hands went up almost before his mind had realized that a gun was pointing at him. Tardily he found speech:

"Hey! What goes on?"

"Bracelets, buddy." The voice was jocular but there was nothing funny about the bite of metal on Orkney's wrists. "You keep on cleaning out banks and it'll get to be a habit. And you want to watch out about habits. You got one now that's apt to cost you plenty. When we checked the filling stations along the getaway roads after those other jobs you been pulling off it struck us kinda funny that we could always find a pump monkey that remembered one customer he'd waited on. The same customer. One that's never on the road except right after somebody's cleaned a bank. One that takes his gas in five-gallon doses and"—the trooper grinned—"and always has just the right change ready to pay for it in advance. That ain't a common habit, buddy. Looks as if you was the only one that's got it."

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH ENTWISTLE

CHRYSLER ROYAL — TALK OF AMERICA!



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CHRYSLER INVADES THE LOW-PRICED FIELD!

Heartbroken Melody

By Kathleen Norris

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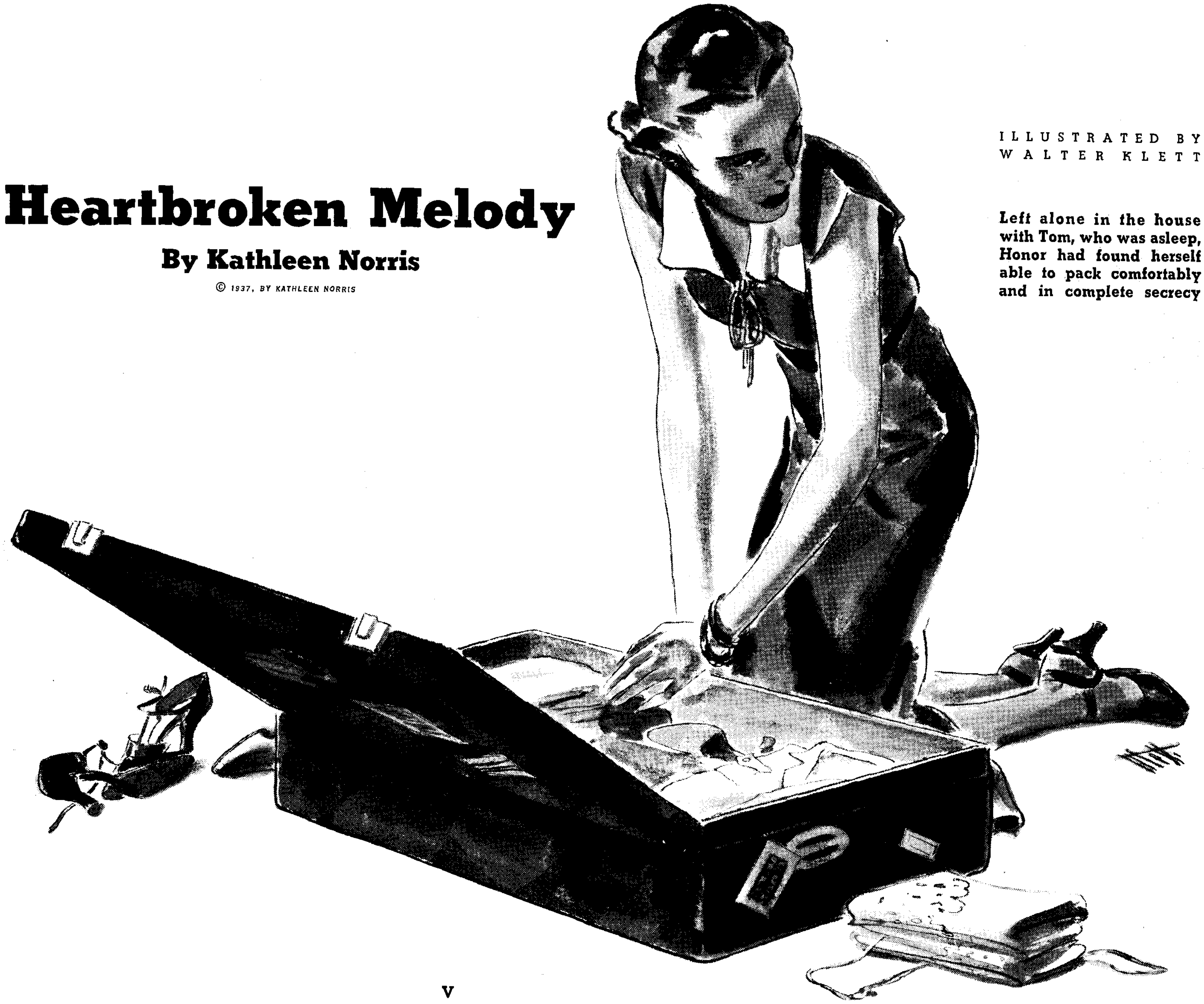
ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT



Left alone in the house with Tom, who was asleep, Honor had found herself able to pack comfortably and in complete secrecy

V

The Story Thus Far:

TO CONTRIBUTE to the support of her little family—Adeline, her sister; her brother, Tom; and Lucie Brownell, her maiden aunt—Honor Brownell goes to work in a San Francisco law office. She is engaged to a young engineer, Hugh Braintree, whom she has known for years.

Working constantly with her firm's junior partner, Paul Cartwright, she finds herself strongly drawn to him. Cartwright is thirty-seven; he is wealthy—and the most fascinating man Honor has ever met; unfortunately, he has a wife and two small sons!

Accustomed to getting what he wants, he does not hesitate to tell Honor, whom he knows to be engaged, that he loves her. For a time, *Honor will not admit the truth: that she adores him.* She finally admits it only after Cartwright informs her that Marion, his wife, will be glad to secure a divorce; that, the divorce granted, he wants Honor to marry him. . . .

Young Braintree accepts the situation; but he does not like it. Nor is Honor as happy as she might be. To her horror, Cartwright presently reports that Marion seems opposed to a divorce.

Nor can Marion's mind be changed: she declines to sue her husband for a divorce or to give him grounds for a suit against her.

Desperate, Cartwright has an idea: he is rich—why can't he and Honor simply board a steamer and sail away together? He makes the suggestion to Honor. "You're telling me," Honor says—she is hurt, shocked—"that it has to be goodby. Now, tonight, Paul."

And that is that. . . . At least, so Honor believes.

"So," Adeline says to her, a few days later, "you're really not going to see him again, Hon?" Honor gazes at her. "No—never. He's gone to Los Angeles, for a time. We'll never meet again. We've said goodby. There's nothing more to say."

THE utter desolation of Honor's tone struck Adeline. She spoke timidly: "Honor, you know it's *right*. You'd never have been happy—you'd never have had a moment's happiness the other way. You'd have had *nothing*."

Honor brought a big sister's half-amused, half-patient smile to bear upon her companion.

"Is it right? And wouldn't I?" she questioned in faint irony. "Well, I've not much now, Sis. I'd have had a few months of heaven, before he left me flat at Deauville or Biarritz, or wherever we went. You'd all be very sure he'd do that. But I'd have known what it is to live. That's the telephone!"

She interrupted herself sharply on the last word, her heart thundering, her breath gone.

"It's—it's—" She had left the breakfast table, Adeline heard her speaking at the instrument in the hall. "Yes—yes," she said. Then her voice changed. "Oh? Oh-h-h, yes. Adeline!" Honor called. "The man from Munson's wants to know if he can come for the chair today."

When she had replaced the transmitter on its hook she came slowly back to the table. But she did not sit down again. She went to the window, speaking over her shoulder.

"One thing," she said, firmly, but with some little difficulty, "tell the others, will you? Tell Tom and Aunt Lucie, and don't let them 'poor dear girl' me if you can help it. I've not been weak and I'm not being strong; I'm simply a fool and I won't discuss it with anyone. If you tell Caroline and Aunt Natalie and the boys, tell them for heaven's sake to *shut up* about it," Honor went on, suddenly savage. "I won't have Grandma Borrow pulling me down to kiss her and whispering that I'm a brave girl and have done exactly what my poor dear mother would have done! Nothing like this ever happened in Mother's life. Love's a real thing, I tell you, Sis, it's as real as a broken leg—it's as real as poison. I've broken my leg, I'm poisoned, and I have to go on, hating every minute of it, wishing—God knows how I wish!—that I was dead. But I'm not going to be cuddled and praised, because they all make me *sick!* I'm going for a walk," she finished abruptly. "I'll probably not be back for lunch; don't wait for me. I'm all right, don't worry about me— Telephone again!"

Adeline's heart ached for her as she flew to the hall. This time it was cordial Aunt Natalie from next door.

"Addy—ah, is that you, Honor? Well, *darling*, what are you doing home at this time o' day? It's so stormy that I'm going to keep your Aunt Lucie here, and I'm wondering if you and Adeline won't come over for heated-up macaroni and stewed rhubarb?"

"I've—I've got to go back to the office, Aunt Nat," Honor stammered. She heard the instant chill in her aunt's answering voice. Aunt Natalie thought that she had a date with Paul, of course. Oh, God, *God, if only she had!*

"Well, then tell Addy that she *must* come." That was the end of the conversation. Honor, belting herself into an old raincoat, pulling on a disreputable old cloth hat, spoke briefly to her sister.

"You go on over there, Ad, for the rhubarb and yesterday's macaroni, and tell them, and have them all murmuring 'Thank God!' and 'Ah, dear brave child!' It may as well be now as any time. But I've got to walk—I've got to get away from this somehow—"

"Honor, I'm so sorry!" There were tears in Adeline's eyes, and as Honor turned away from the dressing table the two put their arms about each other, and Honor was sobbing violently on her sister's frail little shoulder.

"Yes, I'm sorry, too!" Honor said indistinctly. And immediately she was gone, and Adeline heard the front door close behind her.

HONOR was undressing at ten o'clock when the bell in the hall tingled sharply. "Who on earth, at this hour?" questioned Adeline's round eyes. Honor flew to the instrument.

(Continued on page 49)

Moderns know...you need a laxative that COUNTERACTS GASTRIC ACIDITY, too!

What a logy headache I waked up with on the morning of Janet's wedding! Sickish, too—and not the pep of a jelly-fish! I could just picture the kind of bridesmaid I'd make on the arm of the world's handsomest usher! But Janet's mother gave me some Sal Hepatica and soon . . .

Presto! Sal Hepatica's double action had started. First, Janet's mother explained, it cleanses your intestines—quickly, gently. Second, it counteracts the gastric acidity (sour stomach) that makes you feel so low. And she was right! Soon, I felt worlds better. In fact, do you know what my handsome usher said to me later? . . .

JUST
MARRIED

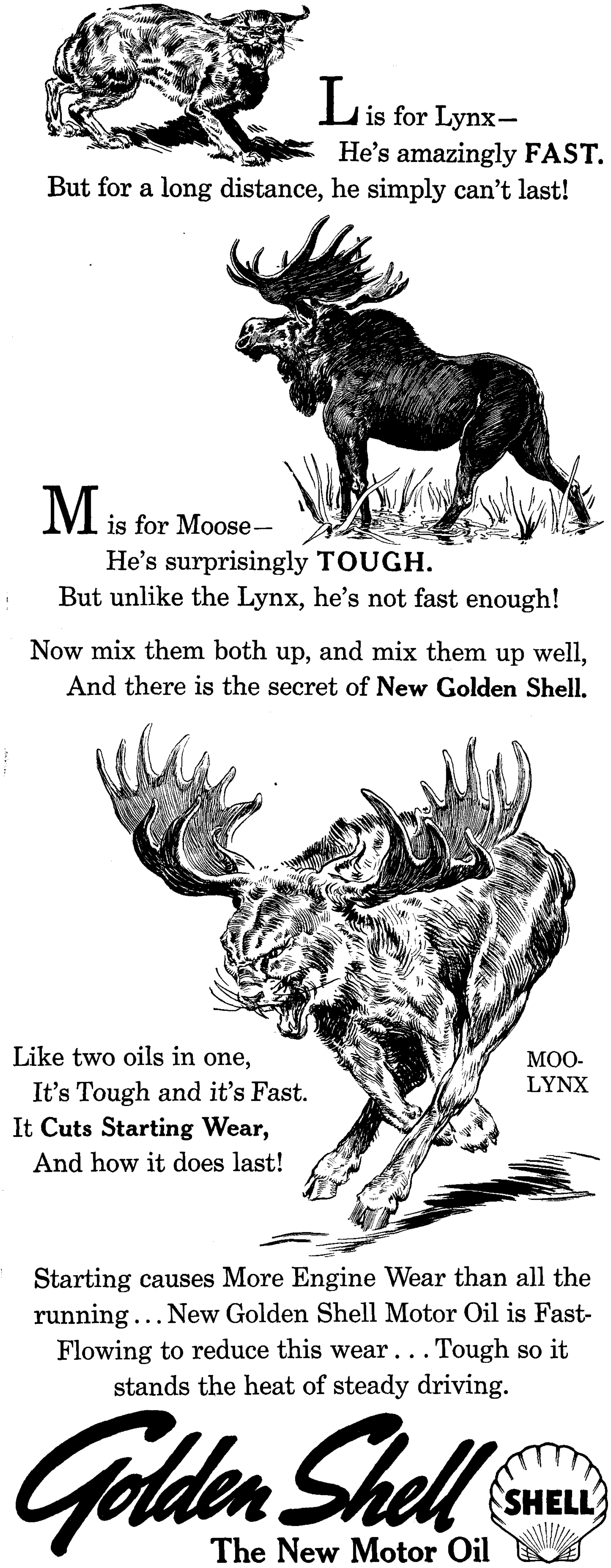
What a picture of pep! I guess I did look my best, for my head had cleared, my pep had come back, my spirits—well, I felt up to all the thrills and excitement. I caught the bouquet and though I'm not superstitious, it does look as though I may play a new role in a wedding soon.

Sal Hepatica
(ORIGINAL)
Effervescent
Saline Combination
CAREFULLY BLENDED
WELL BALANCED
LAXATIVE & CATHARTIC

The Secret? Sal Hepatica is not only a laxative, but an acid-fighter, too. While it's getting rid of wastes in the intestines, it's also helping Nature combat acidity. That's why moderns find Sal Hepatica so helpful in cases of colds, upset stomach, over-indulgence. Get Sal Hepatica today.

TUNE IN: "Town Hall Tonight"—Full hour of music, drama and fun. Every Wednesday night—N.B.C.—coast to coast.

Sal Hepatica does BOTH!



L is for Lynx—
He's amazingly **FAST.**
But for a long distance, he simply can't last!

M is for Moose—
He's surprisingly **TOUGH.**
But unlike the Lynx, he's not fast enough!

Now mix them both up, and mix them up well,
And there is the secret of **New Golden Shell.**

Like two oils in one,
It's Tough and it's Fast.
It **Cuts Starting Wear,**
And how it does last!

Starting causes More Engine Wear than all the running... New Golden Shell Motor Oil is Fast-Flowing to reduce this wear... Tough so it stands the heat of steady driving.

Golden Shell
SHELL
The New Motor Oil

Bear by the Tail

Continued from page 13

Which might be a good trick—if we could do it. It looks simple—but before we go into why it isn't, let's see the reason for Quezon's sudden: "I want out!"

Right after Quezon's inauguration as president, Frank Murphy of Michigan, who was then high commissioner, got big-hearted and paid Quezon an official call. This was a pleasant gesture but a diplomatic error. Since we still owned the islands and Mr. Murphy was representing the American president, it was up to Quezon to ring the Murphy doorbell. Who calls on whom may be small potatoes to practical Americans, but it's vitally important in the Orient, where "face" is everything.

When Mr. Murphy rolled around to Malacanan Palace and hoisted one with the new Philippines boss, that made Quezon number one and the United States number two all over the Far East. Also, it gave "Casey"—as Americans out East know him—ideas.

Having become number one in the islands, as he thought, Quezon began hankering for 21-gun salutes and other trifles. He got himself a presidential yacht. Incidentally, when the yacht was sent over this summer to the navy yard at Cavite for a complete air-conditioning, the realistic commander of the yard demanded cash in advance . . . But, anyway, Americans in the islands began to ask the State Department at Washington who was running the island, and if independence meant democracy or dictatorship.

Meanwhile, Quezon decided to stake himself to a long trip around the world. This seemed strange to the Filipinos, who had been told that only by his guiding hand could they be led into the paradise of democracy. However, the legislature handed the Little Giant $33 a day expense money, sugar men and mining barons kicked in with spending money and the tour got started in January.

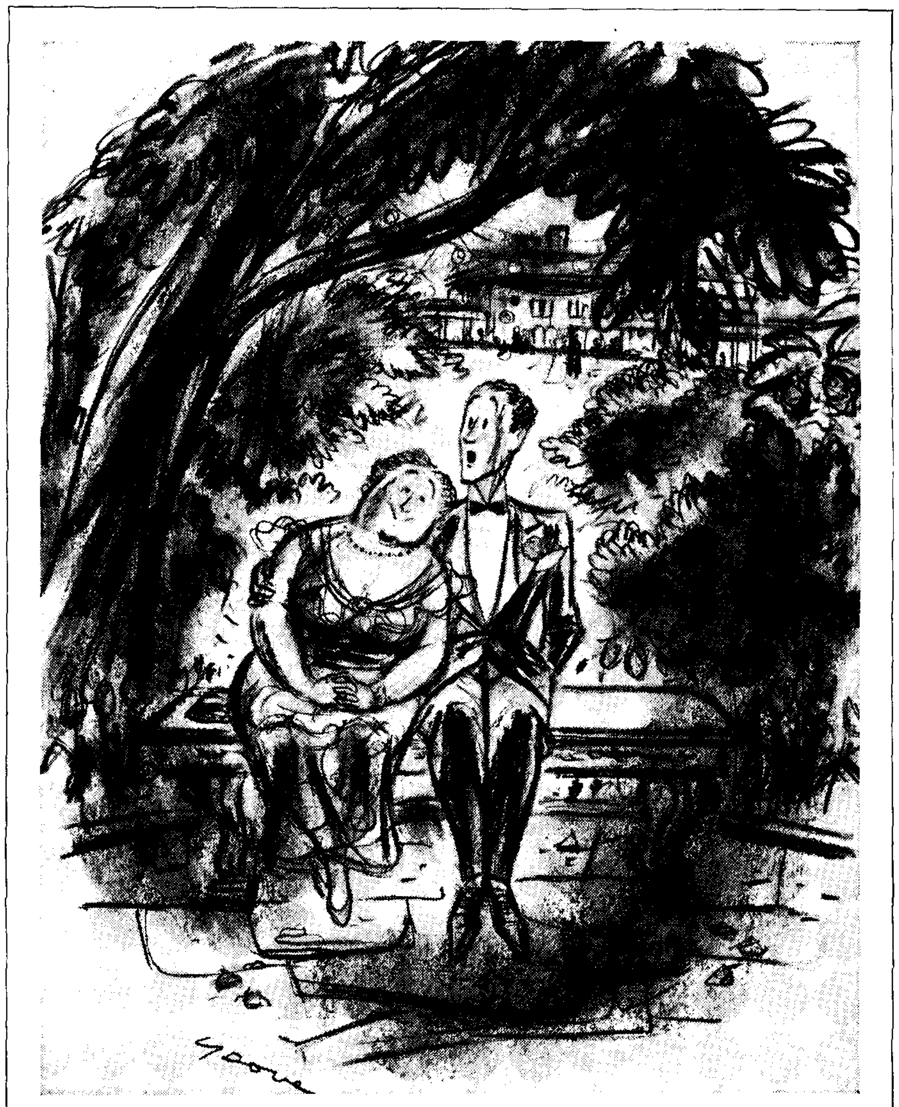
The one nation that is playing up to Quezon—the nation that is going to move into the Philippines commercially and industrially the day we get out—is Japan. Now look what happened on the Quezon tour. First stop was Shanghai. The Chinese welcoming party was composed of Grade B politicians and non-company cigars and no 21-gun salutes.

Bouquets and Rebuffs

Then came Japan—and Japan put it on pretty. All the top-flight magnificoes were out in full uniform, the XXX *sake* and the choicest *sukiyaki* were freely offered and El Presidente had a private chat with the Emperor, as one ruler to another. This was Big Stuff, the Emperor being noted neither for chattiness nor overenthusiasm toward foreigners. So the Quezon party sailed away from Yokohama, feeling its oats, and changed ships in Honolulu without disrupting business or depleting the skyrocket store at Pearl Harbor navy yard.

At San Francisco, the State Department diplomatically asked Quezon to remember that he wasn't really Top Man in the Philippines for the nonce, and maybe not for a couple of nonces. So the party proceeded toward the Great White Throne in Washington, where bitter medicine was being mixed.

Frank Murphy had quit his high com-



"First, of course, I'll have to give the Escort Bureau two weeks' notice"

LEONARD DOVE

The Mystery of Mary's Marks

MOTHER couldn't understand it; neither could the teacher. Mary — naturally a bright child — was failing at school!

The usual measures had been taken, of course. Special discipline. Extra study hours. No movies or outside interests. Yet nothing seemed to help her marks.

Finally, the family physician stepped in . . . turned "detective." And the search ended up in a dentist's X-ray room.

The clues were quite clear. Decay had penetrated so far into a molar that a focal infection had set in . . . poisons were taxing her strength, retarding her progress.

So frequently does tooth decay accompany poor grades, that authorities urge *a definite home program for teeth.*

For tooth decay — if left unchecked — can leave a lasting mark on child or adult . . . entail continuous expense . . . contribute to serious illness.

The Squibb Plan (see below) is now being followed in thousands and thousands of homes — with definite results.

For this Plan, Squibb has prepared two scientific dentifrices, for cleansing the teeth and massaging the gums — Squibb Dental Cream and Squibb Tooth Powder. They do *more* than clean teeth. Both contain an antacid to neutralize the bacterial acids which cause decay, wherever it comes in contact with them.

Also, each has a special flavor which children love. You too will agree it is the most pleasant, refreshing dentifrice you ever used. Remember—*most tooth decay can be prevented.* Start your family on the Squibb Plan today.

MOST TOOTH DECAY CAN BE PREVENTED

FOLLOW THE SQUIBB PLAN

1. Brush your teeth and massage your gums thoroughly at least twice a day, using a dentifrice that is efficient and safe; one prepared by a reliable maker.

2. Check with your dentist regularly to be sure that your home treatment is effective, that your diet is correct, and that you have the benefit of adequate professional service.

SQUIBB

ACID-NEUTRALIZING

Dental Cream

LARGE SIZE
RELIABILITY
PAT. OFF.
SQUIBB
Dental
Cream
The Acid-neutralizing Dentifrice

BE SURE TO GET SQUIBB QUALITY
Millions know — when buying the following home necessities — nothing but the purity and quality of Squibb will do.

SQUIBB TOOTH POWDER—*it has all the scientific advantages of Squibb Dental Cream . . . for those who prefer powder.*

SQUIBB MINERAL OIL—*a safe, internal regulator.*

SQUIBB ASPIRIN—*pure and promptly effective.*

SQUIBB COD LIVER OIL—*exceptionally rich in Vitamins A and D . . . a true economy.*

SQUIBB MILK OF MAGNESIA—*free from any suggestion of earthy taste . . . another sign of purity.*

SQUIBB SODIUM BICARBONATE—*refined to an unusual degree of purity.*

THE PRICELESS INGREDIENT OF EVERY PRODUCT IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER

DON'T BE A "CARRIER"★ OF ATHLETE'S FOOT

Absorbine Jr.
For sore muscles, superficial cuts, bruises, burns, sunburn, bites of small insects, aches and pains that can be reached by external applications
For simple ringworm of the toes and feet, sometimes called "athlete's foot"
Manufactured by W. F. Young, Inc.
SPRINGFIELD, MASS., U. S. A.
294 St. Paul Street, Montreal, Canada
Copyright 1926 by W. F. Young, Inc.

Are you a "Carrier"? Don't say "no" until you answer the following questions.

Do you play golf? Tennis? Do you swim? Do you often tread barefoot on damp surfaces—on locker-room, shower bath or bath house floors—on the edges of swimming pools or the boardwalk at the beach?

Red Skin Marks the "Carrier"

Does the skin between your toes look red? Does it itch, look irritated? Is it cracked or peeling under or between the toes?

Then the chances are, you have a case of Athlete's Foot, and you *are* a "Carrier." For "Carrier" is the medical term for a person who carries infection.

Don't Be a "Carrier"

If red, itching skin warns that you are infected with Athlete's Foot, prompt application of cooling, soothing, relieving Absorbine Jr. may save you more serious complications and suffering, and prevent you from spreading it to others. Absorbine Jr. is sold at all drug stores, $1.25 a bottle; economical because a little goes so far. For free sample, write to W. F. Young, Inc., 357 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

★"CARRIER" is the medical term for a person who carries infection. People infected with Athlete's Foot are "carriers." And at least one-half of all adults suffer from it (Athlete's Foot) at some time, according to the U. S. Public Health Service. They spread disease wherever they tread barefoot.

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains and Sunburn

missionership to become governor of Michigan. Quezon thought, with some justification, that the president of the Philippine Commonwealth might justly be asked for advice on the new high commissioner. If Quezon had been asked he probably would have suggested Weldon Jones, Murphy's right bower and, at the time, acting commissioner.

But before he could even get to Washington, President Roosevelt named Paul V. McNutt, ex-governor of Indiana—a large, tough-minded, realistic individual—as the new representative of the power of the United States in the islands. Mr. McNutt is commonly supposed to have received confidential orders to do a bit of dignity-upholding and place-putting around Manila.

This apparent snub was followed at once by Quezon's demand for immediate independence — "immediate" meaning within a year or two and "independence" meaning a free hand for the Quezon dictatorship.

Who's Who in the Islands?

In turn, this was followed at Manila by an incident that started all the foreign diplomats talking. On the occasion of his emperor's birthday, Consul-General Uchiyama of Japan gave a party. Toasts were proposed. First, to the emperor. Second, to President Quezon and President Roosevelt. Third, to the high commissioner.

Diplomatically, this meant that Japan considered Quezon ruler of the Philippines and the United States representative merely a sort of official adviser. Most of the foreign consuls in Manila sent queries around to the high commissioner's office, asking who really *was* boss. Mr. McNutt replied that he was, thanks, and that if any toasting was being done the Martini-gulpers would please name him first and El Presidente second.

To the average American, this all sounds like a lot of schoolboy nonsense—but to the few thousand whites living precariously amid nearly two billion Asiatics across the Pacific, white prestige is a religion and its upkeep Public Duty Number One.

There is a very definite belief, everywhere west of the 180th meridian, that America's retreat from the Philippines will not only halt the advance of Western civilization in the Orient, but finally force the West out of the East altogether and allow Japan to become master of more than half the world.

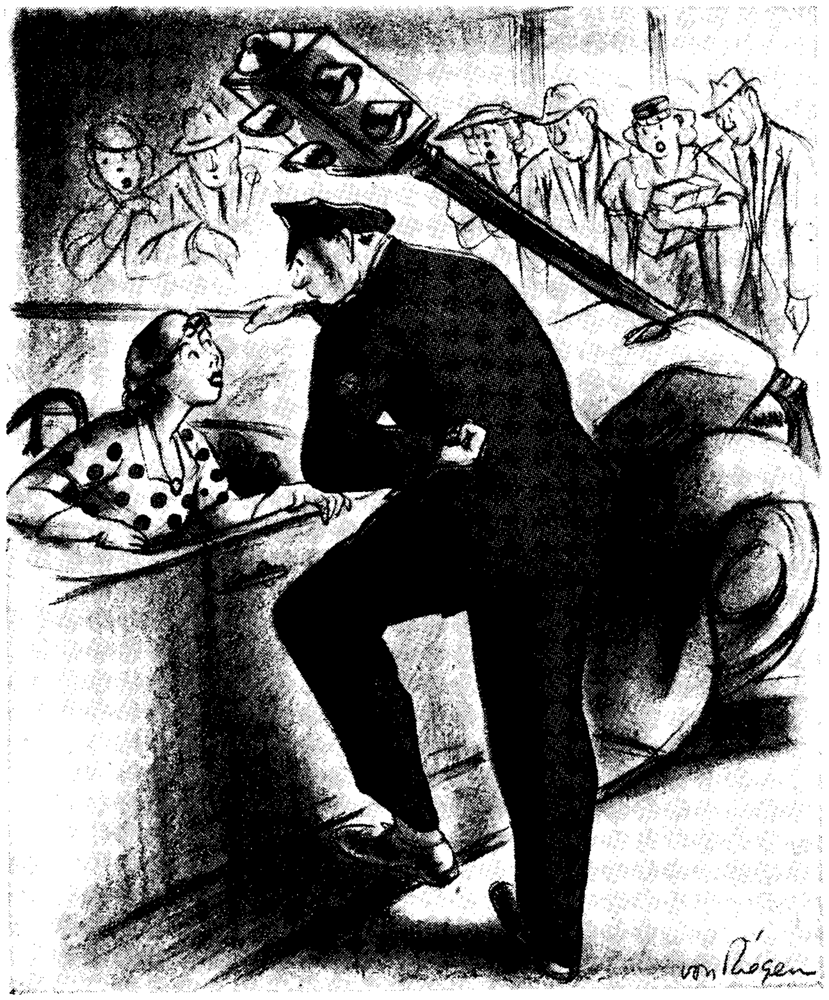
Judge John W. Haussermann, who landed in the islands as a soldier in '98 and stayed to become a leading jurist and who later built up a multimillion-dollar mining empire, summed it up for Collier's: "If America gets out of the Philippines, eventually the British will have to get out of China and India; the French will have to get out of Indo-China; the Dutch will have to retreat from Java. Western civilization will vanish from the Orient."

"How are the Filipinos getting along, running themselves?" I asked.

"Well," said the tall Dutch banker, drinking syrupy gin, "they are not having much luck. They have not the snappiness of you Americans. Couple years ago they started to build an $11,000 bridge over the river. It took them just 531 days before a car went over it. Some days, a whole nail would get driven. Other days, nobody turned up to direct the workmen, who went to sleep. . . ."

"Down in Nueva Ejica," said the boy who was going home, "they had a hell of a time collecting taxes this year. The *taos* in the rice paddies wanted to know why taxes had gone up and the collectors said it was to support the new Philippine army. So all the *taos* said th' hell with independence and let the United States defend the country, as it always had done. . . ."

"Speaking of defending the place," said the Nevadan, "I was talking to a national assemblyman the other day about that. He said that when the Fili-



"No, no, Officer! 'I'll teach you,' not 'I'll learn you'!"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

pinos became an independent nation they would join the League of Nations—he said the league met in Geneva, in Denmark—and that the league would see to it that the Japanese never set foot on the islands."

"It's tragic," said the boy. "They're good little people, but they just don't realize what they'll be up against. The cards are stacked against them before they start. . . ."

The facts of the Philippine situation seem to foredoom the embryo Filipino nation to swift disaster. In the first place, instead of a nation, there are several tribes, with varying languages, customs, traditions and aspirations, totaling 14,000,000 and living on a group of rich islands capable of supporting at least five times that number.

Members of one tribe can communicate with members of another only through English or Spanish, languages unknown to a majority of the people. More than half the Filipinos, by American standards, are utterly illiterate, despite nearly forty years of educational effort by Americans.

The Yellow Tidal Wave

This year, with the Philippine commonwealth claiming a surplus ranging from $10,000,000 to $45,000,000, depending on which department gets out the figures, hundreds of thousands of children can't go to school, because there aren't enough schools or teachers. There is money to build Field Marshal Douglas McArthur a luxurious air-conditioned penthouse atop the government-owned hotel. There is money for presidential yachts and grand world tours—but just how to get money for schools puzzles everybody. The islands got a $50,000,000 windfall in processing-tax refunds, too—but that's gone for something else.

Underpopulated, largely undeveloped, jammed with minerals, heavily timbered, booned with scores of fertile valleys, the islands lie only a few hours' steaming from the overpopulated, comparatively barren lands of China and Japan. Today, the Chinese are barred out, the Japanese allowed in. Once independence comes, the Chinese will be let in—and they will pour in by the million. Already they are pouring into the southern islands along with Japanese settlers.

The Filipinos will be simply swamped under a tidal wave of yellow humanity—thrifty, shrewd, hard-working, willing to bear hardship. And nothing can stop it.

Then there are the Moros.

There are only a few score thousand Moros, down in Mindanao and Jolo—but they're a keg of dynamite. Years ago they were promised that when the United States got out of the islands the Moros would be allowed to set up an independent republic. This promise has been forgotten by everyone but the Moros.

They are all Mohammedans and each Moro is firmly convinced that, armed only with a kris, he is a match for nine Filipinos armed with tommy guns and automatics. White opinion is that nine Filipinos probably would beat Brother Moro, but that he could handle six, or maybe seven in a pinch. If the Moros decided to secede, about one third of the islands' territory might be lost to the Manila government.

The danger of a civil war is that it wouldn't be long before a Japanese settler somewhere got punctured by a bullet or sliced by a kris—shortly after which "incident" the Japanese navy would move down with full war equipment and landing parties "to protect our nationals." Similar "incidents" are all Japan ever has needed for moving into places that didn't belong to her. To be fair, Japan learned the trick from white nations, which now get very indignant about it.

Now, according to the independence program, the United States will maintain naval bases in the Philippines. Our army, which believes in abandoning the islands, will go home. Our Asiatic fleet, according to navy strategy, is merely a sacrifice unit. Its job would be to delay an enemy fleet as long as it could, so that the main fleet could get over from Hawaii or the Pacific Coast.

Just what our Asiatic squadron might do, if the Japanese navy moved down and Japanese marines landed in the Philippines "to preserve order," no one knows. But the situation, at any rate, would be highly explosive. . . . And if we weren't interested, the British probably would be, egged on by Australia, and New Zealand and the Straits Settlements, already having headaches about the "Southward Ho!" enthusiasm of the Nipponese.

It is an open secret that the British and American navies are organized to fight side by side in Oriental waters—but whether they did or didn't, the Filipino republic would be caught in the maelstrom of war and wrecked.

Figure it as optimistically as you may, it is hard to see how the Filipinos can make a lasting success of self-government.

As a matter of fact what they are getting is not really self-government at all. The constitution, the democratic document that is the basis of "independence," is being torn apart already. Election of provincial and local officials has been "postponed," which means that almost every government official holds his job at the pleasure of Quezon and that the voters have little or nothing to say.

A strong move is under way, backed by Quezon's henchmen, to kill the constitutional limitation of a president to one six-year term. Day by day these politicians go about preaching a second term, or perpetual presidency, for their boss. To give him credit, Quezon insists he won't accept a second term and his newspapers are equally emphatic for the one-term idea.

Three Views on Independence

Within a short time the American people will discover that what they have given the Filipinos is not a democracy at all, but a sort of Latinized-Oriental dictatorship, under which the islanders will have less freedom and more taxation than under American rule. Whether the dictator, whoever he may be, will hold his power through his army, or by grace of Nippon, is anyone's guess.

Filipino "independence" means varying things to varying people.

To the islanders, it is mainly a matter of emotion, with the hard realities and the facts of life concealed in a fog of rhetoric and platitudes.

To Americans, it's a matter of profit and loss, markets and the grim battle for international trade—coupled with the feeling, in the United States, that the islands are more or less a burden we'd be well rid of.

To the white race, it's a matter of prestige and the continued existence of the white race in the Far East. If and when we get out of the Philippines, that will be the first break in the westward advance of Western civilization around the world.

The Japanese are completely sold on the idea we are going to abandon the islands. They are enthusiastically moving in. They control the retail trade. Davao in the hemp district is almost as Japanese as Yokohama. Japanese are gaining control of iron mines on the east coast of Luzon, over the mountains from Manila. A steady stream of *marus* (ships) plies between the iron ports and

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SCIENTIFIC CLEANING METHOD SAVES CAR FINISHES . . . PRESERVES BEAUTY

Simoniz Kleener is the most remarkable cleaner ever developed! It really cleans lacquers and enamels as they should be cleaned . . . thoroughly and safely. Instead of the paint-removing solvents and harsh abrasives found in ordinary cleaners, Simoniz Kleener employs an entirely different and scientific method of cleaning. So, start using Simoniz Kleener now! It brings back all the beauty your car had when new with amazing speed and ease.

DULL SCUM
FINISH
METAL

The dull scum shown in the above illustration cannot be removed by washing or so-called polishing. It is caused by the constant attack of weather, dirt and ultra-violet rays. The more scum, the faster the destruction of the finish.

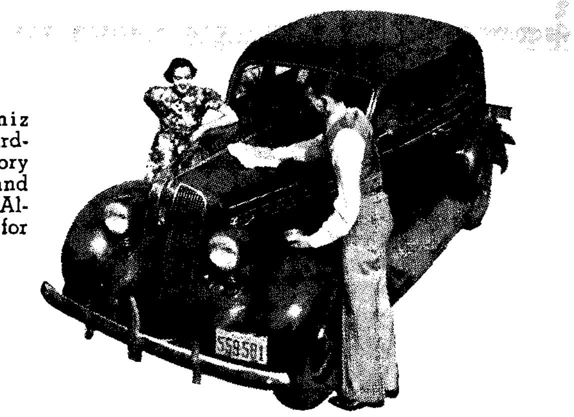
AFTER CLEANING
FINISH
METAL

The safest and easiest way to remove dull scum is with Simoniz Kleener. It cleans off every trace. Restores the true lustre and color of the lacquer or enamel. And prepares the finish for Simoniz.

SIMONIZ
METAL

Every car needs Simoniz to protect the finish. As shown above, Simoniz takes all the wear and tear, keeping the finish underneath safe from harm. It alone contains the secret ingredient that preserves the finish and its beauty for years. Be sure and Simoniz your car—the sooner, the better!

Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener are sold by hardware and auto accessory stores, filling stations and garages everywhere. Always insist on them for your car.



MOTORISTS WISE
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Made by The Simoniz Co., Chicago, U.S.A.
Recognized for over twenty years as authorities on the care of automobile finishes.

Osaka, feeding the rich ore into Japanese industry—and war plants.

The Nipponese are heavily interested in gold production and are being exhorted, by Japanese publications in Tokyo, to get in deeper. They are active in the prospecting for oil, which they vitally need. They are making long-range plans for cotton production—a crop that has been discouraged by United States officialdom, fearful of competition with our South. But when the Japanese start to produce cotton in the islands, as they will, it is the South that will suffer.

Abandoned to Conquest?

Meanwhile, the Chinese seep in, through forgotten jungle ports, and merge into the picture. The Chinese plan, if any, up in Nanking, seems to be the old dodge of swamping rivals by sheer weight of numbers—and the Chinese are much better colonizers than the Japanese.

And so there is a fair chance the Philippines may become a battleground for the two great Oriental races—with the Filipinos trampled under in the struggle.

"You're quitting too soon, son," advised the Nevadan, speaking to the boy who was going home. "We're not going to get out of the islands. Go back to the job."

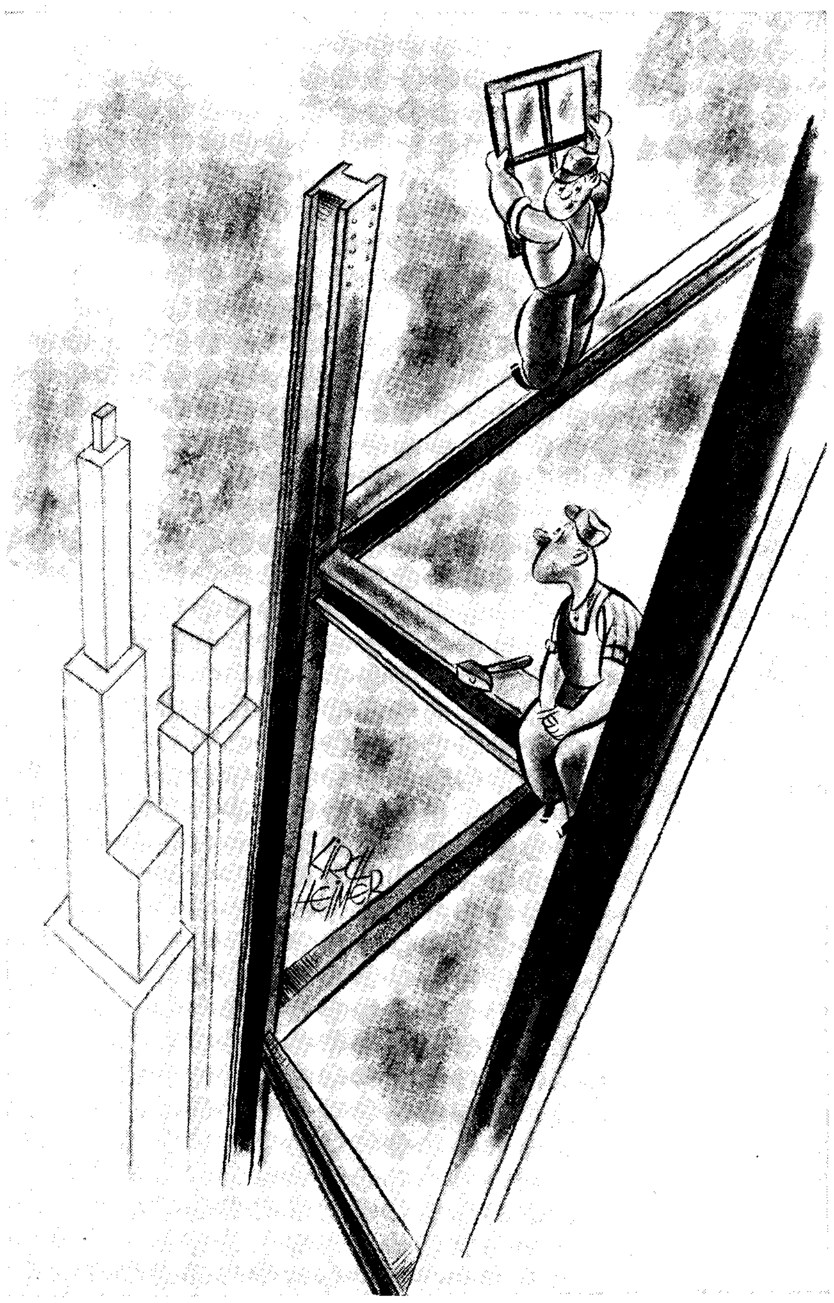
The boy shook his head. "We're going to get out, all right," he said. "The American people are sick and tired of hearing about the Philippines. They know next to nothing about them, and don't want to. . . . Hell, millions of folks at home think the islands are part of the West Indies, and down by Cuba, somewhere. People out here are always getting letters addressed to 'Manila, Philippines, Territory of Hawaii.' . . ."

Whether we can let go of the Philippines remains to be seen. Morally, we have promised the Filipinos a chance to run a republic on the American plan, right up against Asia. Without our aid, the thing is an utter impossibility. Our aid means air and naval forces in the islands. The Filipinos, by any stretch of imagination, cannot defend themselves without a navy and planes, which they haven't and aren't going to have.

From a business standpoint we are giving up a group of treasure islands to a brave little people who won't be allowed to hold and develop them. Our keenest business rival—Japan—is going to get a free gift worth millions of dollars in territory and raw materials. Maybe we're right, and it's cheaper to give away this treasure than to defend it.

The main thing for Americans to remember is that "giving independence to the Philippines" is a rosy myth. What we're doing is handing them over to dictatorships and Asian conquest.

When that Asian conquest starts, we'll find the bear's tail right back in our palm again.



"Look, Snyder, the view from here ain't going to be half bad"

BERT KIRCHHEIMER

"I often allow 20% *more!*"

Tom Harrigan, President of the Harrigan Motor Sales, Inc., Oak Park, Illinois, figuring the actual saving effected by Marfak lubrication

YOUR car dealer, backed by technical knowledge and years of experience, knows just what a used car is worth to him.

Here's what Mr. Harrigan, Illinois car dealer, says:

"We're always glad when a prospect has given his car good care, such as having it Marfak'd regularly. Because this means reduced reconditioning costs to us and we can often allow as much as 15% or 20% more on the trade-in."

Marfak is made from thick, *heavy-bodied* oils. It won't wash out when it rains, won't melt out when it's hot, won't squeeze out on bumpy roads as do other greases which are made from light-bodied oils. These greases often do not last 1,000 miles. They subject your car to increased wear and tear. Marfak, on the other hand, protects your chassis completely. *It lasts twice as long.*

Remember, this is no ordinary grease job. *Marfak lubrication includes many different services.* It is rendered by specially trained men and with special equipment at the TEXACO DEALER'S!

Tune in Eddie Cantor in "Texaco Town" every Sunday night, Columbia Network
8:30 E. S. T. 7:30 C. S. T. 9:00 M. S. T. 8:00 P. S. T.

DON'T SAY "GREASE IT"
Let us
MARFAK
your car

Now—just press a button—that's all

TOUCH TUNING

BRINGS IN YOUR STATION INSTANTLY—SILENTLY—AUTOMATICALLY

WITH THE AMAZING
NEW G-E TONE MONITOR

WHEN a radio tunes itself—that's news! And this is exactly what the new General Electric Radio does—it actually tunes itself!

All you do is pick your program—by pressing a button. There are separate buttons for your favorite stations—each one marked with station letters. The merest touch of your finger—and instantly your program's there! Automatically tuned, with hairline precision!

Touch Tuning makes manual dialing a thing of the past. It's the radio sensation of the year.

The new G-E Tone Monitor brings tone perfection

In addition to Touch Tuning, the new General Electric Radio brings you another remarkable achievement—the G-E Tone Monitor, a radio circuit of radically new design. The Tone Monitor corrects distortion. It assures life-like reproduction of the highest and lowest notes of each orchestral instrument. Nor is this remarkable improvement confined to the higher-priced G-E Radios alone. Many of the moderately priced G-E sets offer this new feature.

$10* down delivers any G-E Touch Tuning Radio into your home

All the new 1938 G-E Radios are now on demonstration at your nearest General Electric dealer's. You can own any model you choose for only a few dollars down.

12 Super Value G-E Models to Select from

Beautiful new console models, personal radios, armchair radios, from **$19.95 to $295.** Prices slightly higher South and West. Subject to change without notice.

Your G-E Radio Dealer will arrange liberal terms

*Through General Electric Contracts Corp.

The New GE

GENERAL ELECTRIC

RADIO

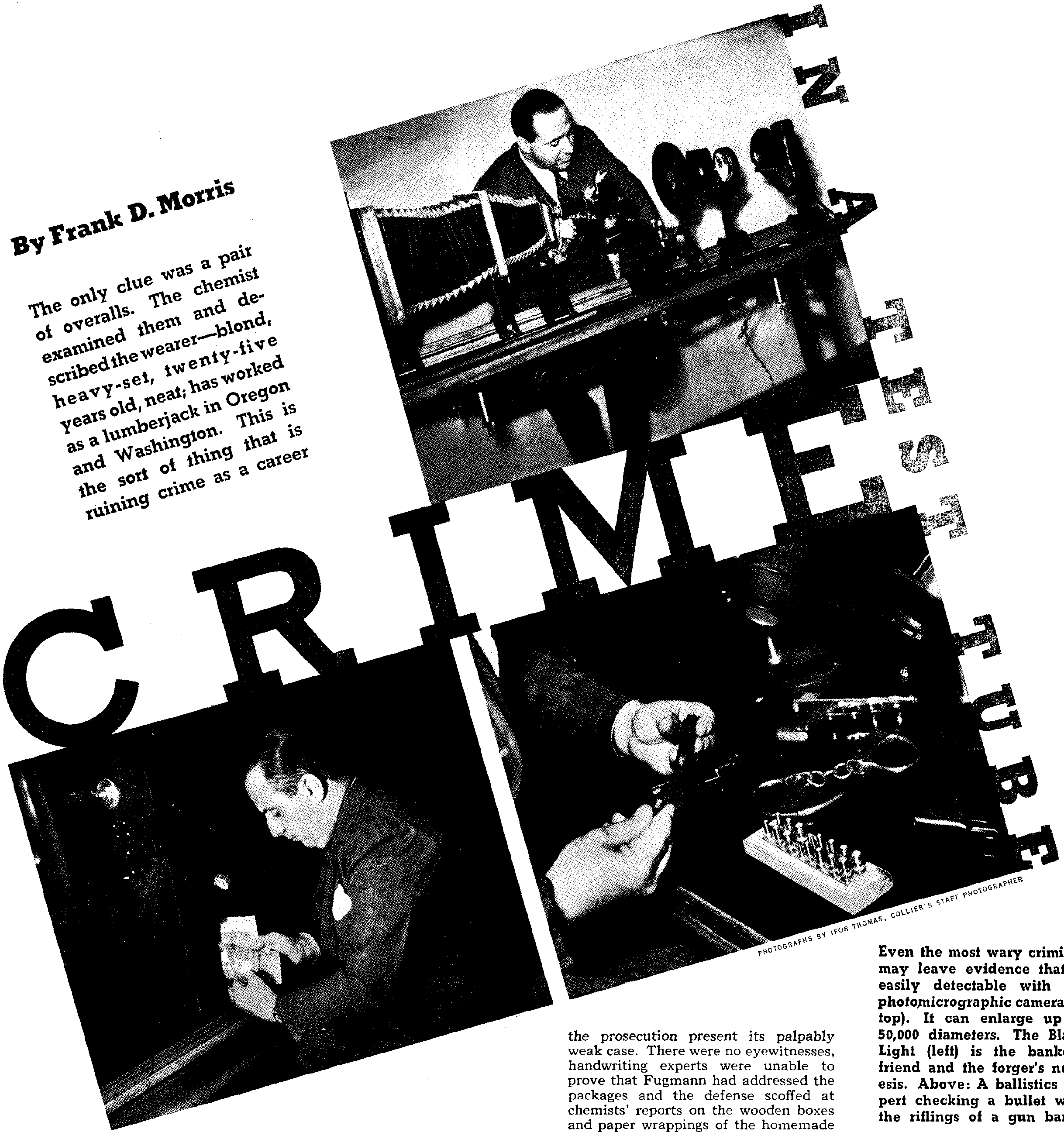
FOR REPLACEMENTS SPECIFY GENERAL ELECTRIC PRE-TESTED TUBES

LISTEN TO THE G-E HOUR OF CHARM, MONDAY EVENINGS, 9:30 E. D. S. T. NBC RED NETWORK

CRIME IN A TEST TUBE

By Frank D. Morris

The only clue was a pair of overalls. The chemist examined them and described the wearer—blond, heavy-set, twenty-five years old, neat; has worked as a lumberjack in Oregon and Washington. This is the sort of thing that is ruining crime as a career



PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

Even the most wary criminal may leave evidence that is easily detectable with the photomicrographic camera (at top). It can enlarge up to 50,000 diameters. The Black Light (left) is the banker's friend and the forger's nemesis. Above: A ballistics expert checking a bullet with the riflings of a gun barrel

THE Maloney children thought it was an early Easter gift. Although the package was addressed to their father, they watched eagerly as he unwrapped it. Impatient, they asked him to hurry.

They never did see. When the wrapping was half off, there was a flash, a roar, and the Easter gift disappeared in a thousand bits. On the floor of the wrecked kitchen Tom Maloney and his four-year-old son, Tom, Junior, were dying; his daughter was maimed for life.

Five other packages of death were mailed that Good Friday a year ago in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. One killed Michael Gallagher and crippled his son-in-law. Only the fact that another package was held in an upturned position while being opened saved the life of Luther Kniffen. Alert postal clerks and state police intercepted the remaining three and dunked them in water buckets.

Police and postal inspectors had few leads to work on. Obviously the six packages had been mailed by the same person, but the only tangible clue to his identity was the name "Fugmann" whispered by Tom Maloney just before he died. That puzzled the cops, for Maloney and Fugmann, fellow coal miners and union workers, apparently had been good friends. However, no other suspect was available so they shadowed Fugmann day and night. Although his subsequent actions were far from incriminating, he was arrested and charged with murder.

At the trial Fugmann calmly watched the prosecution present its palpably weak case. There were no eyewitnesses, handwriting experts were unable to prove that Fugmann had addressed the packages and the defense scoffed at chemists' reports on the wooden boxes and paper wrappings of the homemade bombs.

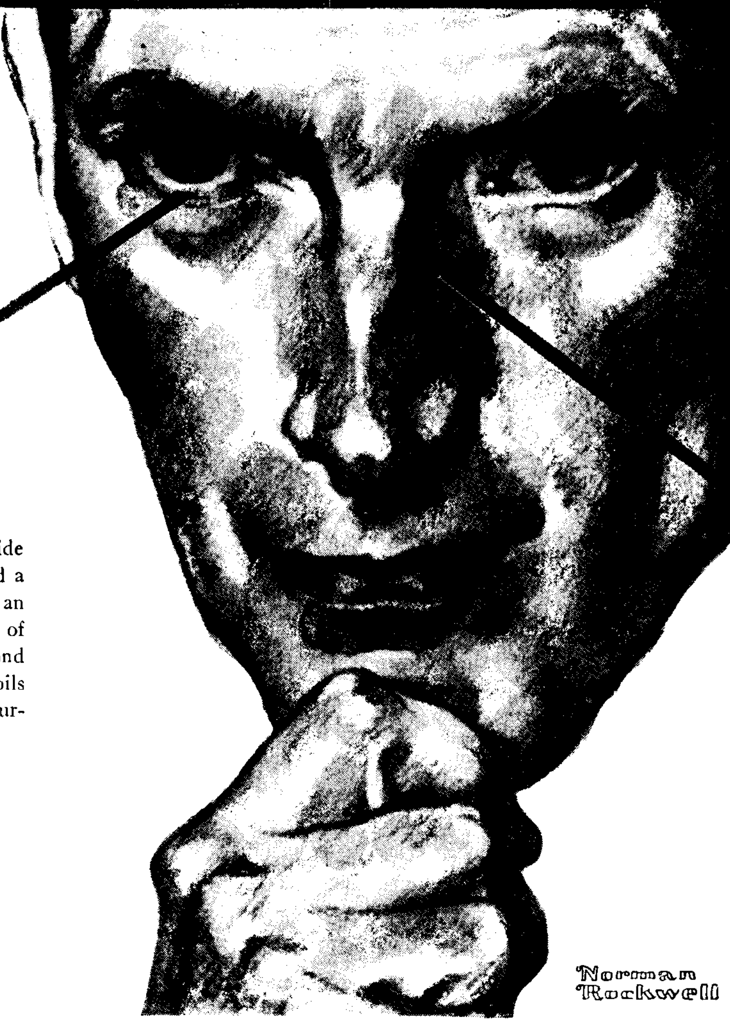
Weeks later, when it appeared that they were fighting a futile and expensive battle, the prosecution pulled a surprise witness out of its legal hat. Most of the other evidence—or lack of it—had sputtered out before Stanley Kieth, a metallurgist, was called to the stand. From the moment Kieth started to speak Fugmann was doomed, condemned to death by a handful of tiny tacks.

Kieth testified he had removed the tacks from the boxes containing the unexploded bombs. Later Fugmann's house was searched and a box of small tacks found in the basement was seized, also a pair of shoes Fugmann had recently resoled. The metallurgist pulled several tacks from these shoes, lined them up with sample tacks taken from the other two groups and posed them under his orthostereo-microcamera.

Over the defense counsel's protest the judge allowed Kieth to bring in his camera, a large apparatus resembling a photographer's enlarger. Then he produced a stereopticon, the same kind you used to gape through at a postcard of Niagara Falls. He inserted a slide, focused it and asked the judge and jury to have a look. In turn they peered through the double eyepiece and here is what they saw: A three-dimensional view of what appeared to be four railroad spikes. Actually they were the sample tacks, an eighth of an inch long, magnified eighteen times.

Through the stereopticon the judge and jurymen saw identical tack quadruplets; dozens of die marks on each matched those of its brothers. There

Have *you* "the thinker's" eyes?


Norman Rockwell

THE EYES OF A THINKER
Eyes large, clear, set deeply and wide apart beneath strong eyebrows and a square, massive forehead, which has an angular, knotty appearance. Ridge of eyebrows projects downward beyond the outer corner of the eye. The pupils are large. A single perpendicular furrow runs between the eyes.

NOSE THAT MEANS ACTION!
Nose aquiline, with a strongly defined bone ridge down the center. Nostrils long and narrow. The root of the nose is bony and broad, and curves in deeply.

If *you* are a type who thinks things out, you'll know what a treat is at hand when old Kentuckians make a *"double-rich"* straight Bourbon!

SCHENLEY'S

Cream of Kentucky

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

A 90 PROOF whiskey with the *Mark of Merit*. Made in the Bluegrass Country by master Kentucky distillers the good old Kentucky way.

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Bottled at the distillery
Cream of Kentucky
Straight
Bourbon Whiskey
90 Proof
Schenley Distributors Inc
New York

was only one answer—the tacks taken from the bomb boxes, the tacks found in Fugmann's cellar and the tacks yanked out of his resoled shoes had been born in the same factory machine. A convinced jury retired and later brought in its verdict—guilty of first-degree murder.

Kieth is not a detective. You may remember him as the man who traced the nails in the Lindbergh kidnap ladder, but his everyday job is consultant for a metal company and that magic camera is one of the tools he uses to ferret out the mysteries of steels and alloys. Buck Private Stanley Kieth is one recruit of a small, new army of civilian volunteers. They make no arrests, wear no uniforms, police shields or armpit gun holsters, but they gird themselves with weapons of science when they are called into the battle against crime.

Human witnesses are fallible, circumstantial evidence can be as porous as a sponge, suave district attorneys and defense counsel often throw rabbit punches at justice, but it isn't easy to break down the graphic testimony of these unbiased instruments. The men who operate them—and they must be expert—are just as disinterested. Some of them have taken up criminology as a hobby but they still retain their amateur standing.

America's Sherlock Holmes

We'll drop in on Roy Post, who started his hobby in high school seventeen years ago with a secondhand microscope. Post now has a collection of crime-detection gadgets that is more modern and more complete than that of the New York police, largest force in the world.

Until six o'clock in the evening Post is a busy optician, wrestling in his shop with such drab matters as tortoise-shell rims and bifocal lenses and sunglasses. That's his livelihood. But it's after six now, and we find him working twice as hard at his hobby—he's splitting a hair.

Into a miniature of the mechanical slicer your corner marketman uses on cold roasts, Post places a small piece of frozen liver. In the center of the liver is a strand of human hair. He turns a crank and the liver is sheared off in thin slices. Thin? These slices are so thin you can't feel them in your fingers; you can't even see them. A hundred of them are so weightless they won't register on a jeweler's scale—as one jeweler regretfully found out. He was bragging about the delicate balance of the scale he used to weigh diamonds. Post bet him fifty dollars he could place a hundred slices of meat on the scale without disturbing the needle. The jeweler paid up when he saw Post slice and weigh frozen liver in slabs exactly 1/2500 of an inch thick. That's why it is no problem at all for him to split a length of human hair averaging a thousandth of an inch in thickness.

"If your next-door neighbor were found murdered in bed tomorrow morning," Post tells you, "and the only clue to the crime was a single hair clutched in his hand, that hair might betray the murderer. Under the microscope it would be the size of a willow branch. The shape of it in cross section would tell the race of the person who grew it —oval for a white man, flat for a Negro, round for an Indian. You would see scales on it, as on a fish, and their size and coarseness would reveal age; the scales grow larger and coarser as we grow older.

"Split the hair vertically in this microtome (the liver slicer) and you bring out all its inner secrets. The interior texture and the medulla, that canal through which the hair is fed by the body, help the scientific investigator find its source. If the murderer were a dope or aspirin addict, traces of dope or aspirin would be found in this canal.

"That lone hair is getting important now," Post continues. "It could be any one of the twenty thousand different types a young research worker, F. B. Gompert, has classified in his California laboratory. Gompert's file is sorted out and numbered as systematically as that of a fingerprint bureau and he will bet you a million to one that a hair taken from the head of one person will not match that of anyone else."

The backstage performances of men like Kieth and Gompert and Post help to ruin crime as a career. They don't want to take over the job of the patrolman on the beat or the plain-clothes man at headquarters; they're the specialists called in by family doctors of crime.

The D'Autremont Roundup

Dr. Edward Heinrich is one of those specialists. He was teaching undergraduates of the University of California the weird secrets of chemistry the day a crack mail train speeding through a lonely mountain pass struck a bomb clamped to a rail. The locomotive and several cars were derailed, killing four of the train crew. The locked mail cars, carrying a heavy shipment of gold, remained intact, however, and the bandits who had planted the bomb fled empty-handed. The only clue they left behind was a pair of old overalls.

This garment was brought to the laboratory of Dr. Heinrich. He examined it minutely—literally placed it in a crime test tube—and issued the following report: "The man who wore these overalls is about twenty-five years old, blond, five feet eight inches tall, heavy-set, neat in personal habits and has worked as a lumberjack in the camps of Oregon and Washington. He is left-handed."

The suspect finally rounded up, Roy D'Autremont, fitted this description perfectly, and he and two brothers, accomplices in the train holdup, are now serving life sentences.

Post digs into his crime archives—about the size of a newspaper "morgue" —to show you the chemistry professor wasn't guessing. The size of the overalls revealed the wearer's build. Pitch from Oregon or Washington pine trees had stuck to the right side of the overalls, showing that he must have swung his ax with his left hand. A few strands of hair found on the overalls betrayed his complexion, race and age, and fingernail clippings in the pocket testified to the manicured tidiness of the lumberjack.

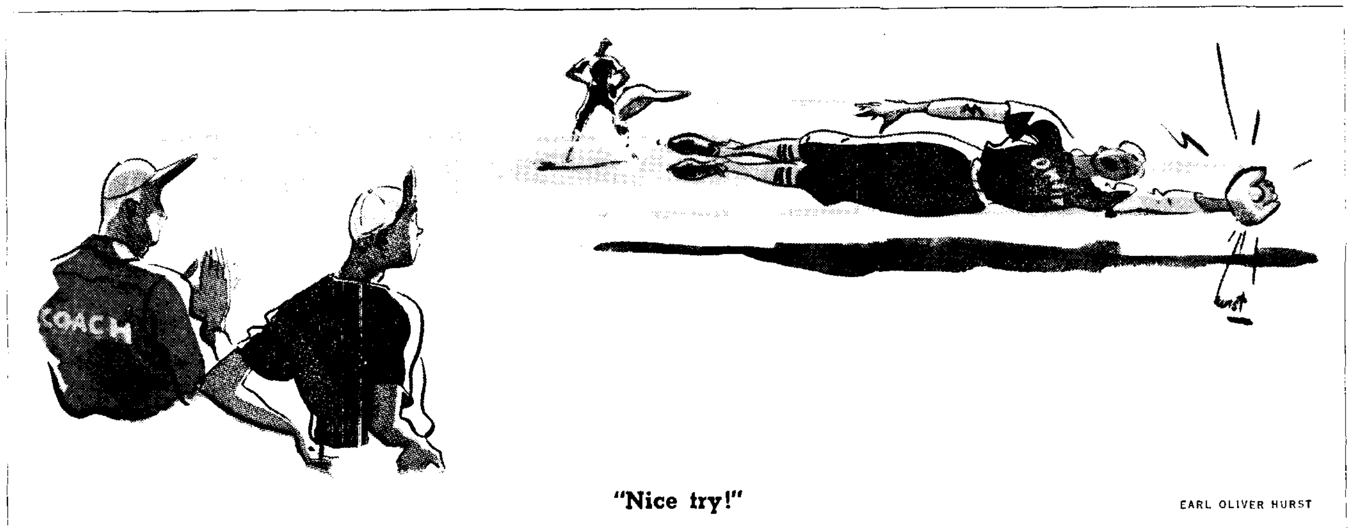
A Boon to Bankers

Getting back to Post's laboratory, we're standing in front of a high-power binocular microscope whose twin eyepieces look like a pair of opera glasses. Post slips a glass slide under it and on this sprinkles a few cigarette ashes. You look into the double eyepiece, focus it, and you see a pile of rocks. You can almost reach down and touch their sharp edges with your fingers. You raise your head and sneak a glance with your naked eye at the glass slide. They're still there—just cigarette ashes.

This microscope is short of a foot tall, just high enough to trip up forgers. Its official name is the Greenough binocular microscope because a scientist named Greenough, tired of squinting, saw a way to make his microscope do an extra job —show the depth of the object under the lens by adding one more eyepiece. Sign your name on a scrap of paper, place it under the Greenough instrument and then peer through the eyepiece. Your signature becomes a length of black rope.

Bankers kneel down at their bedsides every night and offer up a prayer of thanks to Dr. Greenough for his binocular microscope. It seems that one of the oldest tricks of forgers is to trace a wealthy man's signature on a bank check, using a frosted glass slab as a desk, a strong light underneath and a legitimate signature as the original. A check signed in this manner looks innocent enough to the paying teller, but have a look at it under Dr. Greenough's invention. Then you see loops of black rope—with a kink or two in every loop. Just like an electric lamp cord that has seen too much service. These kinks are the jerks the forger can't avoid in trying to trace a signature. Forgers frown when you mention the Greenough microscope.

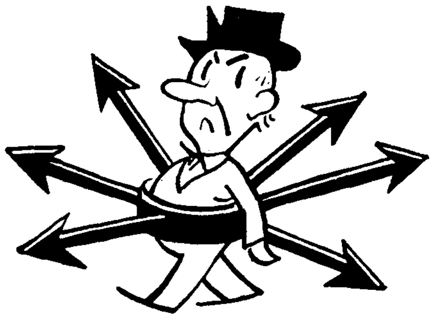
Gunmen frown, too, when they think of the bullet-comparison microscope you're looking at now on Post's workbench. It seems innocent enough, just like any other microscope, with the exception of the opera-glass eyepiece—same as the Greenough model. The comparator's job is quick, simple—and



"Nice try!"

EARL OLIVER HURST

??????????????



Don Herold Says:

Should you wear 6-foot spears?

Above is an invention of mine which might be used by men who need Mum.

It's an iron belt with spears on it to keep people six feet away.

Instead of this, however, how much better to use Mum, which will insure you pos-i-tive-ly against giving off any underarm perspiration aura.

Without Mum, many men are noticeable for quite a distance.

Goodness, you don't want to be noticeable, do you?

Mum is a pleasant, inviting, fragrant cream which definitely stops perspiration odor for a day without interfering with perspiration itself.

At first women used it. Then smart men philosophized: "Why shouldn't we, too, *seem* clean as well as *be* clean?" (Lots of men need Mum 30 minutes after a bath.) Now millions of thoroughly masculine, two-fisted fellers make a daily habit of two swift dabs of Mum underarm every morning and perhaps again before evenings out.

Do people draw away from you?

Many of them also apply touches to the feet to increase foot comfort and keep hose and shoe linings fresh.

The tough part is the start. You have to resolve to add Mum to your routine. *Then* it becomes routine. *Then* you KNOW you are safe from any gymnasium aroma.

Nail the matter now by jotting your name on the corner of this page and sending it for a free sample to Bristol-Myers Company, Dept. M1-97, 630-A Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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There is nothing finer than a
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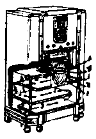


Radios by Stromberg-Carlson stand apart, on account of the patented Acoustical Labyrinth and the Carpinchoe Leather Speaker—a combination producing tonal excellence which is ever amazing.

in **BEAUTY**

Each cabinet is an original creation by one of America's master designers—a thing of beauty for eyes to feast upon within your home. Some are conservative in line; others break away from old trends; all are formed of gorgeous woods, hand-rubbed to exquisite finish.

in **ACTION**

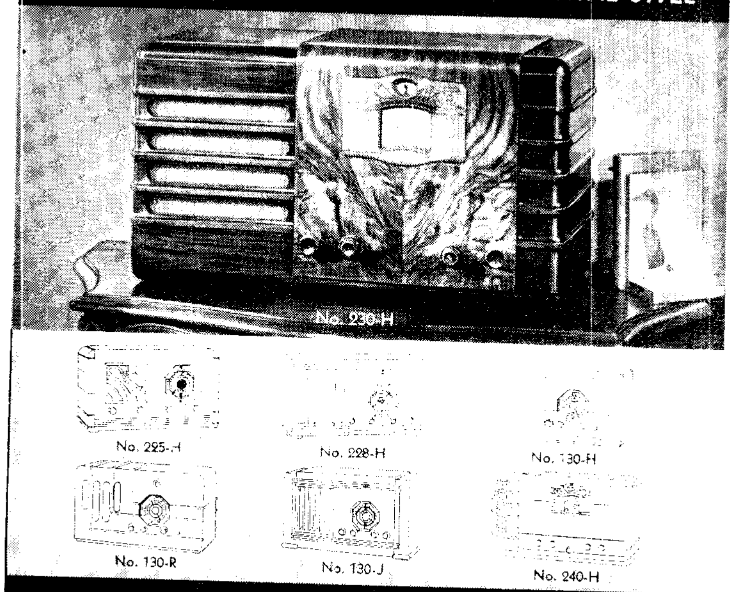
Every operating convenience that radios possess, is yours in these Stromberg-Carlsons. There are new features galore. Flash Tuning and Telektor Automatic Remote Control give simple, instant tuning. Indexed Controls are an enjoyable aid.

in **VALUE**

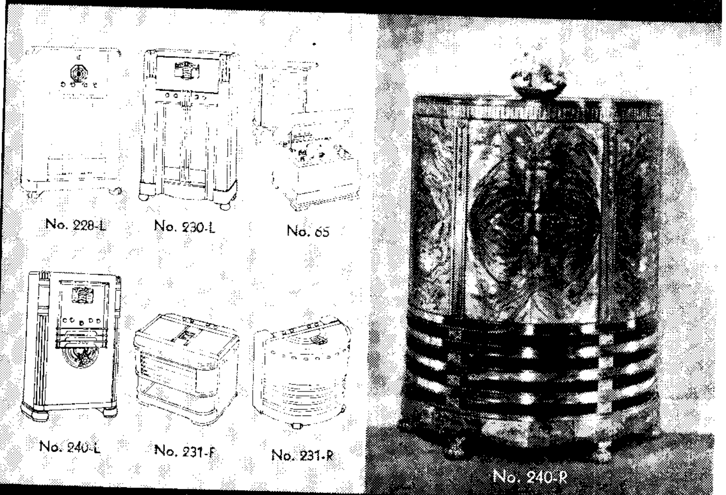
The price range of Stromberg-Carlsons is from $57.50 to $1050; Antenna Kit $7. (Slightly higher in Southeastern States and West of Mississippi.) We invite you to compare them, model for model, with radios of any other make. Booklet, "How to Choose a Radio" may be obtained from authorized dealers listed in your telephone directory or by mailing coupon.

Stromberg-Carlson

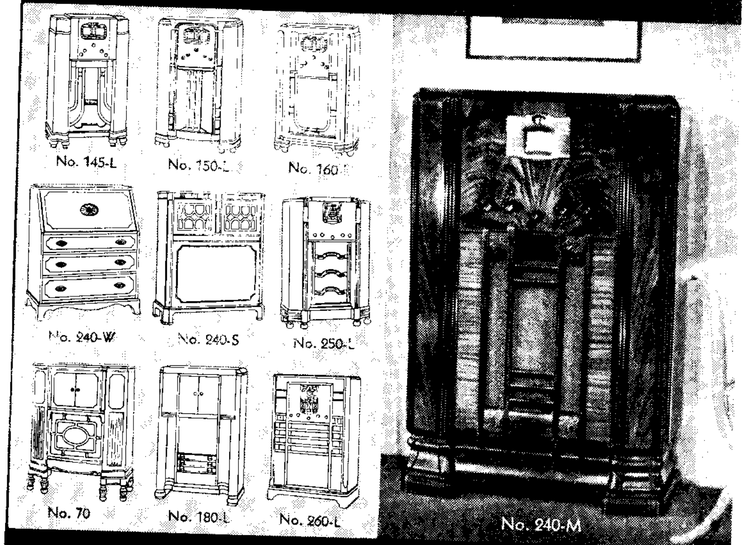
TABLE MODELS IN THE POPULAR HORIZONTAL STYLE


No. 230-H
No. 225-H
No. 228-H
No. 130-H
No. 130-R
No. 130-J
No. 240-H

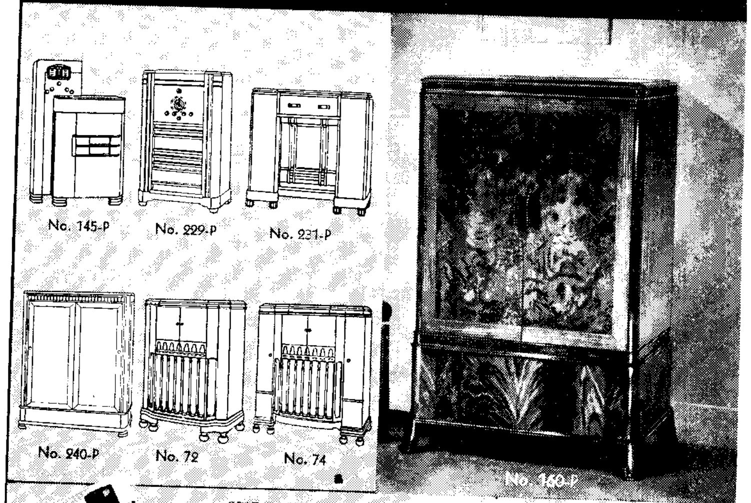
STANDARD CONSOLES OF DISTINCTIVE DESIGN


No. 228-L
No. 230-L
No. 65
No. 240-L
No. 231-F
No. 231-R
No. 240-R

CONSOLES WITH THE FAMOUS ACOUSTICAL LABYRINTH


No. 145-L
No. 150-L
No. 160
No. 240-W
No. 240-S
No. 250-L
No. 70
No. 180-L
No. 260-L
No. 240-M

RADIO-PHONOGRAPHS..SINGLE RECORD and AUTOMATIC


No. 145-P
No. 229-P
No. 231-P
No. 240-P
No. 72
No. 74
No. 160-P

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Send illustrated booklet "How to Choose a Radio."

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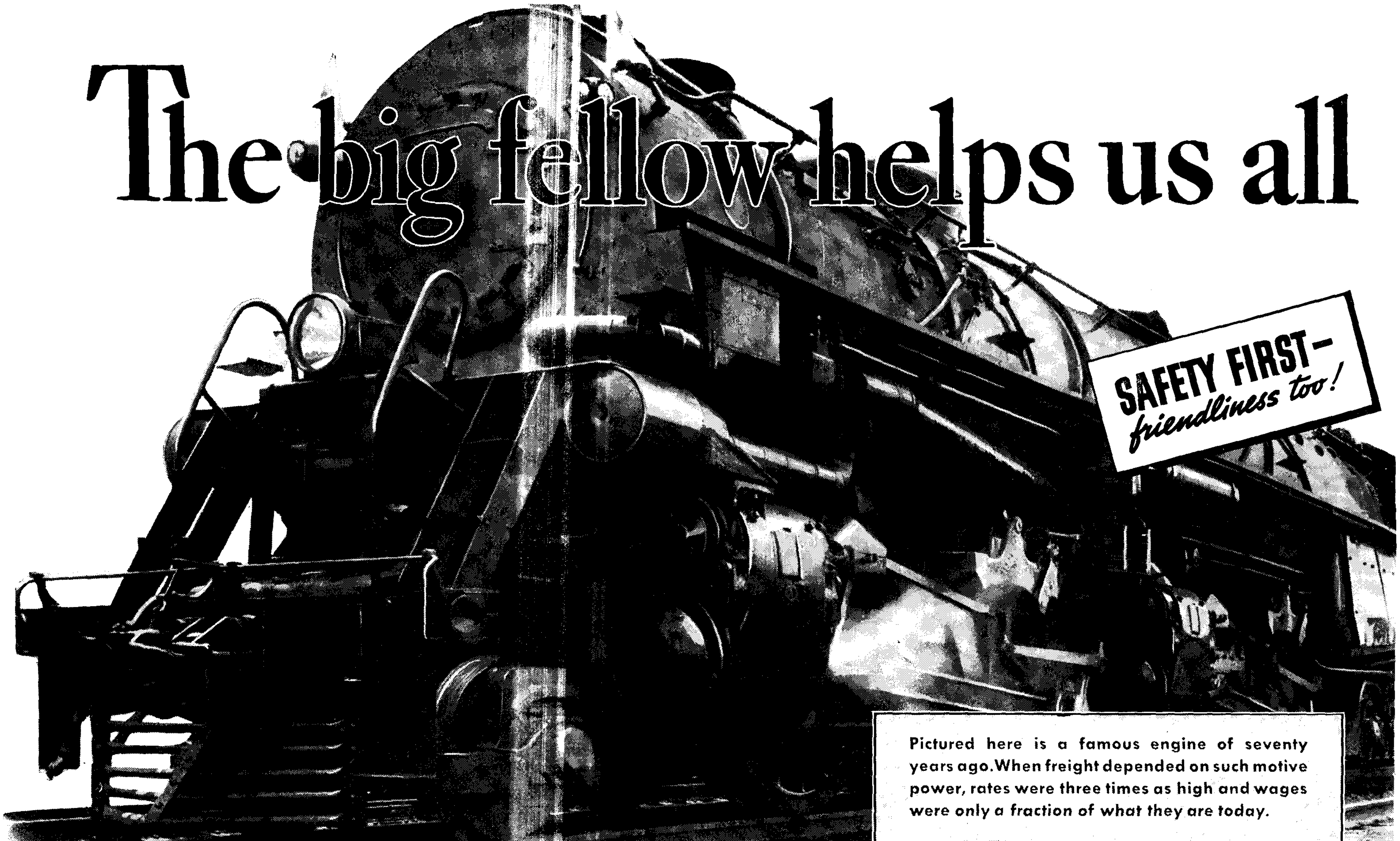
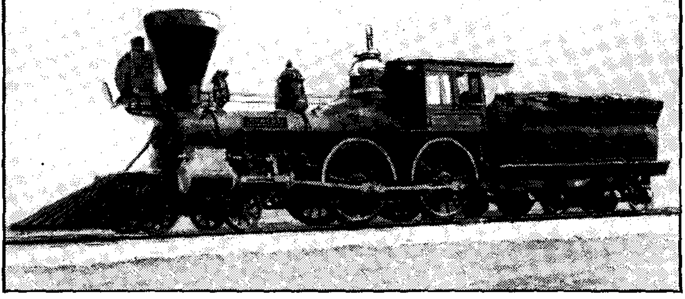
The big fellow helps us all



Pictured here is a famous engine of seventy years ago. When freight depended on such motive power, rates were three times as high and wages were only a fraction of what they are today.



HERE you see one of the most modern freight locomotives used by American railroads.

It develops 6,500 horsepower. It can haul freight 70 miles an hour. It can highball a string of loaded box cars more than a mile long.

That the railroads are using such mighty engines is a good thing for everyone.

Take shippers, for instance. Costs, and therefore rates, are directly affected by the number of cars which modern locomotives can pull. If trains were as short as they were thirty-six years ago it would add more than three quarters of a billion dollars to the annual freight cost, based on 1936 traffic.

Or take wages. The railroads' ability to meet present-day pay rolls depends on low cost operation — and the length of the modern freight trains largely determines such costs.

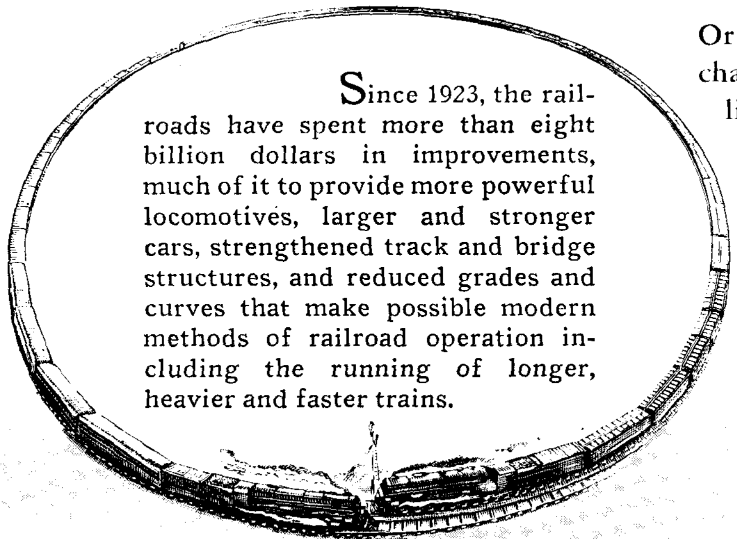
Or take safety. Longer trains reduce the chance of grade crossing accidents and collisions, because the more trains you have on a track, the more chance of accidents. As a federal court recently said, "The frequency of train and train-service accidents is directly related to the number of train units operated."

Everyone knows the great safety record of the railroads today. And during the period from 1923 to 1936, when the length and speed of trains showed a striking increase, the frequency of train accidents of all sorts decreased 58.5 per cent, and head-on and rear-end collisions decreased 64 per cent.

Here in plain terms is the great story of how the railroads keep abreast of the times.

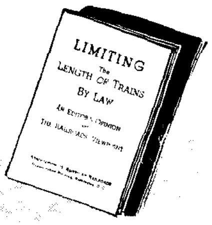
American railroad rates are the lowest in the world; American railroad wages the highest.

For that, give a good part of the credit to the "big fellow" and the long modern trains he pulls.



Since 1923, the railroads have spent more than eight billion dollars in improvements, much of it to provide more powerful locomotives, larger and stronger cars, strengthened track and bridge structures, and reduced grades and curves that make possible modern methods of railroad operation including the running of longer, heavier and faster trains.

Here's a book that tells a story of interest to agriculture, industry, commerce and the average American. For your copy, write Association of American Railroads, Transportation Building, Washington, D. C.



ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
WASHINGTON, D. C.

important. It's like this: A man is shot, he dies. A suspect of the crime is arrested, perhaps for the only reason that he is found near by with a gun in his possession. Then it is up to the bullet comparator to determine whether he is a murderer or just a gun-toting bystander.

The suspect's gun is fired into a box of cotton. The lead slug it spits out is placed under the bullet-comparison microscope alongside the slug removed from the murder victim's body. Then, when you look through the double eyepiece, a strange thing happens. You see one lead pellet which apparently has been sliced in half and pieced together again. Actually you are looking at a half of each of the two bullets, assembled as one.

The powerful lens of the microscope throws up in sharp relief vertical grooves and flutings in the soft lead. If these markings are identical in both halves of the split bullet it's just too bad for your suspect.

Watch the Black Light

Now Post shows you the pet of his collection—the Black Light. It's a large hooded apparatus with a black curtain draped across the front. When you switch it on you hear a low hum and the air is permeated with ozone.

One of the most amazing cases in crime history was solved a few years ago by the Black Light. The bookkeeper of a lumber company was stricken with appendicitis; he waited too long before submitting to an operation and the neglect cost him his life. He had been with the firm for thirty-five years and was trusted with the company funds. Before a new man was appointed to his job auditors were called in as a matter of routine to inspect his books.

They found a shortage of several thousand dollars had popped up since their last regular audit and they started to trace the accounts back beyond that date. What they turned up then sent them running to the head of the firm—the shortage had grown to approximately a half-million dollars.

Checks issued by the late bookkeeper to pay the lumber firm's bills were examined and seemed in good order. Every one of them had been stamped by a protective device to avoid raising—still the auditors were suspicious of those checks.

They called in Dr. Herman Goodman, a skin and cancer specialist who is considered a world authority on the use of the Black Light. He had used it for years to detect cancer and skin eruptions and now he was asked to apply it to the bookkeeper's checks; possibly he could find some cancerous growths on them. Two suitcases full of canceled checks dating back more than thirty years were examined. The penetrating rays immediately showed that hundreds of them had been raised. For years the trusted employee had been embezzling sums ranging from eight dollars to fourteen thousand dollars.

His system was ingenious. Instead of using the check blanks supplied by his company's bank, the bookkeeper had duplicates of these made up in a small, out-of-town print shop. They looked exactly like the regular bank checks, but there was one difference—these were printed on paper from which ink could easily be eradicated.

When paying a bill for his firm, say in the amount of two hundred dollars, the bookkeeper would make out a check for that sum, *without* using the protective device. This would be mailed out and after it had cleared through the bank and returned to his office he would raise it to two thousand dollars, in figures stamped by the protector. The difference of $1,800 he then pocketed from the firm's cash account. To cover up this discrepancy he would take a check that had been made out to "cash," raise it by $1,800, and when the auditors came around everything balanced nicely. Since the lumber business was prosperous, and he was trusted implicitly, the thefts continued unnoticed.

Doctor Goodman told the auditors why the Black Light could see the trickery their own eyes had overlooked. This instrument is a near relative of the fluoroscope the doctor uses to take movies of your stomach. Dr. Goodman used it to penetrate the surface of the checks and thus exposed the erasures the bookkeeper had made.

"The Black Light," says Mr. Post, "is one of the two weapons the criminologist of tomorrow will rely on most. The other is the lie detector. There is a

POLICE
POLI
P2031

"It was that short cut, Chief. I'll have us chasing them again in just a minute!" LAWRENCE LARIAR

"I get MORE LIGHT
THIS YEAR AT NO EXTRA COST"

"I buy G-E MAZDA LAMPS
...THEY'RE BRIGHTER THAN EVER"

Take a tip from this thrifty shopper and share this bargain in light. Because of constant improvement and new technical developments, the 1937 G-E MAZDA lamps give you MORE LIGHT than ever before. The 60-watt size, for example, gives 10% more light than it did last year . . . yet it costs no more to buy or to burn.

LIGHT UP your home with these new and brighter G-E MAZDA lamps. You'll enjoy new eye comfort and new eyesight protection. Be sure that you put the right size bulbs in lamps by which you read, study or sew. And to be sure you get lamps that Stay Brighter Longer, look for the G-E trademark on the end of each bulb.

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2 Depend on Lowe Brothers Quality When You Paint.

1. To eliminate any uncertainty in color selection, visit your nearby dealer in Lowe Brothers products. He will gladly show you Lowe Brothers Pictorial Color Chart which contains *actual painted illustrations* of attractive exteriors and charming interiors. Then before a brush is lifted, you will find it easy to choose from these modern color schemes the exact color combinations you prefer. And you will be sure that they will be duplicated exactly.

2. To eliminate any risk in quality selection, depend on Lowe Brothers extra margin of long lasting protection. Lowe Brothers known quality assures you *less cost per square foot of surface painted.* Lowe Brothers High Standard House Paint, for example, contains 90% of protective film-forming solids as compared with some low-grade paints which according to recognized analysis contain only 37% of film-forming solids and 63% of evaporating liquids.

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Lowe Brothers
PAINTS AND VARNISHES
QUALITY UNSURPASSED SINCE 1870

great hullabaloo today over the legality of evidence obtained by using the lie detector on crime suspects and it is still not accepted in court testimony. But the real job of the lie detector is to help find the person believed to be guilty—then the court can decide whether he is. It is particularly useful when a number of persons are under suspicion. There's a priest out at Fordham University . . ."

Rev. Walter Summers is head of the psychology department in the graduate school at Fordham. Some years ago he experimented with the original lie detector, the one that records your blood pressure when an inflated bandage is wrapped around the arm. Then he tried a design of his own. After much trial and error he finally perfected a "recording psychogalvanometer," an ultrasensitive meter for measuring the flow of electricity through a human body. In his experiments he found that a lot of things happen to a person when he undergoes an emotional change—such as telling a lie. There are definite changes in the heart, blood pressure, muscles, pulse and perspiration. There is also an almost imperceptible change in the body's static electricity, yet it makes the needle on his detector jump four inches.

Father Summers is not a professional criminologist; he has never accepted a fee, but he and his lie detector are often summoned by police and district attorneys. Last September the Rhode Island state police handed him a puzzle they couldn't solve. A woman had been missing from her home for three months and the police feared she had been murdered. The body had not been found; lengthy investigations had turned up no tangible clues, so the troopers decided to give the lie detector a whirl.

The woman's husband agreed to take the test. Father Summers, in mufti, placed in his hands two electrodes connected to the detector and started asking questions. Within five minutes the husband was declared innocent. The next subject was a man whom the husband suspected knew more about his wife than he was willing to tell. Five minutes more and Father Summers reported to the police. "The woman you are looking for is alive and this man knows where she is." The accused man broke down and confessed that he was supporting the woman in a neighboring city, New Bedford, Massachusetts. She was located that same day.

You Can't Fool the Detector

Then the police tried the detector on a more difficult case. Sixteen hundred dollars had been reported stolen from the safe of a fruit store. The proprietor reported it to his insurance company, but before the claim was paid their investigators looked over the job. They decided that the safe had been left open, or had been opened by the combination when the money was taken. It was evident that the combination dial had been smashed to cover up an inside job.

Two of the store's employees submitted to the lie-detector test with negative results. Then Father Summers handed the grips to the proprietor and started asking him embarrassing questions. The lie detector's verdict was guilty. His wife was tested next and the priest found that she was not guilty but knew who was. The fruit-store owner then admitted that he had tried to defraud the insurance company and he showed where he had hidden the money.

"In neither instance," Post says, "was the lie detector brought into court by a dynamic district attorney who was determined to get the truth—or else; nor did Father Summers devote his months of research to perfect his galvanometer so that hard-boiled dicks could use it as a scientific rubber hose to whack a confession out of a suspect. The lie detector is an excellent substitute for the third degree."

You could spend hours looking over the rest of the equipment in Post's laboratory; the magnifier he invented to identify the serial numbers that crooks had eradicated from their revolvers; the huge microphotographic bench with its series of seven lenses and condensers, which will photograph the head of a pin and reproduce it the size of a manhole cover; the Spencer comparator used for identifying fingerprints; the microprojector, Silverman light and a dozen others, all of which have been designed for a single purpose—to trip up criminals.

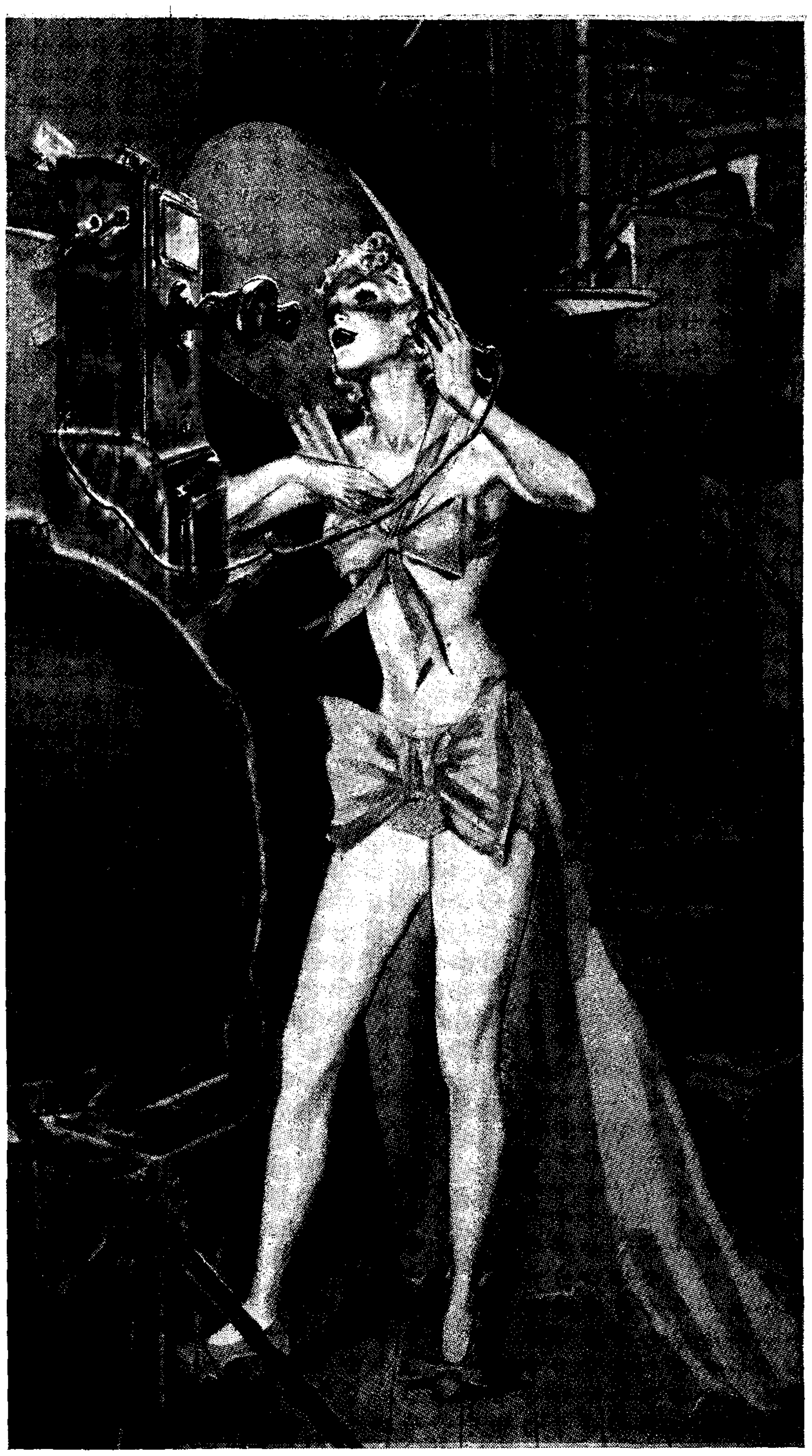
Not a Job for the Amateur

"Each of these instruments has proved itself a useful tool in combating crime," Post tells you. "The G-men, state and local police are using some of them every day, but don't delude yourself that all your home-town police department has to do is get a collection like this and —presto!—solve every crime on the blotter. No, most of these instruments are so precise and so delicately adjusted they must be operated by experts.

"That's why the Department of Justice has started a school to train such experts. The Chicago police now turn over all their technical cases to the crime detection laboratory of Northwestern University, rated as one of the best in the world. Similar laboratories have been set up in Duke University, Western Reserve, Pennsylvania University and the University of California. Over in Elizabeth, New Jersey, a group of civilians have formed an unofficial crime bureau. The members include a doctor, a dentist, a metallurgist, a pharmacist and other specialists who offer their professional aid to the police."

Post believes that similar bureaus should be set up throughout the country, possibly one in each state university, and that courses in scientific crime detection should be instituted generally. "We could borrow much from the European system of criminology," he says. "In England, France, Sweden and Germany high police officials are all university men who have been trained for their profession just as thoroughly as the graduate doctor or lawyer or engineer."

It gives you something to ponder, especially when you realize that the only industry never to suffer a depression is crime.



"Third from the left? She isn't here. This is the second from the right"

MARTHÉ MOORE

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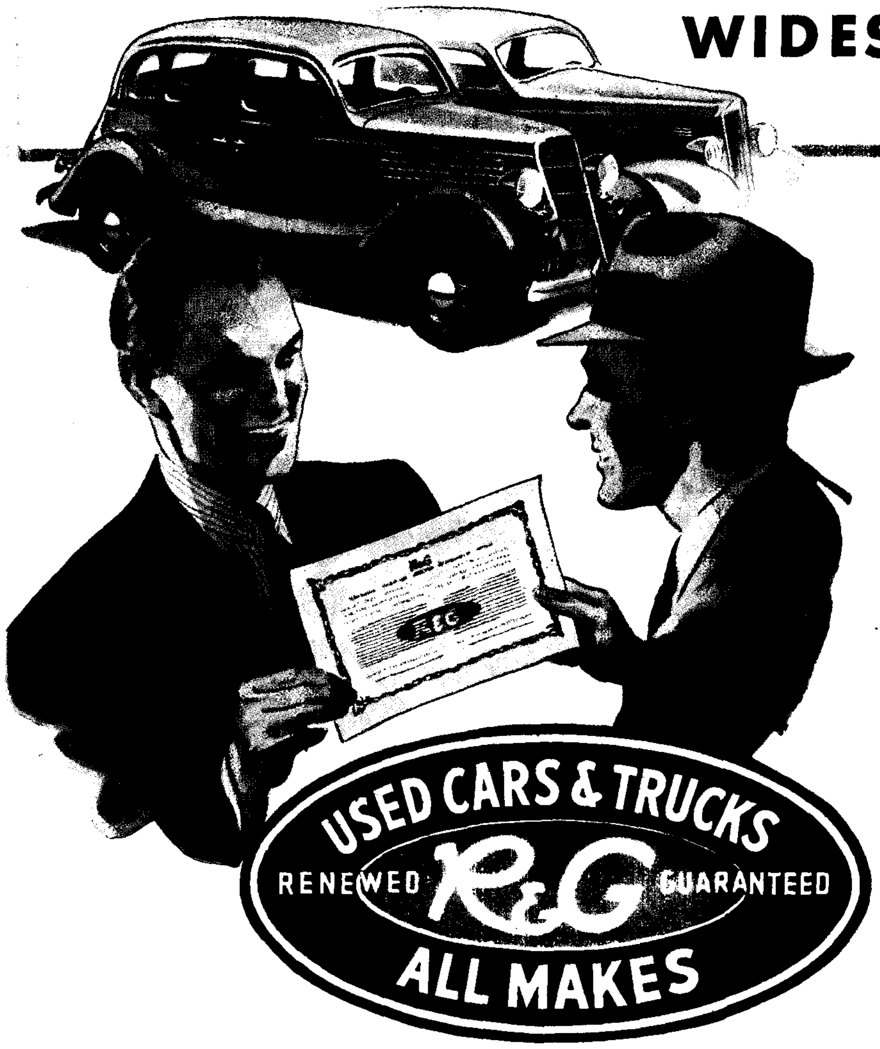
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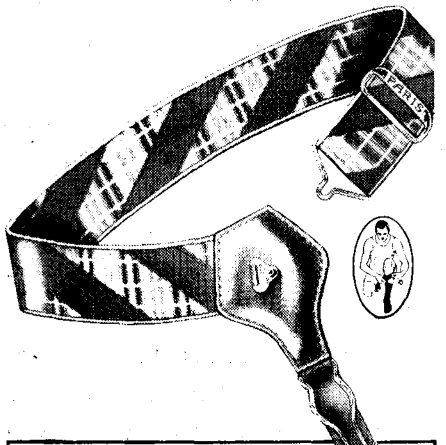


PARIS
GARTERS
NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

Dangerous Lady

Continued from page 22

in her body would be drawn as tight as a stretched wire.

She even made an attempt to be pleasant to Frau Lisa.

For the three of them to try to get along together must have been quite unbearable. No doubt that's why I was drawn into the picture. They must have classified me with the maiden ladies and the old gentlemen, but there was a tacit assumption that I was an eligible male. Perhaps Noel thought that I might take over some of his job of being nice to Ellen Blake.

So there you have our foursome on that August evening when our surface calm was so violently upset by a little boat trip to see the sunset.

Ellen had made some casual mention of Munich.

"The women of Munich, they are very chic, are they not?" said Lisa. "Some of them?"

That was the way she sometimes unsheathed her claws in Ellen's direction. Just to keep her hand in, of course, not with any serious intention of attack. Ellen wasn't even a sparring partner for a woman like Lisa.

"I don't know. I suppose so," said Ellen. "You've been there lately, haven't you?"

"Not for three—four years." Lisa shook her head and frowned a little.

Ellen looked at her queerly but didn't answer. So I said, "That's strange, when you live so near and are German speaking. It's a lovely city—Munich."

Lisa gave a shrug of distaste. "I do not love them—the Germans or Munich. To go there now—no."

"How long did you say it was since you'd been there?" asked Ellen.

"Four years." Lisa said it sharply and if she'd been a cat you'd have said that her fur rose a little.

"That's a pity" Ellen said in her blunt, ungraceful way. "You'd like it there. Better than a quiet place like this. Wouldn't she, Noel?"

"I don't know." He seemed a little troubled at the turn of the conversation. I thought I'd steer us away from the topic.

"Look at the sunset we're going to have," I said. "Pity it goes down where we can't see it."

To my surprise Lisa came to my help.

"Yes—it is beautiful—beautiful." She cooed it like a dove.

Then she had the boating idea.

She sat up straight. "We will do it," she burst out as if it were the thing she'd been wanting all her life. "We will be Mahomet and go to the sunset. Noel shall take us in the boat."

WELL—it sounded like a jolly thing to do. The pension kept a big launch for the use of its guests.

"I'll go and get the key to the boathouse," I said.

The worried, hesitating look had come over Noel's face.

"Do you really want to go so much?" he asked.

Lisa gave him one of her slow smiles.

"It would be adorable of you, my friend, to humor a woman's whim. I have never seen a sunset on the Bodensee."

Ellen Blake spoke abruptly:

"Why don't we walk up the hill and see it there instead?"

Noel looked hopefully at Lisa. The latter gave Ellen a swift glance but, when she spoke, her voice had only a pathetic note of regret:

"Yes, do that, you and Noel. I shall stay here. My heart"—she hesitated—"does not permit me to climb the hills."

Noel's distress was obvious. Clearly, for some reason, he didn't want to go out in the boat. If it hadn't been such a ridiculous supposition I'd have said that he was afraid to go. But that couldn't be so. To jog out two or three miles in that broad-beamed launch was at least as safe as going upstairs to bed. Besides, you know something about a man after living with him for several weeks and I knew that, whatever else he might be, Noel Stewart wasn't a coward.

Ellen was watching him expectantly.

"All right," he said at last. "We'll all go out in the boat." And he gave Ellen an apologetic look.

The latter's response amazed me. I expected to see some sign of repressed, impotent rage at the way "that woman" could wind him around her finger. And certainly she wouldn't go herself.

"Very well," she said quietly. "We'll all go."

Ellen, Noel and I walked down to the boathouse while Lisa went to the house to get a heavier wrap. There was an uncomfortable silence between us. Noel untied the launch and got some cushions.

When Lisa joined us after what seemed like a long absence Noel was tinkering with the engine. She watched him with admiration.

"So wonderful," she cooed, "to know about machinery."

Noel helped her into the forward cockpit, then held out his hand to Ellen.

"Wait a minute," said the latter. "I think I'd better get a coat too." And she went back to the house. I thought that Lisa looked after her a little suspiciously. When Ellen came back she was breathing quickly, as if she had run all the way.

At last we were off.

I decided that I, at least, was going to enjoy the excursion. It had come to be that time of evening when the shades of lavender reach out across the water and the sky is pearl and old rose. Now the hills of Germany were almost black. Farther along that coast we could just make out the silhouette of towers rising from the shore. That was the ancient city of Lindau.

Those shadowy towers drew my eyes like a magnet. As I watched them a vague feeling of uneasiness came over me. Someone had told me that on top of one of them is a crouching lion in stone. It seemed to me that I could feel it there, threatening to spring.

Lisa roused herself from where she lolled back on the cushions.

"Those towers," she said softly, "in the sunset they are like fairyland. Let us stop the engine and drift."

Noel hesitated a moment, then shut off the motor and came to sit with us in the forward cockpit.

"Only for a little while," he said. "You see the wind's from the south. We'd drift right across the lake."

"Then we'd be rescued by some German boat," I said cheerfully.

BEHIND us the Swiss shore, perhaps a mile away, was only a dark smudge as night cleared away the twilight. Lights came out here and there, a cluster of them showed our pension. Noel lit the boat's lights. It was very peaceful on the water.

But the feeling among us wasn't peaceful. It had never seemed so strained. And this time it was Ellen's fault.

She seemed bound and possessed, in spite of the others, to bring the talk back to Germany, especially to Munich. She talked of the festival, of the streets, of the cafés.

"You know the new café in the Maximilienstrasse?" she said to Lisa. "The one they opened last spring next to that beauty shop?"

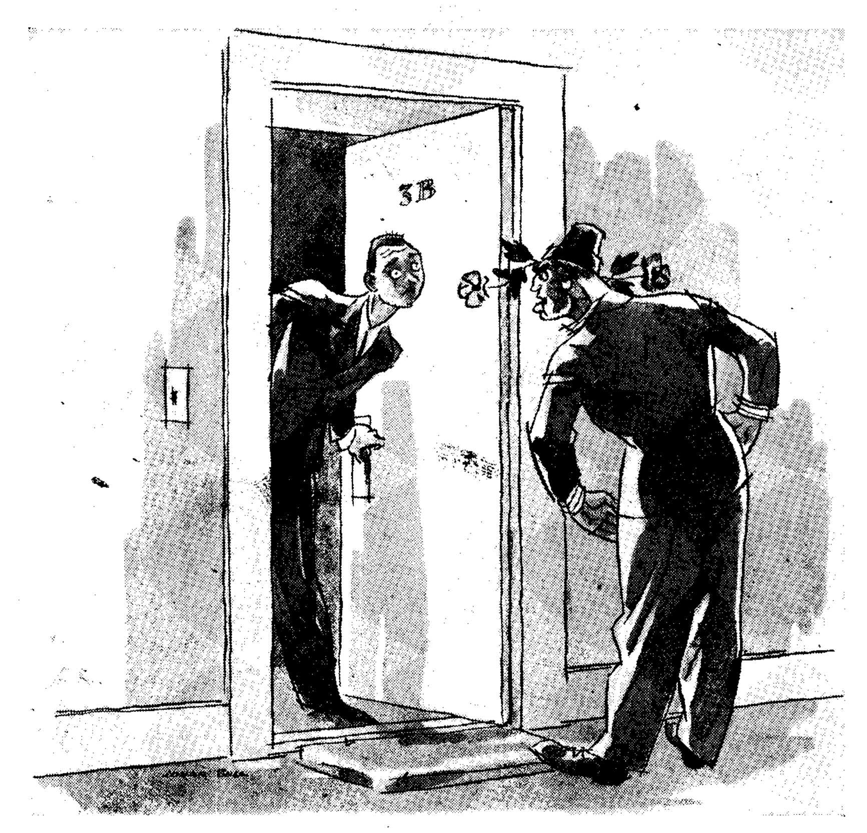
Lisa's eyes had a dangerous glitter, but it was Noel who answered.

"Ellen, she said she hadn't been there for four years."

"Oh, I forgot," said Ellen.

There was something not quite normal about her. It was as if she were chattering unmeaning stuff while her mind was fixed on something else.

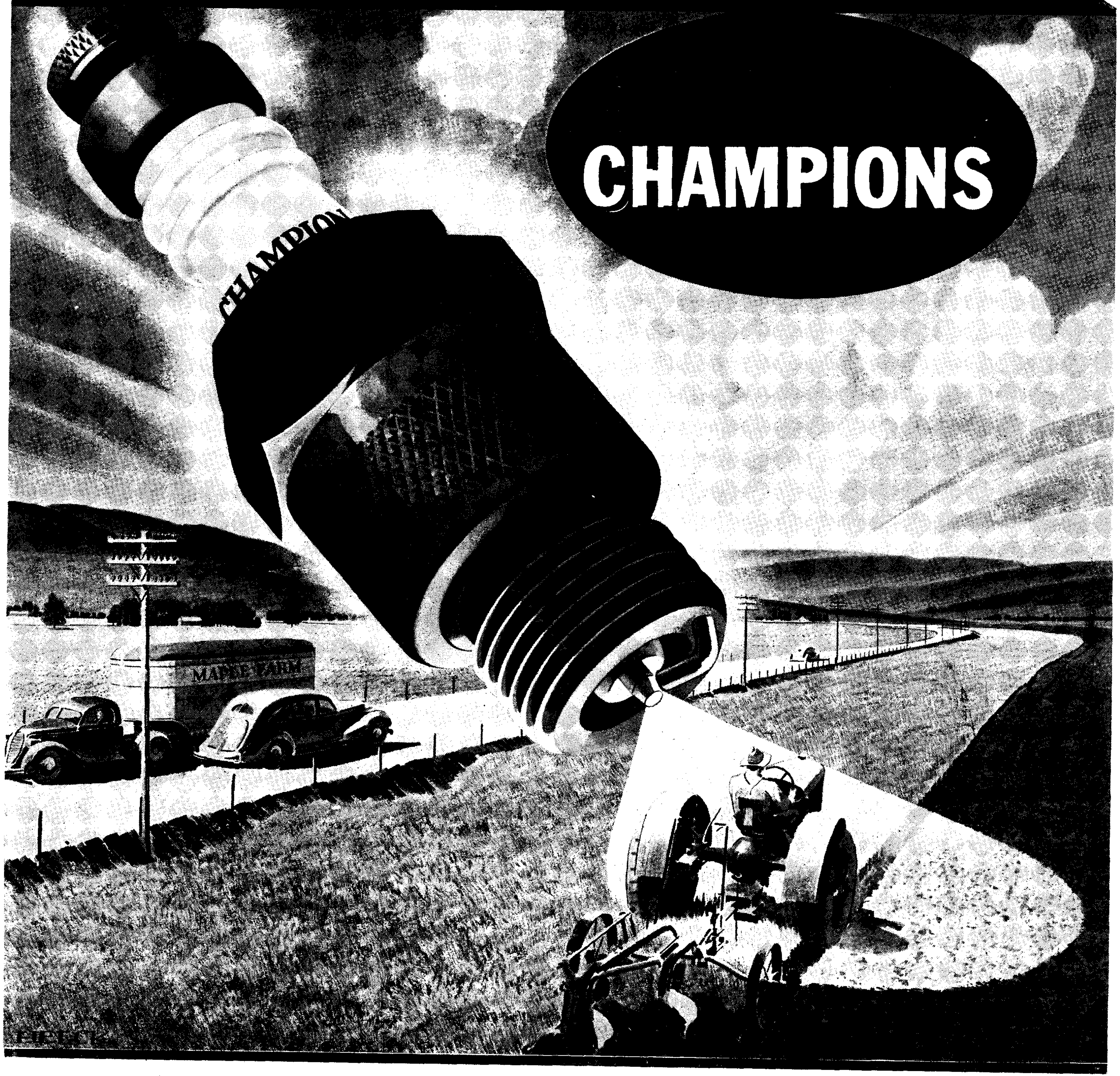
"I forgot she didn't like Munich," she



"Did you used to have a flower pot on your window?"

JOHAN BULL

MOTORIZED AMERICA DEPENDS ON SPARK PLUGS



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See pages 65 and 77

From an atmosphere
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Here's advice on
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Liquor buying.
If the bottle has a seal
That defies illegal zeal,
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Melissa, the egg's mama

Alseco
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went on. "I don't blame her really." She was talking at me now. "The place is depressing in a way, you feel as if you were living on a thin crust over things happening that you don't know anything about."

"What kind of things?" I asked, which was apparently what she wanted me to do.

"Oh, all kinds of things. Spying, for instance. You never know who may be paid by the Gestapo."

"Have you ever met any of their spies?" I asked.

"How do I know? A spy doesn't look like a spy. The more one of them looks like something else, like a trombone player or a broker or a—a music-hall dancer, the more likely to be a spy. And they aren't all of them Gestapo spies, you know. There are ours—the English spies in Germany."

It was almost dark now. Lisa's face was in shadow as she lay back in the cushions. Noel had his back to us, was staring off in the direction of Lindau.

"Do you see any boats moving over there?" he asked me abruptly.

I looked but couldn't see any.

"There was a spy in Munich two months ago," began Ellen. Damn the girl—she wouldn't get off that topic. "An English spy. Captain Glover, his name was. They used to talk about him in the café when they knew none of the Gestapo were listening. He had done something big, this Captain Glover. Nobody seemed to know just what it was. Some said he'd taken from the Brown House in Munich a copy of a plan—I don't know—a plan so important that it set all the inner circles of the government in turmoil."

"Did he get away?" I asked.

"Yes."

Noel's back was still toward us, his eyes fixed on the Lindau shore. I went up and stood beside him.

"Can you see it—there?" he asked in a low voice without turning his head.

I followed the direction in which he pointed. I couldn't be sure—it must have been seven or eight miles away. But I thought that I saw a red light, close to the water, that moved slowly across the fixed white lights of Lindau. Standing together we strained our eyes toward it.

"Noel!"

The cry was like a pistol shot.

We swung around. It was Ellen who had called. She stood in the aft cockpit. On the other side of the motor was Lisa. The two of them were tense, watching each other.

"Noel," Ellen said, without taking her eyes off Lisa. "Try to start the motor."

He asked no question but sprang back into the aft cockpit, grasped the flywheel and spun it. I waited for the first explosion, for the sudden roar of the engine. Instead there was a weak sputter. He spun the wheel again—and again—nothing.

"Look here a minute, Noel," I called.

WHEN he was at my side I pointed. I couldn't be mistaken now—that red light close to the water over on the German shore. It had moved alongshore toward us. And beside it was a green light. That meant that they wouldn't move alongshore any more; the boat that carried them had swung into a course laid directly toward us.

I heard Noel draw in his breath sharply. Then in a moment he was back with the motor. The two women hadn't moved or spoken nor had they taken their eyes off each other. Again Noel spun the wheel. I could see that he was using all his self-control to make his motions deliberate, to go about the job as if he had all night. He let go the wheel and began methodically to check the motor point by point. Suddenly he straightened up with a jerk, glared at us with a look that was half threat, half blank amazement.

"The condenser," he said in a thick voice. "It's gone. Been taken off."

It was as if his voice had released a coiled spring in Lisa. She threw her head back—flung an arm toward Ellen.

"Your friend there." She spat out the words. "Ask her what she has done with it."

Ellen didn't lift her eyes. There was no change in her expression. Noel looked at her, bewildered, unbelieving. Yet—

Ellen's voice, when she finally spoke, was matter of fact:

"Catch her arm if she tries to throw it overboard."

Noel stared at her, then at Lisa. I could see his hands clenching and unclenching. He threw a desperate side glance toward the German shore. The red and green lights, side by side, had grown appreciably brighter. They were cutting down the distance between us.

He looked back at the women, from one to the other. When at last he spoke it was to Ellen:

"Tell me where it is."

"There, in the front of her dress. I kept watching her and saw her before she had time to throw it overboard."

IT WAS all unreal and horrible, as if it were a children's game of hunt-the-thimble in a dream where the children weren't children at all but grotesque monsters.

The little waves went lap-lap against the side of the boat, rocking it very gently as it drifted out to the north. It was quiet on the water, so quiet that already we could hear the faint purring of the motor from the direction of Lindau. Time went on and on in those few seconds as the four of us stood frozen, motionless.

Then Noel broke the tension, turning with an abrupt movement to Lisa:

"Give it to me," he commanded.

Lisa's eyes dilated as he seemed about to come toward her.

"Do not fear, Captain Glover," she said in a soft, cooing voice. "Rescue comes. Look there."

And she pointed to where the twin lights grew brighter every minute.

With the same motion her hand went to her breast with the speed of a snake striking.

Noel sprang. His hand shot to her wrist as it moved back to throw. Her face was contorted; her arm twisted for a moment in his grip. Then her hand opened and the tiny cylinder tinkled on the floor of the cockpit.

I relaxed with a gasp of relief. Lisa sank in a heap on the cushions.

Noel grinned at Ellen. "If you hadn't had your eyes open," he said, "I'd have had to invite you to come to see me in prison."

LATER—much later—that same night I met Ellen Blake at the door of the pension, coming in from the garden. To tell the truth I had waited there to see her. I was a little lonely—it began to look as if I would be relegated to the society of the maiden ladies from Bath. Frau Lisa had left the pension, bag and baggage, within an hour of our coming back from the lake. And Ellen and Noel Stewart (or Captain Glover, I couldn't get the fellow's name fixed in my mind) seemed to be content without a third. They had been sitting together for quite a long time down by the sea wall. But at last she came in.

"Look here," I accosted her. "I don't understand."

She smiled at me. Ellen Blake has a charming smile when, figuratively speaking, she lets her hair down.

"What don't you understand?" she asked.

"How you spotted her. Of course I see how you guessed who he was. I'd begun to do that myself. But how did you know she was from the Gestapo?"

"When I went to get my coat I asked the concierge whether Frau Hebert had just put through a phone call. She had—to Lindau."

"And why did you think she might have?"

"Because she lied about not having been in Munich lately."

"But how on earth did you know she'd been there?"

It seemed to me that Ellen grew a little confused.

"Well—she had a strip of course tickets on her dressing table," she said hurriedly. "You know—beauty treatments. Emil of Prague, hairdresser, Maximilienstrasse, Munich. He's the one who puts on those eyelashes."

"Puts on—" I stared at her.

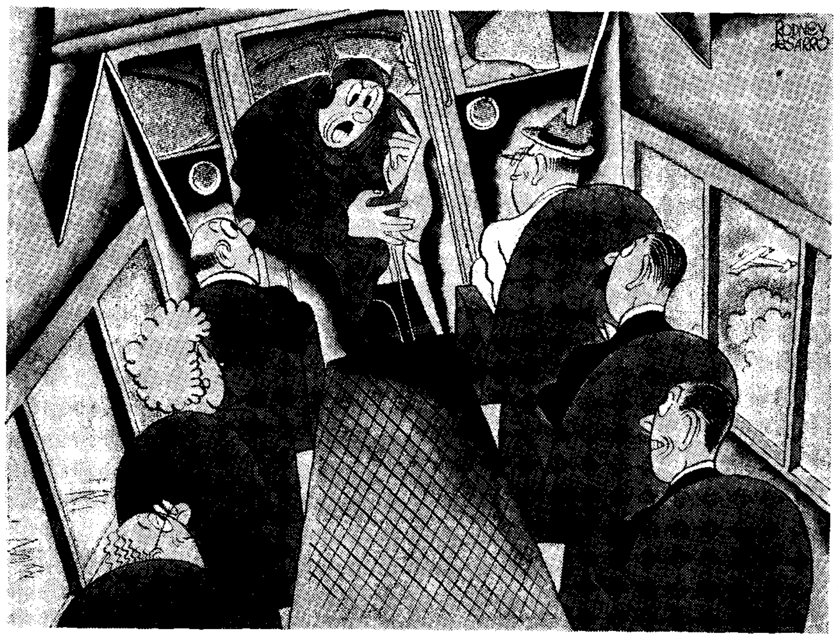
"Of course. Goodness, you didn't think they were real, did you?"

I was still puzzled.

"But—but, Ellen Blake, I didn't know you and Frau Hebert were on visiting terms. How did you happen to see her dressing table?"

Ellen's confusion deepened. Even in the half darkness I could see her blush. But she came out with it.

"I went to her room yesterday when I knew she wasn't there. I—I wanted to see where one got lashes like that."



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Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Heartbroken Melody

Continued from page 28

"Burlingame calling—" the operator was repeating. Oh, it was too good to be true; he was calling her, it was Paul! Honor said, "Yes, yes," in a trembling sharp voice.

"Miss Honor Brownell? This is Mrs. John Williams—I met you at the peace meeting with your brother. I wonder if you'd let me put you on our Junior Committee—"

But, of course, Honor said to herself, going back to the bedroom, Paul was still in Los Angeles. He had left only yesterday; he had said, "I'll be busy most of next week down there." A great deal of the business of Cooper and Cartwright came from Hollywood. She could not possibly hear his voice for days to come. And she would not then. The tearing hunger recommenced. She tried to satisfy it with remembering his voice, his words. Had it been only day before yesterday that they had been in her ears, that the fine, keen hand had lain over hers on the coarse tablecloth of the little restaurant? Had it been only Friday night when he had brought her home, and they had gone into the sitting room for the most vital of all their vital talks together?

AT THE end he had had his arms about her, her body strained against his, his lips hurting hers.

"This is the part we ought to have thought about in the beginning," he had said. "This is the hard part, my sweetheart—my darling! I'm so horribly sorry, Honor, for you and for me—for both of us! It's got to be this way for a while; I see that. But we'll wait. We can wait!"

Wait! It was the one insufferable thing, waiting. Life had gone stale and flat and dull; it was the dullness that was even less bearable than the intervals of sharp longing, longing that was pain. Honor bore it hour after hour, and the hours were days, and somehow, the week went by, and no word and no sign.

Weakening once, at a noontime, she left the offices of Hunter and Hunter where she was a new, strange clerk, and walked up Pine Street to her old office. She went up in the familiar elevator, her heart beginning to beat fast in a sort of ecstatic fright. He might have returned from the South earlier than he had thought; he might be there—

But, of course, he was not, nor the judge either. It was middle-aged, practical Miss Morrisey who welcomed Honor. Miss Morrisey was eating her lunch in the little dressing room; she had a small alcohol lamp burning under a kettle; she offered her caller tea.

Honor declined the tea. She had a request to make of Miss Morrisey. Would Miss Morrisey give Mr. Cartwright, when he came back, this valuable parcel? It was something Mr. Cartwright had asked Honor to get out of the safe-deposit vault. Honor explained, and Honor had taken it home for safer keeping and had forgotten it. No one else, under any circumstances, than Mr. Paul Cartwright, please.

"I'll bet it's the sapphire," Miss Morrisey thought, while she seriously and with apparent incuriosity accepted the commission. "We all feel real hurt that you deserted us," she reproached Honor.

"Well, my cousin Tom Borrow has been wanting me to come over to his office for ever so long."

"And then there are to be wedding bells, too, pretty soon, aren't there?"

"One of these days." Honor walked out into the street again, feeling unutterably desolate and defrauded. He had not been there, and she had sacrificed her only excuse for returning to the office. In the package had been the sapphire—of course she couldn't keep that—and the tie pin that he had given her one day for sheer joy of making her a present. It had been his father's; some day, Paul had said, his cheek close to Honor's as they looked down upon it together, they would find some old goldsmith in Florence, some unrecognized latter-day Benvenuto Cellini, and they would ask him to make it into a ring for the signora's hand.

Now he had back the ring and the pin and all the promises. Now it was over. And life would go on, because life did not stop, and Honor must think of the others; Tom and Addy and Aunt Lucie. It was not their fault that her sky had all gone dark.

"People get over loving each other. God, help me to get over it. God help me."

She had moments of comparative calm. Then suddenly all the misery was back in a rush, and the ring of the telephone bell was enough to set her pulses leaping and confuse all her senses in a flame of longing and fear and hope.

She moved through her days like a woman in a dream. She lost weight rapidly, and fat Aunt Natalie got into the habit of coming over to see that Honor had a glass of hot milk, or malted milk, or cocoa, before she went to sleep.

Honor always obeyed. It was simpler, and nothing mattered anyway. She had moods of fierce vague rebellion, but for the most part her feeling was one of apathy. Reaction from the violence of her late obsession, her dream of a new world and a new life, was painful and dull. Life, the real part of it, was over. She would never care for anyone again, nor enjoy anything again. No matter.

One quiet morning when she was working away at her desk in the office of Hunter and Hunter, with Cousin Tom Borrow coming and going casually, and an exquisite spring day burgeoning over the outdoor world, her telephone rang. Honor had put in an Oakland call, and picked up the receiver indifferently. "Samuels and Sohn?" she asked.

The voice at the other end of the line electrified her. It was only with an effort that she kept the unutterable joy out of her own voice as she answered it.

"Paul!"

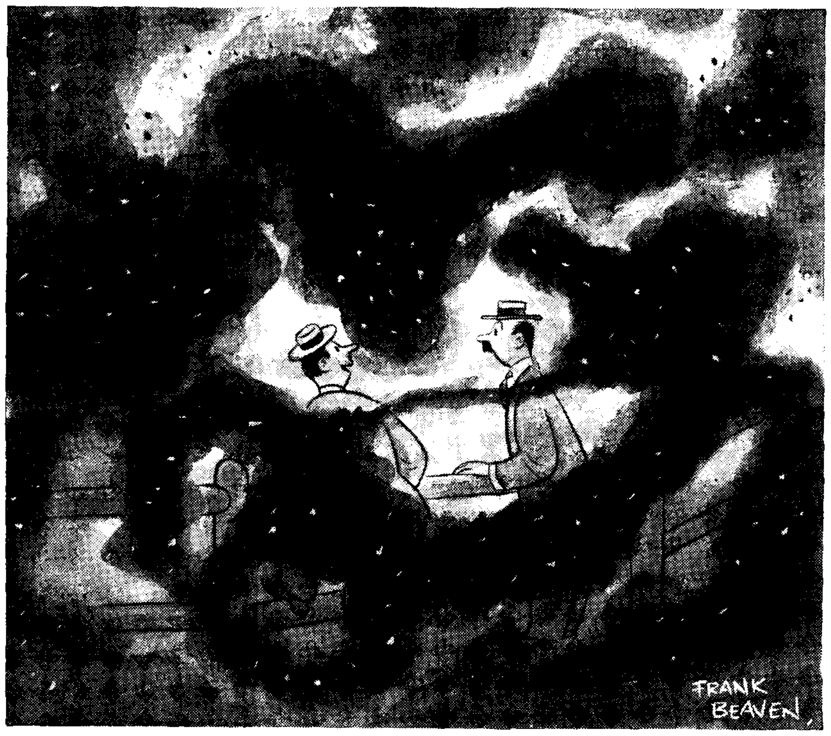
She could say no more. Stars and rockets were flashing in the dark old law office; blood was racing through her veins and hammering in her pulses.

"Honor. I'm lucky to find you." He was under as great a strain as she. She could tell it from his voice. "My dear," he said, "could you lunch with me tomorrow? I'll call for you—at half past twelve? At half past twelve."

That was all. But the world was changed. It was singing; it was thrilling with April beauty. Honor was scarcely conscious of what she did, but she knew that it was all delight—all perfect happiness again. The distant future was just what it had been this morning, when she had felt that she could scarcely drag herself through the day. But the immediate future held an hour with Paul; they would talk together again; their hands would touch. Honor moved on winged feet; light pulsed and shone in her blue eyes; her one troubling thought, and it came back to her again and again, was the fear that either he or she would not live to keep this appointment.

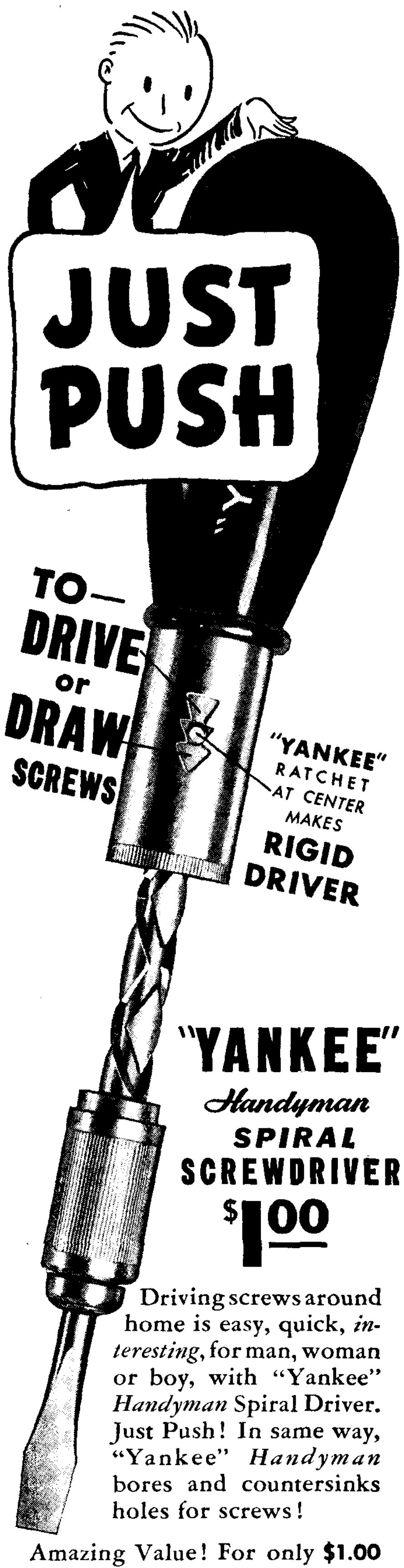
IN THE morning she was up early, was unusually fastidious about dressing. He had begged her to buy the brown suit they had noticed in a downtown window on a certain happy day when they had been strolling along together; she put it on this morning, linked about her shoulders the silky sables that had been another gift. Adeline had raised her eyebrows in pained, reluctant interrogation when first she had seen these. Honor's natural explanation: "My birthday last week; they're simply a birthday present," had sounded rather weak, even to Honor. Aunt Lucie had seen them, too, but Aunt Lucie never put two and two together. To her they had only been something new that Honor had bought herself. Tom had made no comment; to him his once-idolized sister was a girl already lost.

Dressed and walking downtown in fresh morning sunlight, Honor's heart was singing. But whenever the tele-



"This is the first dirt-track race I've ever seen!"

FRANK BEAVEN


JUST PUSH
TO—DRIVE or DRAW SCREWS
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SPIRAL
SCREWDRIVER
$1.00

Driving screws around home is easy, quick, *interesting*, for man, woman or boy, with "Yankee" *Handyman* Spiral Driver. Just Push! In same way, "Yankee" *Handyman* bores and countersinks holes for screws!

Amazing Value! For only **$1.00** at your dealer's you buy this "Yankee" Spiral Screwdriver No. 33H with one blade. Also, dealer can supply "Yankee" Attachments to complete the convenience of *Handyman* Driver. Sold separately, as shown below.

"YANKEE" CHUCK & 3 DRILLS - Fit in Place of Blade
Set 39c
"Yankee" Chuck
"Yankee" Drill 5/64"
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Each 25c
"Yankee" 5/32" Blade for small screws
Each 12¢

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North Bros. Mfg. Co., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

NEW TOOL! If not at dealer's, send $1.00 with this coupon. Receive postpaid this ingenious "Yankee" **Handyman that drives or draws screws at a push on handle.** "Yankee" Tool Book, included FREE.

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For painless shaving of sunburned faces

EVERY man who shaves knows the torture of scraping a sunburned face with a blade. The soap-lather stings and bites as the razor cuts into the burned tissue.

The Schick Shaver is a blessed relief. It glides coolly over the face, shaving quickly and closely and with no more discomfort than gently rubbing your face with your finger-tips.

Ed Eriksen is the golf pro at North Hempstead Country Club, Long Island. He is well-known to most of the top players of the game. Year after year, Ed spends his time in the sunshine giving lessons, and his face is burned brown before summer ends. *He writes to us:*

"You will be interested to know that I have had *more than five years' use* from my Schick Shaver, and have now had *over 1800 consecutive shaves.*

"During this time the only repair has been an adjustment of speed and the replacement of connecting cord.

"In addition to the service rendered, the greatest feature is the satisfactory shaves without cuts or skin irritations. I would say your Schick Shaver stands for Service and Satisfaction.

Yours very truly,
Edward Eriksen"

Shavers who have skin trouble, men with fever sores or other disturbed conditions, write us enthusiastically about Schick Shavers.

How much better, then, is a Schick for a healthy face! You cannot cut, scrape or abrade the skin in any way. Continuous use of the Schick eliminates blade-calloused skin and permits nature to restore your own softer and more flexible skin which is still easier to shave quickly and closely.

Go to an authorized dealer

He will show you the Schick, explain how it shaves with no lather, no blades and tell you how it pays for itself over and over again.

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SCHICK ● SHAVER

phone rang that morning she experienced a sharp pang of fear. He was not telephoning to say that their luncheon engagement was off?

There was no message from him, and when she went downstairs at exactly half past twelve he was waiting for her in the great marble entrance hall of the building, between the flashing elevators and the enormous revolving doors. She met him with one glance, with a swift surrender of her hand; they went out into the street together without a word.

His car was parked a block away; Honor found her place beside him, and they drove through Chinatown, thronged with its first spring catch of tourists, and up the hill over more dips and rises between the shops and houses, and so out to the shore. There were summer scents abroad today and a summer stillness in the air; a long string of barges was being towed out to sea; one of the great liners went by, majestically inscribing her farewell message in soft smoke against a soft sky. Far across the water, and the nearer hills beyond Fort Baker, Tamalpais lifted an ultramarine silhouette into paler blue air. And all this time Honor and her companion hardly spoke. It was enough for both that they were together: when the man finally broke the silence Honor came to herself with a little start.

"The Europa goes through the Gate tomorrow," Paul said, stopping the car, speaking in a casual conversational voice.

"The Europa?" Honor was grateful for the respite. "I thought she was one of the great North German Lloyd liners?"

"No—this one's a little Danish boat. That is, she's a freighter that takes an occasional passenger or two. She goes through the Canal," Paul said dreamily, his fine gloved hand playing with the throttle, moving it idly to and fro. "She stops at all the Canal ports, Havana, some of the Central American places. A thirty-three-day trip. Well—!"

They went on and out to an almost deserted restaurant whose great windows looked upon the lazy creaming waves of the Pacific, breaking on the long line of the beach, and upon the limitless stretch of the blue sky above the gently moving ocean. Radio music was playing, subdued and soft; Siegfried's love song was being exquisitely sung.

"Right from New York for you, Honor. It's the Metropolitan playing for you."

"How nice!" Their eyes would meet now, but with such a flash of feeling that Honor swiftly averted hers again, busied herself with her gloves and bag, settled herself in a seat deep in the ingle of a great window and the wall. "Surely, it's Saturday morning," she said. "It's the opera! We'll hear the Valkyries in the next act."

"What do you know about grand opera? Ever been?"

"Oh, yes, they gave The Ring here—Oh, Paul," Honor interrupted herself, answering the pressure of his hands over hers, "Paul, this is so—so *good*."

TEARS came into her eyes; his voice, when he spoke, was thick with them.

"I'm talking to you again," he said. "I'm looking at you again. I was *starving*. Honor, what's bodily hunger to what I've been bearing all this long time, all this endless time!"

"Or bodily thirst," she said, her eyes holding him steady.

"Oh, my dear, my dear, what fools we are to fight it! To think we can fight it. I'm beaten, Honor. I can't stand it. I've got to see you, hear that voice of yours! What is it, what is it?" Paul asked the waiter. "Oh, yes, what do we eat? What shall we eat, sweetheart? What would you like?"

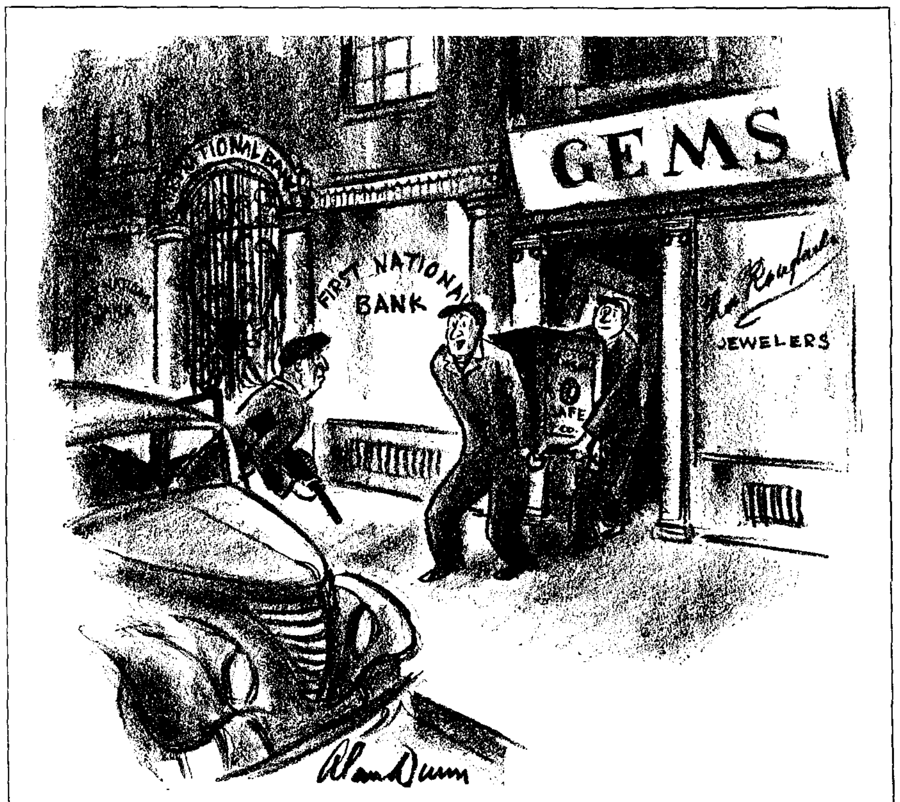
"You order." It was enough to watch him again, remembering, and yet so hungry to refresh that memory. She did not care now what else happened, what she ate or did not eat, or even what they were to say to each other or not to say. This was enough.

"I've been obsessed," he said, when the man had gone away, "all this terrible time. I've been so sick for just this, just a chance to look at you and speak to you, that nothing else has registered at all."

"It's terrible, isn't it?" she said.

"It *is* terrible. And it doesn't get better. It's a week yesterday since I took you home, after we had our last dinner together, and every day has been harder and worse than the last. I love you so, my dear."

The last words were said softly. They brought a rush of color to her face and she raised to him blue eyes that glittered in a mist.



"Good morning, Chief. We were just killing time until the bank opened"

ALAN DUNN

"I'D RATHER BE YOUR WIFE THAN YOUR WIDOW—

PLEASE PUT THIS BLOW-OUT PROTECTION ON OUR CAR"

WHETHER you're married or single—whether or not you've ever had a blow-out, don't blind yourself to these facts.

Thousands of motorists are killed or injured—thousands of dollars are spent for repairs, doctor and hospital bills every year when blow-outs throw cars out of control. Every day *somewhere, someone* is headed for a costly or fatal blow-out accident.

Many of these blow-outs that you hear and read about are due to the heat generated *inside* of all tires by today's higher driving speeds. This terrific internal tire heat may cause rubber and fabric to separate. And if it does, an invisible blister forms. Bigger and BIGGER it grows until, sooner or later, BANG! It's a blow-out! And where your car might land—nobody knows.

To provide you, and *everyone* who rides with you, with real blow-out protection, every new Goodrich Silvertown Tire is built with the Life-Saver Golden Ply. This Goodrich invention is a layer of special rubber and full-floating cords, scientifically treated to resist *internal tire heat.* By resisting this heat the Golden Ply gives you *real* protection against these high-speed blow-outs.

Remember, no tire gives you *Golden Ply* blow-out protection unless it's a Goodrich Safety Silvertown. And don't forget, you pay no price premium for these life-saving, super-quality tires.

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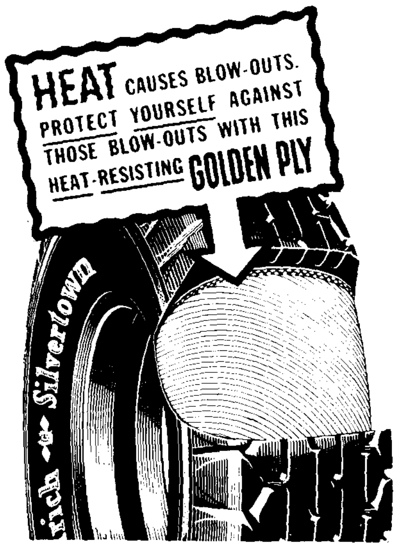
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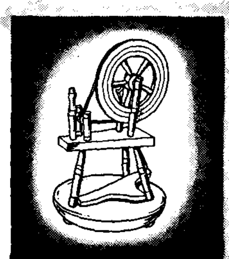
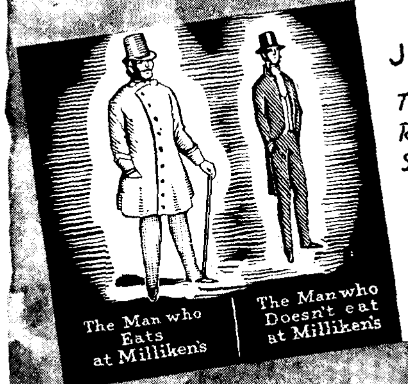
OLD MR. BOSTON, DEPT. C9, BOSTON, MASS.
This offer good until Oct. 3rd but not in states where such offers are prohibited.



FAMOUS FALSE TEETH
DR. HITCHCOCK'S DENTAL ESTABLISHMENT, "ONE OF THE MOST ELEGANT THIS SIDE OF THE ATLANTIC," FEATURED A MODEL ROOM IN WHICH COULD BE SEEN IN LIFE-LIKE WAX THE HEADS OF PROMINENT BOSTONIANS WEARING DR. HITCHCOCK'S FALSE TEETH.

PRISONER BECOMES OWN JAILER
SYMPATHIZING WITH THE WEARY SENTRY WHO WAS KEEPING HIM PRISONER IN HIS HOME, MATHER BYLES, SUSPECTED TORY, VOLUNTEERED TO RELIEVE HIM. SHOULDERING THE SENTRY'S MUSKET, THE WIT REMARKED: "I HAVE BEEN GUARDED, REGARDED AND DISREGARDED."


The Man who Eats at Milliken's
The Man who Doesn't eat at Milliken's

JUST 100 YEARS AGO
THIS ADVERTISEMENT FOR MILLIKEN'S RESTAURANT IN 1837, CHARACTERISTICALLY STRAIGHTFORWARD, WASTES NO SPACE ON TALK ABOUT "CUISINE" BUT FEATURES THE NET RESULT OF EATING AT MILLIKEN'S . . . A WELL FILLED-OUT FIGURE.
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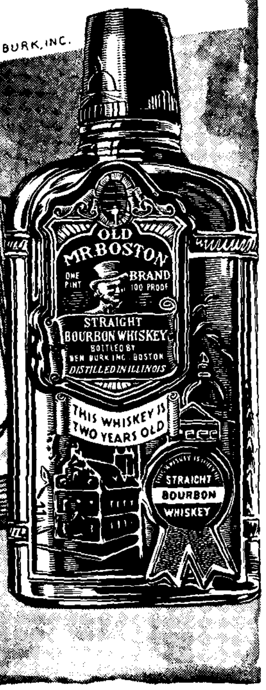
307 YEARS HAVE CHANGED MANY THINGS IN OLD BOSTON BUT NOT THE OLD-TIME VIRTUES OF HONEST CRAFTSMANSHIP. NO CABINETMAKER OR SILVERSMITH OF OLD BOSTON WAS EVER MORE PROUD OF HIS CRAFT THAN THE EXPERTS WHO GUARD THE QUALITY OF OLD MR. BOSTON BRAND STRAIGHT WHISKEY. . . BUY A BOTTLE TONIGHT.

Old MR. BOSTON BRAND STRAIGHT WHISKEY RYE OR BOURBON 100 PROOF TWO YEARS OLD



Ben Burk, Inc., Boston, Mass.

"No news?"

"Of Marion? No. She's taken the younger boy, Stewart—he was at home with a cold—and gone down to her mother for a month or six weeks. Before she left—yesterday it was—she came into my room before I'd gotten up, and said quietly that she'd thought the whole thing over and would never consent to a divorce. She said her mother didn't believe in them, except in the most extreme cases. And her mother is very important to Marion, partly, I suppose, because she's very rich. Marion has very little of her own; she played the market like a crazy woman a few years ago on the advice of the man of the moment—who happened to be a broker, or thought *he was one*!"

"I suppose her mother really feels about divorce only as most people do, that it's a regrettable necessity," Honor said slowly. Somehow any talk of Marion, and of Marion's indisputable rights, always hurt her.

"Her father was a clergyman, you know."

"Marion's father was?"

"No, her mother's father. She really is a pretty strait-laced old lady, Mrs. Kelsey. She hasn't any idea of the way Marion carries on. To her we are a model couple, with two nice little boys and a beautiful home. It would be a bombshell to her to realize that we've not shared the same room for five years, or kissed each other except when someone was watching!" Paul stopped on a slightly embittered note, and devoted himself for a moment to the fish that had been placed before him. "And all the while," he presently recommenced, "your loveliness, your gentleness, your affection, are just outside my reach. You are the most beautiful woman alive. Did you know that?"

"The 'career woman' who is going to spend the next twenty-six years in the offices of Hunter and Hunter!" she said darkly.

"That simply shall not be," he said in an undertone. "And this sneaking about, Honor, this meeting each other only to try to get away from observation, that shan't go on, either. It's so unfair to you, my dear! I wanted to come and see you in your own home last night—"

"Oh, no, no, you couldn't do that!" she interrupted him, alarmed.

"Nor you couldn't come to me," he said. "Nor we couldn't go to Phil's place, for fear Phil and some friends would walk in on us. No, there's no place for us in this scheme."

THE waiter was putting something else before them. In the interval when the plates were changed Honor kept the conversation moving.

"What of the Barnaby case, Paul? Did you get it while you were down south?"

"No," he said. "That was a complete failure. I saw old Menankey twice; he's going to give it to the Roses. The judge feels terribly about it; it's going to be a tremendous thing. It'll mean months of research in Milwaukee, and then Washington; it's going to make legal history. I did my best, and all the old man would say to me when I got home night before last was 'Well, I wish I'd gone down myself, Paul.' And then Marion walks into my room before I was awake and announces that she's off for a month. Not," Paul concluded wearily, "that that makes much difference, after all. But it's funny to be rich, Honor, and to feel that your money can buy you *nothing* that you want! I can play golf and go to the club for bridge games and eat what I like, and all the time I'm dying inside—dying inside just for the sight of you and the sound of you and the touch of you! I want you so much, dear. I want so much the right to make you the happiest woman in the world!"

"Just sitting here, just hearing you say that makes me that," she said, stretching a smooth young hand across the table to reach his, lifting her beautiful honest blue eyes in a long look.

"The Europa sails tomorrow," Paul said. Honor's steady gaze did not falter, but he felt the hand that was in his suddenly tremble. "There'll be three passengers," Paul resumed. "I was down at the pier yesterday, looking her over. Everything clean and as neat as a pin; leave that to the Danish! They showed me the kitchen—a soup bubbling on a white tile stove that would make your mouth water—"

"WHICH, the soup or the stove?" But her teasing voice was shaking with fear and joy and wonder.

"Both. Staterooms spick-and-span, nice little snug salon. She's as shipshape and sound a craft as ever I saw, with a nice captain, Jonessen, some such name. The three passengers were there, getting their specimen cases and crates stored; they're explorers, going home, two British, one a Dane or Norwegian. They asked me if there was any chance I might go; they need a fourth for bridge. It seems that the captain only plays dominoes and cribbage."

"Cribbage—I love it!" Honor said. "My father taught us. I play it with Grandma Borrow all the time."

"And you play—what was it? Up at the Walburga, with the old lady?"

"Oh, Halma. Oh, Paul, doesn't such a ship and such a trip sound marvelous! How many days? And they stop at all the Canal ports? And even when you land, it's Europe! Copenhagen and Oslo and Germany—all the wonderful places out of the geography!"

"And Paris," he said. "Paris overnight from Berlin. Opera in Berlin—and such opera!"

From the radio came the inspiring troubled rush of the Valkyries' wild flight, the challenge of the rising horns. Honor's eyes were fixed on Paul now; she neither spoke nor moved. Outside the big window the eternal seas broke softly upon miles of golden sand, spread into damp, shining crescents, slid rapidly away. And through the Gate the ships came and went—from Glasgow, Rio de Janeiro, Sydney, Hong Kong.

"From Paris," Paul was saying, "you can fly to London in two hours. Or you can take the day train to Boulogne, and change there to the little Channel steamer, and then get into the London train at Dover. In the London train—you're always grimy and tired by that time, you know, and the lights are being lighted along the coast; in the London train they serve you tea. The little tables are all set with toast and cakes on them, and scones dripping butter. They like things like toast and scones cold, you know," he interrupted himself to say smilingly.

She laughed a broken, frightened laugh, but did not speak.

"In London—well, there's no end to it, even for me, and I've not half the book background that you have," he said. "Streets and restaurants that say Dickens and Shakespeare and Browning. Old coffee houses tucked away in dark old buildings. And of course Westminster and the Tower—"

"And the Thames, Paul. Does it still run between Oxford and London City, as it did for Queen Elizabeth?"

"I imagine so. And there are old book stores, Honor, where you could buy *yourself* books for three and six; and other shops, in Bond Street, where I'd buy you tweeds for so many guineas."

It was said. In their thoughts they were there together, and she had not protested; she had not rebuked him.

"Afterward, Italy," Paul went on dreamily, his eyes far away now, his voice lowered. "We'd have our hour of heaven, Honor. We'd have Panama and Havana and Guatemala and Copenhagen and Paris; we'd have months of happiness down there on the south coast. And when I was legally free and we came home, we'd be quietly married; I'd be transferred to New York, where everyone else is so mixed up about divorces and marriages that nobody asks questions! I'm not lowering you or myself with written 'promises'! I hate the word. But I've never broken my word yet to anyone, or thrown anyone down, as far as I know, and I wouldn't begin with you. I'd honor you and love you to the last breath of my life. You know that. You know that I'd only make you this proposition today because it seems the only way out."

"WHAT makes you think," she asked slowly, speaking like a woman in a dream, "that your doing this—our doing it—would make any difference to Marion?"

"Because she could use an argument with her mother which would satisfy the old lady, do you see? She'd be all on Marion's side, then. This would be—well, Biblical. The one cause for which a man *may* put aside his wife—or a wife put away her husband!"

Honor spoke in a whisper, her eyes feverish with excitement.

"But you'd lose your boys, Paul?"

"No. Because Marion really wants to be free. That's the catch. She wants to be free, but only on grounds that would seem right to her mother, and that would give her time to break with Johnson. In six months—in less than that maybe—she would write to me notifying me that she was going to Reno, and then I'd write her, asking for a reasonable arrangement about the kids, and inasmuch as she'd feel no resentment then, she'd concede it. I know Marion."

Honor's eyes were serious.

"So—?" she said.

"So I've engaged the one fine cabin on the Europa," Paul answered. "It's the captain's cabin, but this captain's a bachelor, and he prefers the one topside next the bridge. I've taken two passages: I've the tickets here. I'm going. If you go with me, I'll stay abroad. If you don't, I'll take a rest for a month or two, and come back in June or July. It's for us to decide now, whether we smother this thing that has come to us, or whether we live!

"If you go," he added, "pack your bag tonight, and take any chance you get after dinner to slip it into a taxi I'll have waiting on your corner. My man will be there, from six to midnight, or later, if you don't come. You can give him your coat, camera, whatever you like. I'll know who he is; you can trust him. Passports I can arrange by radio or cable. You leave that to me; Miss Morrisey will be able to fix you up. Then at noon tomorrow walk out of the house, for church, say—and come down to Pier Forty-eight. I'll write that down for you, 'Europa, Pier Forty-eight.' We sail at one. Your things will be there, all you need for the trip. We'll buy sports things in Panama, and the rest in Paris."

"Dover and Paris," the girl murmured, looking away, speaking to herself. "Oh, Paul, if we did, could anything ever make it come right?" she asked.

"We'll make it come right," he said steadily.

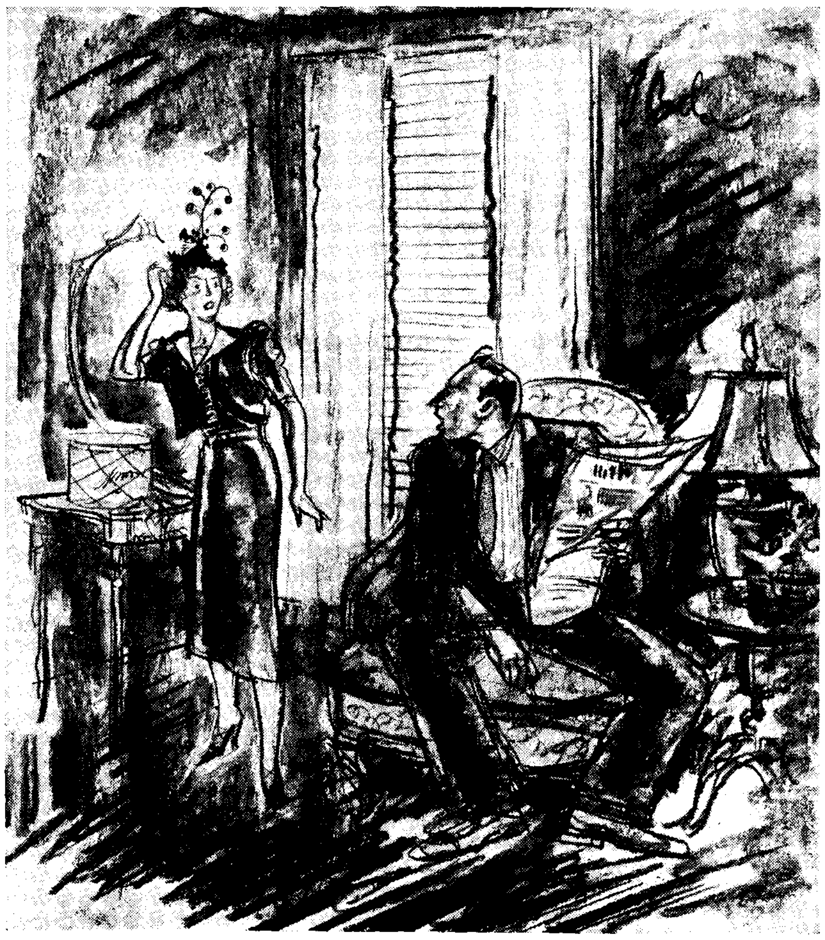
She did not answer. She took the card upon which he had written the address and put it slowly into her purse.

"I must go back to the office, now, Paul; they'll be wondering if I'm much later."

They went out into the sunshine and walked toward the parked car without speaking.

All through the spring night Honor could not sleep. She had not expected to; she did not want to sleep. It was too heavenly to lie awake, wrapped in a complete happiness of expectation, to dream waking wide-eyed dreams of the magic-tipped hours to come.

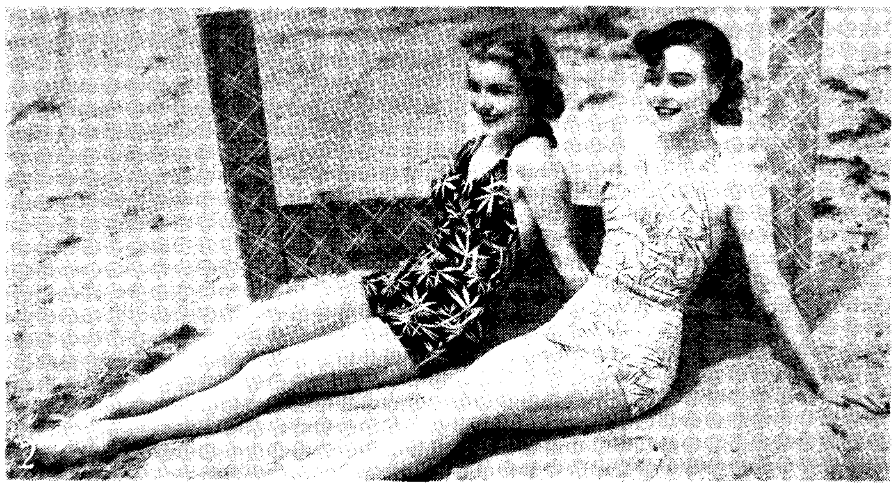
The affair of her luggage had gone very simply. She had selected the big roomy old black bag that nobody used much nowadays, and the smart little new fitted one which Paul had given



"Are you sure you're supposed to wear that on your head where everybody can see it?"

PERRY BARLOW

Mischa Auer and Alan Mowbray look plenty worried in a scene from "Walter Wanger's Vogues of 1938", starring Warner Baxter and Joan Bennett and featuring . . .



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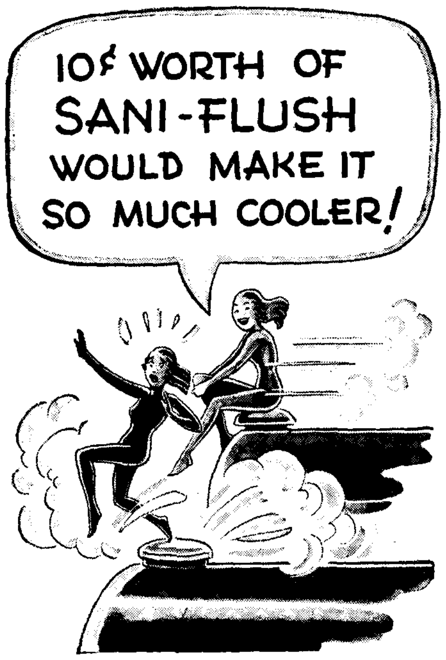
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When Nature Won't—Pluto Will

her. The big bag she had brought down from the upper shelf of the closet she shared with Adeline, and had opened it on the floor, on the far side of her bed. Adeline, coming in from the kindergarten's spring party, had observed it with mild interest.

"I was wondering how the lining looked, Ad. Clara said something about borrowing it if she goes to the hospital convention in Omaha."

"It's all right. It's just so clumsy." Adeline had been packing, herself, to go down to Los Altos. Honor imagined that Hugh was to be one of Barbara's guests over the week end, for Adeline had behaved in a rather guilty fashion about it. It had amused her to think how little her sister dreamed of her satisfaction in this particular circumstance.

Aunt Lucie had quite unconsciously cleared the way, too, by departing early for Cousin Harriet's, where Honor and Tom were likewise expected for supper. It was Cousin Harriet's silver wedding anniversary, but Barbara's baby was so near now that the mother and father were going down to her tomorrow rather than ask her to make the trip into town today.

Left in the house alone with Tom, who was asleep, Honor had found herself able to pack comfortably and in complete secrecy, to move little blocks of underwear, dresses, a book or two into the capacious bag, her lovely Oriental robe, her old velvet, all her shoes and slippers.

Tom had asked Aunt Lucie to call him at half past six, and Aunt Lucie had delegated the duty to Honor, but before she roused her brother Honor had gone to the cottage door, found the cabman waiting a little way down the street, and carried out to him the two bags. She had had to stagger with the big one, but she had dared not risk letting the driver come in; his voice in the hallway might rouse Tom. As it was, the man had seen her and come to help her, and she had confided to him the big bag and the small one and the heavy coat.

"Those are to go down to Mr. Cartwright on the Europa?" he had asked hoarsely. Honor had been shaking and cold with excitement, but it had all gone simply enough; the cab had honked as it turned into Hyde Street, had disappeared. She had gone back into the house and awakened Tom, had begun to dress for Cousin Harriet's dinner. Her bureau and the closet had looked bare, but no one would notice that until Adeline came home late tomorrow night from the country, and by that time the Europa would have passed through the Golden Gate, would be battling the rough water that lay between her and her first port, San Pedro.

AND she and Paul would be at the rail as San Francisco slipped from view, watching the afternoon sunlight gild the windows that flashed on the hills and the seals in a dark wet block on the pinnacled rocks. And there would be nothing but peace and happiness ahead, the utter peace of their being together after so many partings, the utter happiness of knowing the full glory of reciprocated love. Their great hours would come to the accompanying rocking of the seas, to the music of winds whistling in rigging, to the taste of glorious sun-washed salt-scented airs! Always together now, and just that—as they had told each other so often—made every moment an adventure and every meal a feast.

For the rest, she must face it as it came, dignify it into real dignity, live it heroically and rightly no matter what its difficulties, until it became heroic and right. This was a hazard of new fortunes, this was a risk few women cared to take, even for great love. She was taking it with her eyes open, trusting herself and trusting him after the first rush of ecstasy was over, as it must be some day; then they would talk together reasonably of his work, his future, his children. They would be married; they would never want a wide group of friends, just a few would do; they would build themselves a little circle quite independent of outside eyes and outside opinions. And some day there would be another child or two: the small daughter he had always wanted, the boy who would give Honor wisdom to understand and guide the older boys.

It was nonsense to dramatize it, to allow herself to feel guilty. The step was unconventional, but it would lead to other steps acceptable to everyone; this was no mere elopement. It was a decision, and she and Paul were prepared to abide by it, to construct their lives upon this foundation.

SHE had the approaching hours carefully planned. Tom would be working tomorrow; Aunt Lucie was going down with Cousin Harriet to the second celebration at Barbara's. That left Honor alone, but she and Cousin Tom Borrow were working together on a case, and he and his wife were to call for Honor at one and take her with them to Oakland to spend an hour of research in the big library, hear an hour of music in the amphitheater, and have tea at some interesting little "shoppie," as the girls always pronounced it, before coming home over the new bridge.

Honor would leave a note for Tom Borrow pinned to the street door. "I'm terribly sorry, Tom; I've a blinding headache and have taken two sleeping pills. Wake me if it's absolutely necessary; otherwise I'll sleep it off."

That would hold them all for a few hours anyway. It would only be when Aunt Lucie and Adeline arrived home late in the afternoon that her letters to them would be found on the hall table. After that the deluge, of course. But Honor would be too far away to know anything about it. No, she was safe enough, unless the absolutely unexpected happened, and even if her departure were discovered too soon it was a narrow chance that anyone could trace her quickly enough to reach her before the Europa sailed.

Just the same she awakened early on Sunday morning already quivering with apprehension, made herself lie late abed, and feigned a deep sleep when Tom put his head in at her door to say goodby. This morning he said, "Goodby, kid," in exactly the tone he might have used six months ago. Honor mumbled, "Goodby, Tom dear," in return. Her heart gave a queer twist of triumph and regret and panic as she heard him go away. He little dreamed how long that goodby was to be!

It was nearly ten o'clock now; she had only two hours to fill. She bathed, and went out to the kitchen in her old plum-blue kimono, with her gold-tipped hair in glorious disorder, to start her coffee and find herself some fruit. Presently, with a breakfast tray, she was at the sitting-room window, sharing the newspapers and the hot coffee with the view of the spring-washed city below.

She had poured her second cup, and was thoughtful over an editorial, when suddenly the doorbell rang, sending her heart into a very spasm of wild beating, whitening her face with unreasoning terror. Oh, who was it, who was it? It was twenty minutes to eleven now; there was no time to waste!

Belting her wrapper about her, she went to the door. And it was Paul whom she found standing outside.

The instant that she saw his face Honor's heart misgave her, and her look of blank amazement turned to one of fear. It was with a sick feeling that somehow everything was lost that she led him into the sitting room, watched him while he flung his coat over a chair.

"Paul, my dear—" she stammered, "what is it?"

INSTEAD of answering her he took her two hands in his and held them gathered against his breast.

"How beautiful you are, Honor," he whispered. "I've never seen you like this. How beautiful you are!"

"Oh, but, Paul, what is it? Aren't we to sail—has something gone wrong?"

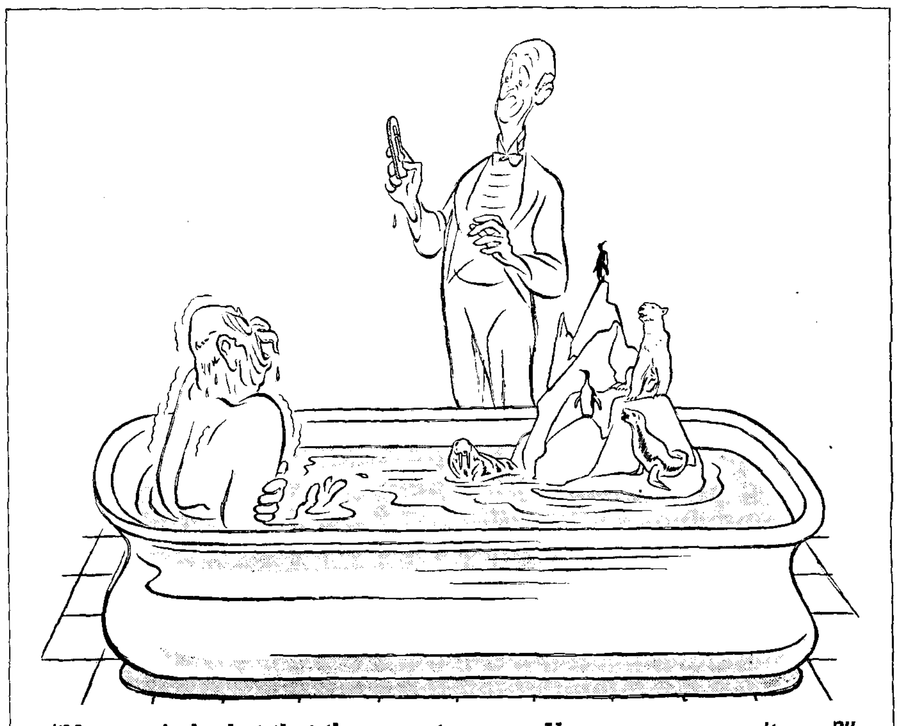
Again he studied her, her hands gathered tight in his, before he answered. And she thought that she had never seen his face so grave and stern before.

"No," he said at last, "I think something's gone right, Honor. My dear, we aren't sailing today."

"Tomorrow?" she whispered.

"I'm going to tell you now," he said. "I'm not going to sit down; I'm not going to let myself begin to feel what I must always feel when I am near you, Honor. It's this, my darling, my beautiful darling, with your hair hanging, and your eyes so big! We cannot do it, my dear; I cannot do it. We're not going today, nor any day. I've come to tell you so."

(To be concluded next week)



"Never mind what that thermometer says. Use your eyes, can't you?"

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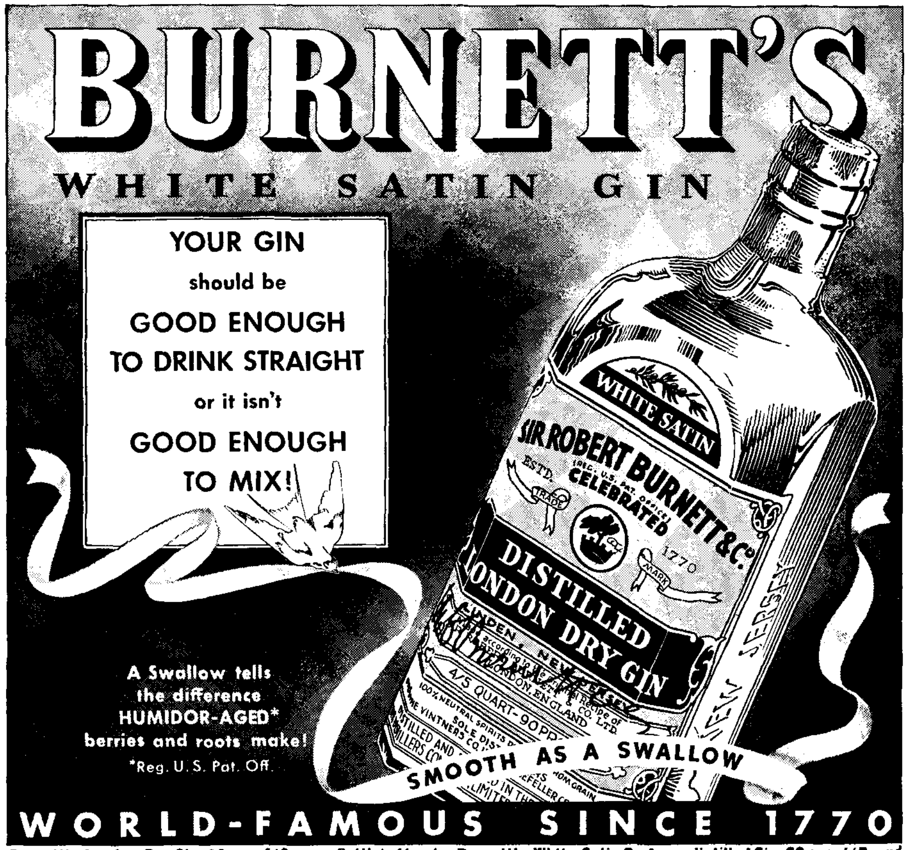
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Marriage is Silent

Continued from page 15

"Poor kid," she said, mopping at her face, brushing hair back off her forehead, and half carrying her over to one of the benches at the back of the beach. "You look terrible. You alone? Where's your boy friend or your girl friend?"

Mary shook her head. "I don't know," she said, and wept. And then Ed was there, he and someone he'd known on the U. S. S. Colorado. The stranger was looking kind of funny and embarrassed, and Ed was white-faced and mad and all the madder because he felt guilty at being gone so long, and then he hadn't been able to find Mary where he'd left her and where she should have stayed.

"What the hell's wrong?" he said.

"Nothing," Mary said, sobbing and trying to smother the sound, which only turned it into a loud gulp. "I got scared."

Ed opened his mouth impatiently, but the big woman interrupted. "Your wife don't feel well, you big scup," she said, belligerently, wiping her hands on her scarlet-jersied bosom. "Didn't you never think maybe there was a reason?"

She patted Mary and waddled back to her own picnicking family, and they could see her making wide, indignant gestures to her husband.

Ed's face was grim as he said to Mary, "What's the old dame talkin' about? There ain't nothin' wrong with you, is there? What you want to bawl for, just because I'm gone a while?"

"I'm sorry, Ed, honest," Mary said, pleading with him not to spoil their day, not to behave badly in front of company. She smiled timidly up at Ed's friend and shook her head in self-reproof.

"I'm an awful nut," she said. "Excuse it, please."

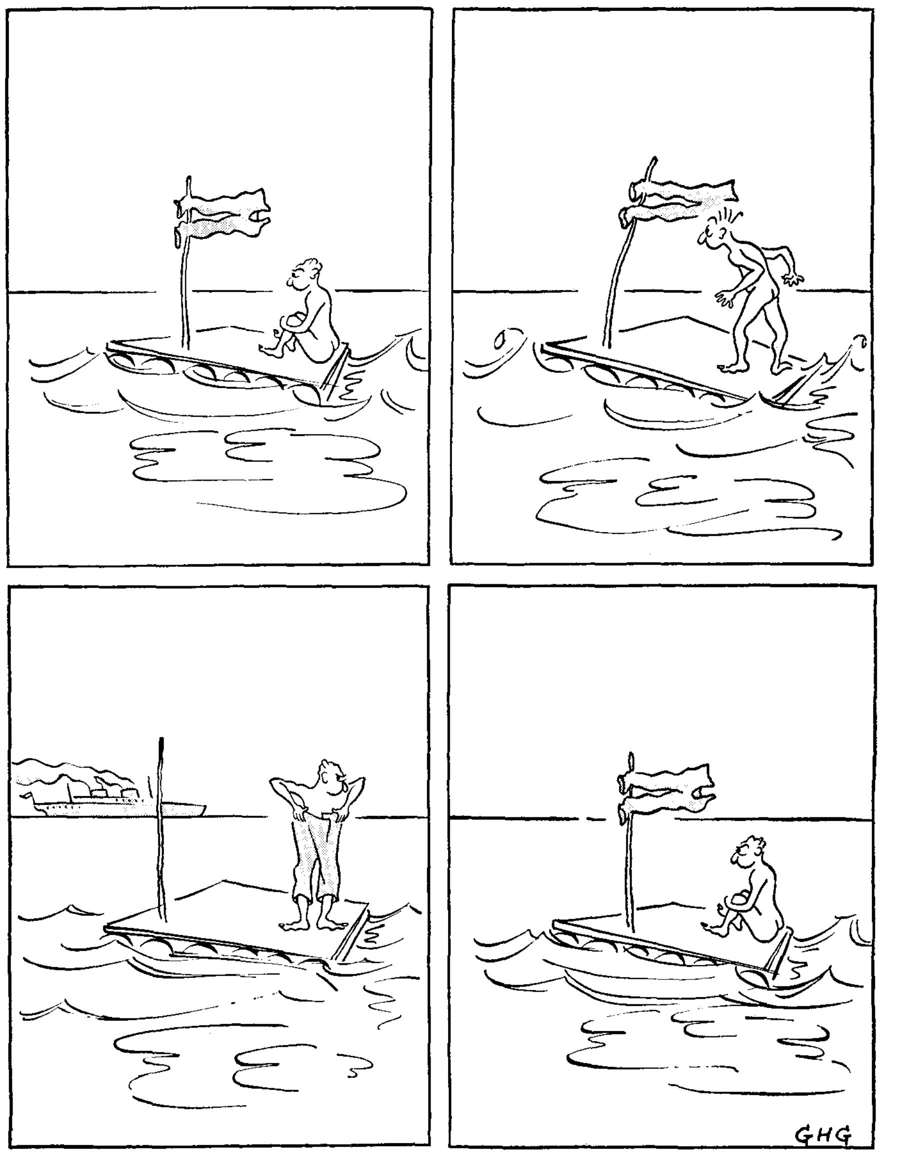
The red-faced boy with black hair laughed. "Sure, sure," he said. With belated manners, he added: "Say, Ed was tellin' me he got married, but he didn't say he had such a looker. I'm pleased to meet you."

Mary smiled again and fumbled at her hair, looking at Ed. His face relaxed a little, though his eyes still looked at her sharply, as if to see if she were hiding anything. "Okay," he said. "Okay. This is Johnny O'Connor."

EVERYTHING was all right after that, but Mary'd had a terrible scare and she thought about it as she got back into her clothes and fastened on the white shoes. Ed's face when that woman talked! It made her shiver to think of it; he'd looked so like the way he used to when he told her he didn't want no trouble with kids or having their folks around all the time. And the dread in her mind seemed to interfere with her breathing, and she leaned wearily against the bathhouse wall, trying to breathe steadily and evenly, trying to pretend she felt all right, trying to remember what the girls had said. If it was so! But it couldn't be, she told herself wildly, she wouldn't *let* it be! Nothing was going to spoil things for her and Ed.

Gaily she went out to join the two, and was funny and cute so Ed would be proud of her, and not ashamed of being married. They got along fine together, and having a third person along made things easier.

By the time they'd had a big lobster dinner, with clams first and ice cream afterward, and after Mary had danced first with Johnny and then with Ed—she danced well and loved doing it, and



the orchestra was a good one and beyond the open doorway she could see the crowd passing and beyond them the ocean—it was almost six o'clock. The crowd had thickened. They walked slowly, watching the man guess weights and Ed fooled him by being seven pounds heavier than he thought, and won a box of chocolates. He wanted Mary to try because a girl's weight was deceptive, but she flushed and said she wouldn't. For a while she thought he was going to insist, but Johnny got weighed instead, and after that she had to wait while they tried their strength and sent the weight to the very top of the sixty-foot pole, to the "What a Man" mark, past all the inferior marks of "Lena Ghenster" and "Lounge Lizard" and even past "Boilermaker."

"Come on, we'll go on the Tilt-a-Whirl now," Ed told Mary, and they bought tickets so they could sit in a little basket-boat arrangement and be whipped around at the same time they were being roughly shaken up and down. With her face looking peaked, Mary sat between Ed and Johnny and held tight. She didn't like the rougher things, but today she'd go on them all; she'd do anything to keep Ed from looking at her in that sharp, angry way.

BETWEEN that pleasure and the next, the two men did a little shooting and each won a cash award for marksmanship. Their Navy training was profitable here, and they were one of the reasons the management had had to hang up a sign that only three cash prizes could go to one person in one day. While they worked at the other two prizes, Mary turned her back on the gallery and watched the passers-by.

The nice thing about all the places where people go to have fun, places like Coney Island and Nantasket and Revere Beach, is that here, for the space of a few hours, everyone's nickels and dimes are worth the same amount. No one is too poor or too shabby or too young or old to be an honored member of the classless society of the boardwalk. Here, as in the world, there is brightness and glamor and fun. The time for you to try to get your share is limited still, but here at least your chance of getting some is pretty good. Vaguely, something like this was in Mary's mind, but she only said to herself:

"It's nice here. I wouldn't mind so much for myself, if it was so. It's Ed. I wouldn't want him mad. He'd really go back in the Navy, too, like he said."

She turned back and tugged at Ed's sleeve. "Aw, Ed, come on," she pleaded, smiling and rocking on her heels. "I want to go on that." She pointed at a hoop of swings that swung out sideways into space from a central pole.

Ed looked at Johnny and shrugged. He liked Mary saying, "Do this," or, "I want to do that." Usually he had to say everything, and he couldn't tell did she want to do it, or didn't she. He looked at her and thought she looked kind of funny, whiter even than usual and the sun didn't seem to have warmed her at all. She was a little kid, when you looked at her.

"Okay, Big Eyes," he said. "You feel oke?"

She looked startled. Was he still mad about this afternoon on the beach? "Oh, sure," she said. "I feel swell." She smiled and twirled around until her skimpy skirt filled out like a sail, and her little sausage curls bounced.

"You're nuts," Ed said kindly, and he and Johnny took her on the swings. It was far worse than she had dreamed, and she shut her eyes and hung on desperately.

"Maybe this will show him how much I love him," she thought, over and over as wind rushed by her and Ed yelled from the next swing, "Are you okay? Like it?"

But there was one thing she didn't want to try, and that was the giant roller coaster. She'd always been terrified of it, and the one or two times she'd been ashamed to say so and had gone shrieking up the hills and gasping down the valleys had not quieted her fears. Ed liked roller coasters and was always trying to persuade her to come on with him, but she never would.

Today, though, when he and Johnny wanted to go on it, in spite of her terror, she said, "I wanna go too, Ed. Move over, Johnny." The three of them sat squeezed in the front seat of the first car—the worst seat of all, Mary thought, because there was nothing but emptiness ahead of you and all the other cars seemed ready to pile up and fall down on you. For a minute she thought she'd have to climb out, weakly, and let Ed and Johnny go without her, but the man was pulling a switch, there was a preliminary whirring noise, and they were beginning to move slowly up a steep slope that Mary knew dropped almost straight down on the other side. She shut her eyes, almost sobbing as she tried to hold her breath in from a scream. Her face looked thin and ghastly white, and there were purplish shadows under her closed blue eyes.

"What's the matter?" Ed said, disgusted. "If you don't like it whaddid you wanna come on it for?"

"I like it," she said, opening her eyes.

So she hung on tightly and sometimes opened her eyes, sometimes closed them, and kept her lips tightly closed whenever she could, whenever she wasn't screaming, not excitedly and gaily, but out of sheer, driving terror.

"Say, she's scared stiff," Johnny yelled at Ed, and Ed yelled something back, but they were going too fast to talk now. They were sliding down and rushing up sides of buildings, and out there was the ocean, down there clots of people, and the biggest, highest peak and drop of the whole course was approaching. Mary could see it looming ahead.

"Oh, no, I can't," she thought. "I mean it, Ed. I can't; I'm sorry; I tried, honest." Crazy sentences like that kept going through her mind and the terrible mountain came nearer and nearer, and her insides felt all jumbled up. The car heaved its way up the steepest slope, up, up, until it was at the very top. And there it hung, trembling, with the downgrade ahead.

Johnny said, "We're stuck."

Ed said, "It's busted on us."

AND a hundred other people got the idea and told one another that they were in the greatest danger they would ever know, but they said it in simple words.

"Ma, it ain't workin'."

"My God, we're gonna fall down that hill!"

And those in the front car could see danger better than anyone else. Mary suddenly turned her head to Ed. If they were going to die anyway he might as well know the truth. . . .

"Ed—I was scared to tell you, but now it don't matter—"

He said, sharply, "I don't get it. You mean, what that nosy woman said? There's a reason for you not feelin' so good?"

Mary stared out at the ocean, wondering when the car would start to slip backward, all the cars piling up on the last one.

"Then whaddid you wanna come on this thing for anyways?" Ed cried, anger thickening his voice. "You never done it before. This is a fine time to decide different."

"I didn't want to spoil your fun—I wanted to do whatever you wanted," Mary said.

Ed stared at her, his face looking gray and sharp-boned, his eyes blue and cold.

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A sliver of blond hair cut against one cheek.

"God," he said. "God."

Now a faint noise came up from below, and the people, sitting on danger with only thin wooden props holding them high in the air, looked down and saw the thickening crowd. A man with a megaphone was yelling and finally words came to them.

"There's steps along the edge. Everybody get out careful, go down them steps. Hold onto the rail. Don't shove. Don't go too fast, somebody'll get hurt. But don't waste no time!"

Amazingly, people collected their wits and got out, a man first, finding his footing on the narrow stairway alongside the outer rail. The steps were only a few inches wide, and had no backs, so you could see empty air on every side and stepped from one little board to another one, holding to a flimsy railing, and there were a million and six stairs, down and around and around and down again, with the street never coming nearer. The man held out one hand and his fat wife caught it and followed his trembling steps down, one step at a time. The little procession of walkers lengthened, those in the last car now first, those in the first car waiting their turn. Johnny got out and took a little boy under his left arm, and with his right hand felt his way down the ladder.

"Come on," Ed told Mary.

"I can't," she said, flatly. "I'm up here. That's all I can do. I can't do any more."

"Come on!"

Mary looked at him. What was the good of crawling down, when Ed would be mad and go back in the Navy with Johnny because she was maybe going to have a baby.

"No," she said. "I ain't movin', Ed."

"Mary!" he said, and his voice was so awful and strange she looked at him, and could hardly recognize his familiar face. "Get out right now. Hold onto my hand."

Wearily she did as she was told, and held Ed's hard hand while he led her like a child down one step, then another. Still the first walker had not reached safety and still there was space on every side. It would be so easy to step off into that space and never know when you'd hit the ground, or not for long. Only you couldn't pull somebody with you.

"Let go my hand," Mary said, quietly. "Just for a minute, Ed. My ring hurts me."

His fingers loosened, but as if they sensed her intention almost before she was sure of it herself, suddenly caught her hand in a clamping grip there was no moving out of.

"Can that," Ed said. "Come on."

THE parade down went on endlessly and at last Mary and Ed were making the last turning toward earth. Ed could feel Mary's fingers melting inside his grasp, but the significance of this didn't dawn on him until suddenly his arm was almost jerked out of its socket, and he grabbed her limpness back close to him. It was a good thing she only weighed ninety pounds or the grip his other hand had on the rail would have been loosened and they would have crashed the rest of the way, not walked. Holding her under his arm, white face and dark hair swinging on one side, white shoes on the other, somehow he got down the last stairs and swung her up into both his weary arms.

"Mary!" he said. "Mary!"

"She's fainted!" someone said. "Poor kid! No wonder!"

Ed got her to a first-aid station and laid her on a cot. The nurse shoved him away, and when he went back in, Mary was awake, her eyes enormous, and she did not smile at him.

"Crazy, going on roller coasters with a baby on the way," the woman said. "What you let her do it for?"

"Will she be okay?" Ed asked.

The woman shrugged. "No thanks to you if she is," she snapped.

Ed said, "I'm sorry, Mary. Whyn't you say something?"

How could she tell him you weren't supposed to talk to a man, especially if you were married to him? How could she tell him she'd die if she had to go back to her folks in Dorchester? And that she'd have to if he went back into the Navy? And yet she didn't blame him for going. He'd been awful nice to her, and it was different for a fellow.

Ed said, "Was you scared to?"

She knew it made him mad if she was scared, but she'd already made him as mad as she could, and her worst secret was out. So she said, "Sure."

He said, "You shouldn't've been. I don't care."

Angrily she said. "Why should you? You won't mind not havin' no apartment, or livin' with your folks again. You'll be in the Navy somewheres. I'll have the baby, not you."

"Is that what you thought?" Ed asked, and his face looked funny and stiff.

"Sure," she said, and turned her head on the cool pillow.

He said, "I was thinkin' of changing jobs, and maybe now it would be a good idear. I didn't mean to leave you home, though."

"No?"

"No," he said, flushing at her tone. "I got a chance; I can run a coal barge if I want. A change from drivin' a truck, an' some better money. You'd see a few places—not so much, maybe—" His voice died away and Mary didn't say anything. What difference did it make to her whether it was the U. S. S. Colorado or a coal barge? It was all the Navy.

"How about it?" Ed said. "Huh, Mary? There's kind of a little house on a barge; you could fix it up nice—like you done the apartment."

So he'd noticed the apartment then? Too bad he'd never said nothing until they had to leave!

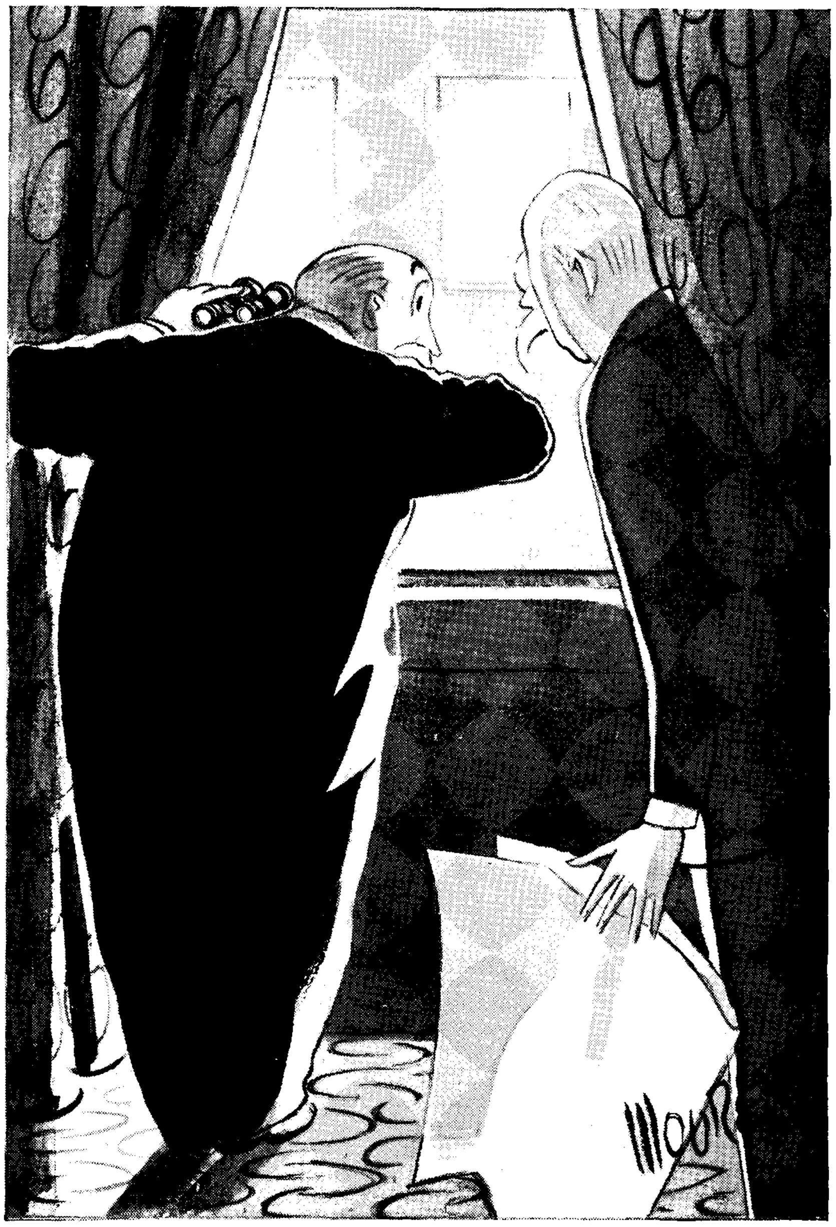
"An' the kid," Ed said. "Maybe it would be kind of dirty for it, but there'd be air, too—wind like—bridges—you know, nice—"

HE WAS silent because he didn't know how to tell his wife that he'd wanted to make a change for a long time and this looked like the time to do it. It would take care of the other, too. Hell, Mary was a funny kid, never sayin' nothing, keepin' quiet, makin' herself sick even to keep quiet.

"Come with me, kid?" he said. "Please?"

She opened her eyes and stared at him for a long time, and suddenly she knew that Ed wanted to talk to her sometimes, too, and that his thoughts were kind of like her own, and maybe he was even scared about things the way she was, only he was a man and didn't have the right to say so. She smiled at him slowly, and he put his hand on the pillow close to her face.

"Sure," she said, and pushed the apartment out of her mind. "It'll be swell, Ed."



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Paint is only part of the picture . . . it's the skill behind the brush that counts!

A GOOD PAINTER IS
A GOOD INVESTMENT

Carefree Conqueror

Continued from page 18

forsaken the American courts. True Britisher that he is, Austin looks upon Wimbledon as the climax of his tennis season. September, in "the States," is as bleak-sounding to him as November in Moscow would be to Budge.

Roderick Menzel, the rubbery Czech, feels much the same way. The return of the Davis Cup to America will not be felt in our National Singles until next year, when the country will be flooded with foreign stars in quest of it.

Frankie Parker, Budge's singles teammate in America's victory over Great Britain for the Cup seems likely to represent most of the competition J. Donald will get from his countrymen. Wilmer Allison returned to big-league tennis only to gain a third leg on a couple of high-priced trophies, including the Longwood Bowl. He is not in good physical condition. Robert Riggs, who probably will make the Davis Cup squad next season, is still short of his playing peak. If he competes, Frank Shields will have a windy demonstration of the old truism that Hollywood and first-class tennis do not mix. And the same is true of Sidney B. Wood.

There is little doubt by this time that Donald Budge is one of the best tennis players ever. Vincent Richards told us solemnly, not long ago, that Vines—at his best—could have beaten Tilden on the best day Tilden ever had. Richards played them both, but whether he is right or wrong it seems obvious that Budge is now as good as either Vines or Perry, and they are tennis immortals.

Budge has twice the durability of Vines, another "perfect" tennis specimen. And he has the spirit and the heart that is needed in the game.

King of the Backhand Volley

His stroke equipment is almost unparalleled. Perry found a weakness in him a year ago, in that he always returned a slow chop to his forehand with a cross-court top-spin drive. But he has cured that, as Jack Crawford, Von Cramm and many others found this year. His backhand drive is the most aggressive shot of its kind the game has had the privilege to house. It may lack perhaps the mastery of spin which Tilden's backhand once had, but it has twice the raw punch. It is a little faster than Vines' great flat backhand. But ten times as consistent. As for Donald's service—it utilizes most of his strength and all of his reach, and is as close to being impregnable as Tilden's "cannonball" was in the good old days.

In one respect Donald Budge has no peer in tennis history, and that is when he cranks up his backhand volley. He strokes the ball, instead of blocking it, or punching it, as everyone else does. It is a full, flat shot, with a drawback and a follow-through. How he ever manages to achieve the shot, when he is mixed up in one of those 4-man duels at the net, in doubles, is the mystery of the tennis ages. The shot is never cramped. He uses it from any spot on the court. When he hits them with that weird stroke (which the purists have not included in their textbooks) they stay hit.

Will he turn pro, after he wins at Forest Hills?

No one knows, including Budge. Tremendous pressure has been brought on him by the U. S. L. T. A. to remain an amateur. The Davis Cup committee spent close to a quarter of a million dollars during the ten years it sent teams to Europe trying to bring back the sterling birdbath. If Budge turns pro it means that America will lose the cup, probably to Germany, this next season. The presence of the Cup in America is worth $50,000 a year to American tennis in gate receipts derived from staging the Inter-Zone Finals and the Challenge Round.

The same Davis Cup committee has reminded him, too, that only because of their interest in him did he become a first-class player. They picked him up in 1933, after he had won the national junior title at Culver, Ind., and turned him over to an Oakland pro named Tom Stow. The committee paid Stow a small fee to practice with Budge and straighten out his shots. To Stow goes the credit for breaking Budge of the Western grip, and teaching him that long flat forehand with which he now terrorizes the amateur tennis world.

On the other hand, Budge is not well-to-do. He has had no college training for a career. He has only a small job with a national sporting goods firm. The offer which Francis T. Hunter and Howard Voshell, the leading pro tennis impressarios, will make him will make Donald's freckled head swim. It is probably that they will guarantee him an income of $75,000 for his first year as a pro, with perhaps half of it in cash to start with. Fred Perry grossed $95,000 from last January until the end of May, which puts to shame the "fantastic" salary of George Herman Ruth and other baseball immortals.

"But you oughta see the other guy. He didn't even have a scratch!"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

Budge is an even more salable piece of tennis goods. For one thing he is home-grown. He singlehanded brought back the Davis Cup, a job at which Tilden, Vines, Shields, Wood, Allison and Lott had failed. And, too, he is a spectacularly distinct personality, from the tip of his carrot-colored hair to his size 13 crepe soles. He is a first-class comic, with a laugh more infectious than a head cold in the subway. He had 10,000 persons laughing with him at Forest Hills in the U. S.-Australia matches last June, when he suddenly burst out laughing at Jack Bromwich's tennis hat. He dropped his racket on the court, the better to hold his sides, and roared.

Budge's visit to England this past summer gave him a real chance to display his charm and his strokes. After winning the Queen's Club tourney without losing a set he moved on to Wimbledon. The great players of the world were all there waiting for him but they were only nice little boys to the redhead. In rapid succession he defeated Farquharson, Hughes, Boussus, Hecht, McGrath, Parker and Von Cramm. Only Frankie Parker was able to take a set from him, and maybe Budge was imbued with the spirit of Old Glory and allowed his fellow Davis Cupper to snatch that set. Then with Mako he won the doubles.

His Davis Cup record this year is as clear as a tureen of beef bouillon. He started against the Japanese by shellacking Nakeno and Yamagishi in singles and then teaming with Mako to beat the Nipponese pair in doubles. Against Australia he did nothing but annihilate Crawford and Bromwich and then proceed to mop up in doubles with Mako.

A New High for Wimbledon

Against Germany he beat Henkel and then in what British tennis experts declare to be the greatest match ever played he defeated the doughty Von Cramm, coming from behind to do it. Again he teamed with Mako to win the doubles. He romped through Hare and Bunny Austin against England in the Davis Cup final, or challenge round as the boys call it, and again paired with his blond playmate to win the doubles.

Summing up this remarkable record with a few well-chosen figures: alone or with Mako he engaged in 35 matches, won them all and only dropped twelve sets altogether. Playing in singles matches he dropped but four sets. That makes the Indian rope trick seem like a kindergarten problem.

On Donald's first appearance on the hallowed turf of Wimbledon's center court, he set a record that is likely to stand for many years to come. He was practicing his strokes, before a match, when suddenly a strange calm settled over the vast arena. The player on the other side of the net dropped his racket and stood rigidly at attention. Every soul in the stand arose in respectful silence.

Budge looked around, and there, behind him, Queen Mary was entering the royal box. For one fleeting second the eyes of the queen looked down with interest upon the gawky redheaded boy beneath her. And Donald Budge, nineteen, from a place called Oakland, California, was so thrilled and so eager to show Her Majesty that he recognized her that standing there—among those thousands of silent fans—he waved his racket furiously and said the thing that his friendly soul prompted him to say:

"Hi, Queen," said Donald.

All these effortless idiosyncrasies, plus his flamboyant style, his breath-taking shots, and the likelihood that he will beat Vines and Perry as often as they beat him, makes Budge a prize which pro tennis will do everything in its power to pluck. To exist, pro tennis must have new faces, and have them every year.

The battle that J. Donald Budge will have to wage within himself, when he begins to weigh dough against duty, and patriotism against prosperity, will be a sterner one than any he ever has waged on the court.

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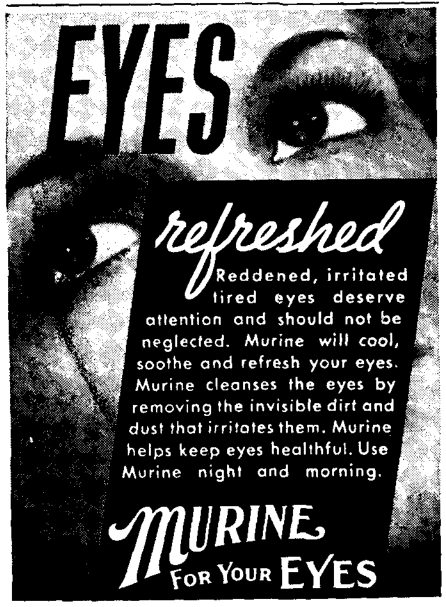

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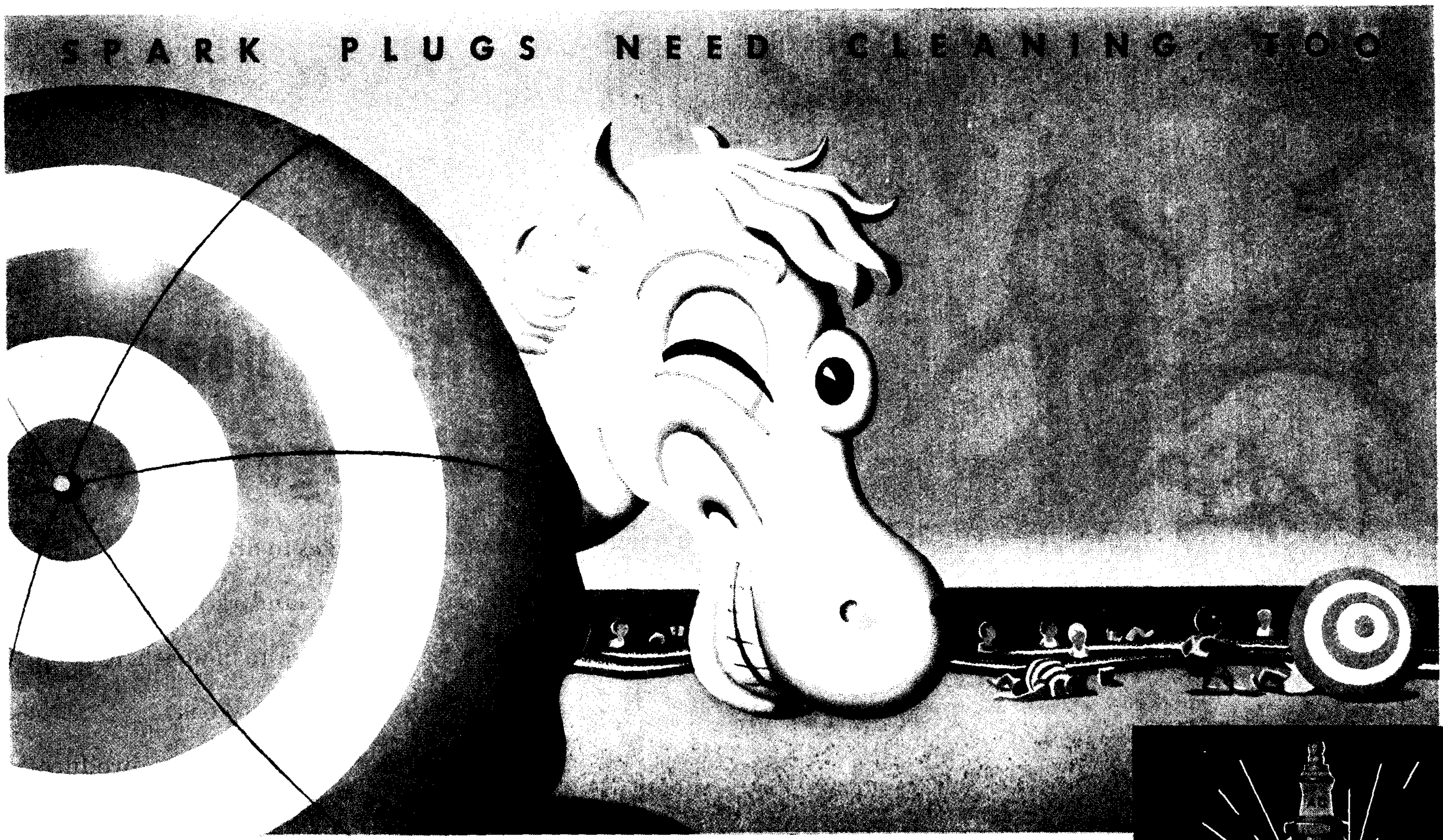
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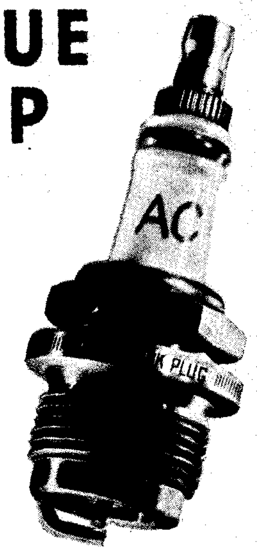

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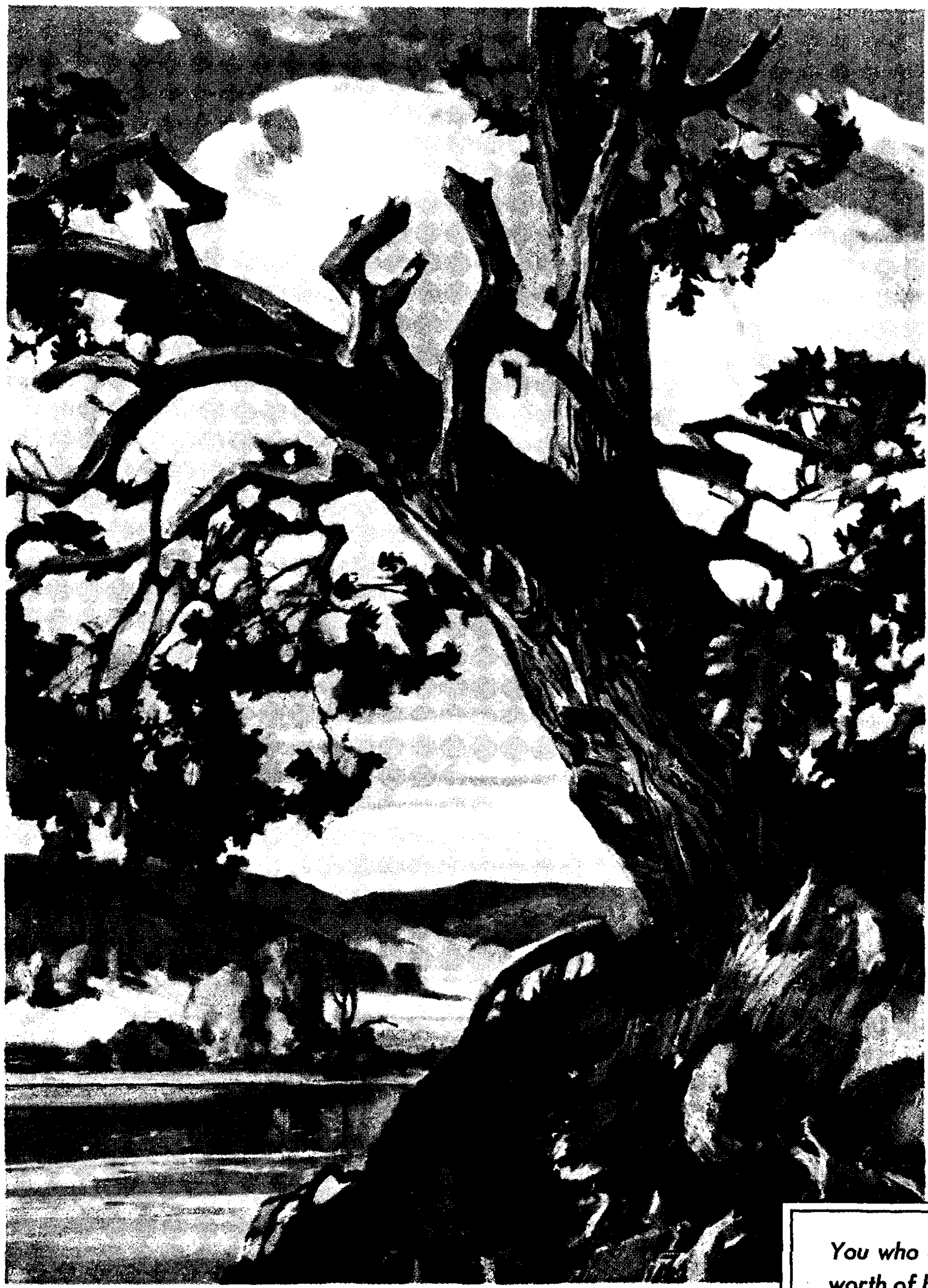

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Adolphus Busch III
President

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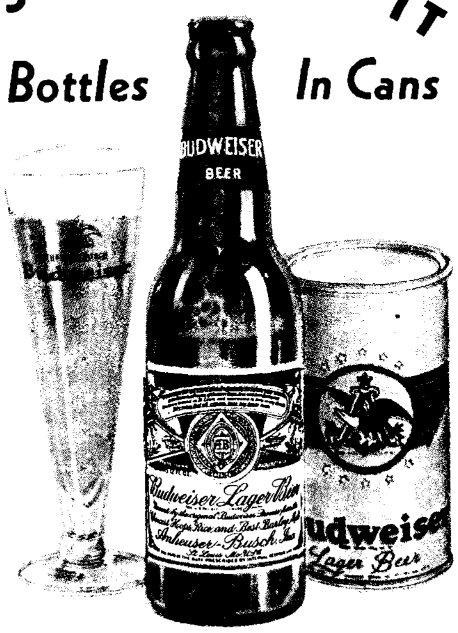

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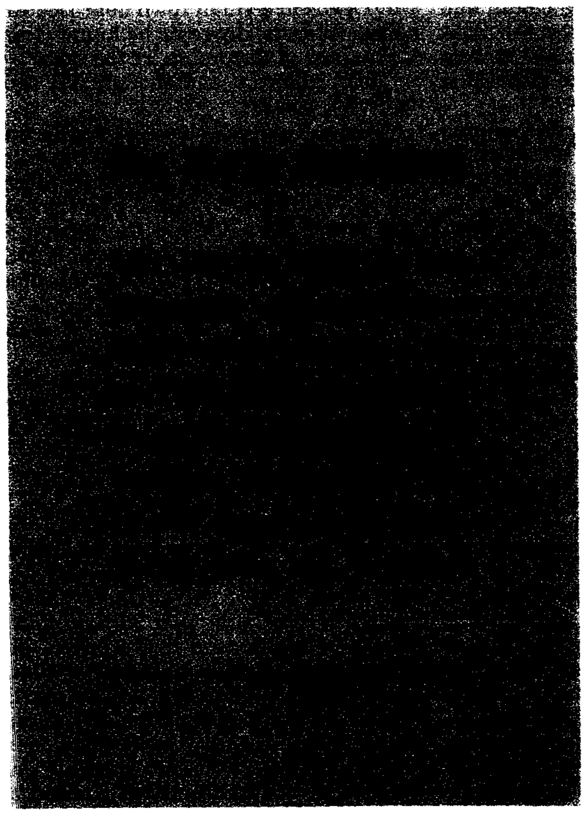


THE guy has a face like a flounder, a voice like a concrete mixer and a personality that has been characterized alternately as magnificent, fabulous and nutworthy. There is a school of thought which maintains that Lionel Stander is the wackiest individual who ever beat a traffic light on Wilshire Boulevard, and another which contends that for learning, intelligence and integrity he has no equal in all of Hollywood. Somewhere in between should be the approximate truth but Stander doesn't believe in in-betweens. Either be on one side or the other, he says; that space between is a void which might as well be, for all of him, the Grand Canyon of the Colorado.

Hollywood has known the Marx Brothers, the Ritz Brothers, Hecht and MacArthur and Mike Romanoff; it has had Cecil B. De Mille, the Keystone Cops, and Dante's Inferno, produced by Sol M. Wurtzel; it has had Rin Tin Tin, Shirley Temple and eighteen gag men writing malaprops for Samuel Goldwyn; it has had two months of rain, the wedding of Doug and Mary and an earthquake, all in one summer; it has had Valentino, Will Hays and the director who never forgave the studio because he couldn't make Little Women with Pola Negri.

But it has never had anything like Lionel Stander.

Most Hollywood cutups go in for the hotfoot, the practical joke, the rib. Stander will practical joke you right down into the ground but he will also say No to a producer and add an insult just to spice up the affair. He will make a hit in Mr. Deeds Goes to Town and refuse to work in a picture following because the studio won't give his stand-in more than $20 a week. He will answer the phone in his house and say: "Mlista Standa zlot in," and will take two hours out of a busy evening impersonating an A. P. reporter, a U. P. reporter, a hotel dick and himself, with intent to convince George Givot that the police are hot on his heels for slapping a member of the Screen Playwrights Guild. He will spend another hour next morning hunting up Givot to tell him that slapping a member of the Screen Playwrights Guild is a good deed which is the daily duty of any loyal Boy Scout. He will stand up amid jeers and catcalls at a meeting of the Screen Actors Guild and tell them they've sold out to the producers. He will deliver the same message a week later in even more vitriolic accents and receive an ovation.

A Man of Many Words

He makes $1,500 a week, has committed every major crime known to Hollywood and his friends have been expecting him to be run out of town every day for years. The only unconcerned party is Stander.

"This car, this house, what the hell," he says. "I lived on five dollars a week most of my life and look at the swell shape it gave me."

His first success in movies came in The Scoundrel, when he stole the show with his portrayal of the Greenwich Village poet. To get that part he borrowed $18, bought a new suit and went up to see Ben Hecht.

"I remember you," said Hecht. "You used to be a bum."

"I remember you when you used to be a writer," answered Mr. Stander.

This pleased Mr. Hecht very little but it impressed his partner, Charles MacArthur.

"That's the guy we want," said MacArthur, "and maybe we ought to let him write his own lines."

This proclivity of Mr. Stander's for the written word is a serious matter and will possibly have to be halted by force. When he played a press agent in Mr. Deeds and repeated in A Star is Born, he was rather directly playing himself, for he was once a reporter on the Yonkers (New York) Statesman, the Long Island (New York) Star and the New York (New York) Evening Journal. It seems, upon investigation, that Mr. Stander did most of his work with his feet upon a table in Hubert's Café in Greenwich Village. From that inverted position came the famous Village duel story which was a product of the Stander brain supported by a ham on rye. It is still being republished.

Hubert's was the institution where the art of eating became a science. Acting upon the knowledge that no payment was needed until leaving the establishment, various impecunious individuals adopted the habit of entering, eating and waiting for somebody with money to come along and pay the check. It was known as "bailing out."

"The record was twenty-eight hours," Stander reports. "The guy ate, slept, washed up at intervals and was in danger of dying there before a friend came in and rescued him."

Stander was born in Mount Vernon, New York, went to public schools and finally got a scholarship at Carson Long Institute at New Bloomfield, Pennsylvania, for his football ability. He paraded in uniform, spent most of his waking hours on guard for various offenses and finally got his fill of football when Carson Long played Mercersburg. The score was 63-0 and Mercersburg did the scoring.

"I still wake up at night with cleats going crunch-crunch over my face," he says.

Collector of Alma Maters

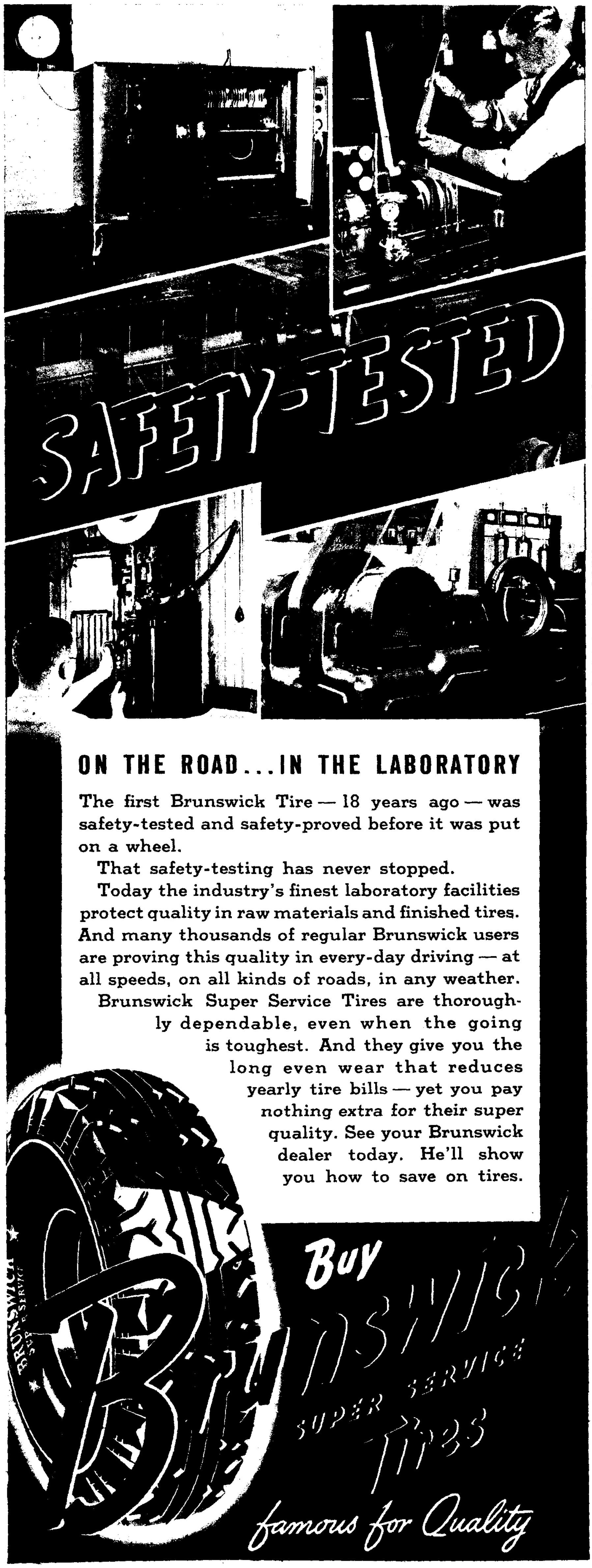
His college career was mixed. He spent a year at New York University, two days at Penn, a month at Duke and a year at the University of North Carolina. Paul Green had the North Carolina Players there and Stander became an actor. His first part was in a play called The Manuscript of the Unpublished Author, which they acted in auditoriums all over the state.

"They liked that New York accent of mine," said Stander. "Me in those folk-play parts. . . . 'Eff'n you don't marry the gal, Ezra, ah'll kill yu.' We played one of our comedies in a little town and it was like solemn high mass. . . . Not a smile in the house. I went around front when it was over and heard one fellow talking to another. 'All I could do to keep myself from bustin' right out laughin',' said the fellow."

His family never knew he had left Duke until North Carolina threw him out. He had his mail forwarded from Durham and his outgoing mail was posted at the same place. This was because the folks had sent him South as a last resort and he didn't want to break their hearts. He had a hard time getting into North Carolina because he had never graduated from high school and yet wanted to take all the senior courses at the university.

"They let him in as a special student," says his roommate, Raymond Stamm, Jr., "and he developed a marvelous system of not showing up anywhere he was supposed to be and appearing everywhere he wasn't wanted. He took high honors in freshman English, was the only first-year man to make Carolina Magazine (did it with a poem entitled 'Lights,' which had the line 'like streaks of ocher on the dim body of a Bantu tribesman,') and used to corner philosophy professors in their homes and talk them into a stupor.

"He also had a habit of appearing at graduate seminars and driving the instructors nuts with pertinent questions. At intervals he'd go off on a bum and be gone for a week. One night in Charlottesville he disdainfully discarded my idea that we, being broke,



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might bed down in a park or in an empty church and led me into the mezzanine of a hotel, dragged up two big chairs and proceeded to go to sleep. When the night clerk discovered us, Stander merely grinned, got the fellow into a discussion and ended up with a free bed."

A year at North Carolina was enough and he arrived back in New York in time to get a part in Him, the play by E. E. Cummings. After that he was for a time at the Provincetown Theater with James Light, doing such O'Neill plays as Bound East for Cardiff and S. S. Glencairn. What followed then was a succession of 22 Broadway plays, all flops but The House Beautiful, which he despised so heartily that he slept between cues and eventually got fired.

It was then that he developed his Greenwich Village technique of sleeping.

"He'd go to a party and pretend to get so drunk he couldn't get home. They'd have to let him sleep there overnight," say his old friends.

When the show business got bad he went in for radio and was successively stooge for Fred Allen, Jack Benny and Eddie Cantor. In that period he did fourteen shorts for Warner Brothers, wrote a radio script which Jack Benny said was good, did two and a half years with Allen and finally worked up to $125 a week. At his most recent appearance on the air in Hollywood he got $1,000 for four minutes.

He was dramatic director of a summer camp at Nichols, Connecticut, doing such plays on Saturday night as The Last Mile and a musical comedy on Sunday. He was always a bit confused about the lines but could carry any situation off. On one occasion he proclaimed, "There's underhanded work here going on afoot" to save an awkward pause. It didn't fit the situation but it occupied the attention of the audience. When they played Broadway he aimed a gun at another actor, the gun didn't go off, he went over to bust the guy and *then* the gun roared (shot by a stagehand behind the scenes).

How Not to Win Friends

In radio he won a great success in Buck Rogers, being a web-footed dwarf living underwater in the 28th Century. After The Scoundrel, Hollywood wanted him and he went out to work for Columbia, starting at $200 and getting up to $450 almost immediately. He began to make himself famous almost immediately, too. When beginning a final scene in which he was playing with the star he would say: "This one is for posterity." He also had a line which endeared him to the profession. When meeting a star he would say: "I saw you in a picture last night and you sure were swell." . . . "What picture?" the star would ask eagerly. "I don't remember," says Stander, "but I won an automobile."

Everybody who has ever met Stander comes out to Hollywood and camps on him, with the house generally resembling the waiting room of the Union Depot. When he came home one night from work, he was met at the door by a gruff individual who said belligerently: "Who are you?"

"I'm Stander," said Stander.

"Go awn!" cried the tough one, reaching out and pushing Stander in the face and slamming the door.

When he was making A Star is Born, the color photographers worried because he has one gray eye and one brown eye.

"Don't worry, boys," he cried, "they'll both come out yellow."

Hollywood uses the "sneak" preview as a means of getting an audience reaction before doing the final cutting. On such occasions the stars are kept carefully away so that they won't be around bothering the cutters about giving them good breaks in the finished product. Stander got word of a sneak preview of Mr. Deeds in a small town near Los Angeles. When he drove up he found Harry Cohn, boss of Columbia, at the door.

"Just going by and thought I'd drop in," said Stander.

"Listen," cried Cohn. "It's a lie and you know it. Now, see here, young man; you come to my office tomorrow morning and be prepared to tell me who told you about this. I'll fire the person. I won't have anybody like that on my lot."

When Stander came in next morning, Cohn was still fuming.

"Now, come on," he yelled. "Tell me so I can fire the guy."

Stander looked at him with the eyes of an innocent dove.

"It was Grace Moore," he said, and waited for the Cohn body to fall.

Just a Romantic Figure

When idle, Stander gets in an hour of boxing every morning with Lou Amster, will shoot pool with anybody foolish enough to face him on an antique table he has on the second floor (full of peculiar ridges, humps and valleys which only Stander knows), and will sit up the rest of the night discussing the affairs of the world. He reads everything, corners everybody with information and drags it out of him and has a mind so swift and hard that nobody can edge a word in when he gets warmed up. He is an effective speaker, can outholler anybody in the profession and is not afraid of cop, producer or the laws of Canaan.

When he started out to get Lou Amster a job as his stand-in, he faced the difficulty of Amster's being four inches short of the proper height. By putting lifts in Amster's shoes he got him a lift in height of two inches but found that he couldn't walk. Stander tried to offset the disadvantage by walking on to the set as nearly like a dwarf as he could be without approaching on his hands and knees, but that fooled nobody. He accomplished his purpose in the end by his usual method, i. e., the human voice. He talked the cameraman into letting Lou stand on a plank.

When the striking technical workers of the studios carried him home in triumph after he had scorched the actors for not supporting the strike, he was doing what he had always done in Hollywood: speaking out in meeting and not worrying about the cost. He is perennially broke because he either gives away or throws away his money. When a bird got on the set at Columbia and spoiled shot after shot by chirping during the action, Stander halted the attempt of the stagehands to crawl around the rafters and brain it. He did this by making a speech.

"Listen, folks," he cried in fervid tones, "this is Hollywood and what is Hollywood's motivating force? Love! Let's, therefore, not use force on this beautiful animal. Call the Audubon Society and secure this little feathered friend a mate. Park the mate outside the door and let it coo its mating song. This bird will then feel the urge and the call of nature in the raw and fly out to join its husband or wife to be. Love will again triumph over force and Hollywood will be justified anew before the world."

Which is a sample of what Stander can do to irritate an industry which would like to forget that it was once in the hoodlum stage. He is a living satire on Hollywood. He enters a gathering where male and female beauty is as common as favorable reviews in a trade paper. His fabulous face is agleam; he has his thumbs in the armpits of his vest. He addresses the butler, who is there to announce the guests.

"Stander!" he proclaims in the voice of an oracle. "A ro-man-tick figger!"

Woman's Place

Continued from page 20

Dick didn't call up that evening. He didn't call up Saturday morning. In the afternoon Phyllis put on a flowered dress that Dick had liked her in. She liked herself in it. She thought it made her look sweet. Feminine—that's what it was. That was what he wanted her to be—a helpless little thing and not a girl who could swim five miles.

She studied herself in the long mirror. She didn't look helpless to herself. She was too healthy and her color was too good. But she knew how to look appealing and she wasn't above doing it. And if that redheaded girl from Chicago who had been trying so hard to flirt with Dick on the train wanted competition, here it was. But she had to find Dick first.

She drove to the Beach Club. It was a hot day. Everybody was there, lying on the sand or sitting on the terrace with a long drink. She said hello to half the people she knew, refusing invitations to join one group after another on the plea that she was in a hurry. She saw Hank Palmer.

"He isn't here," Hank said.

Phyllis reflected that it must be pretty obvious that she was looking for Dick. But it was like Hank to say it, skipping the intervening steps and giving her the information he knew she wanted without her having to ask.

"He's at home," Hank went on, "taking advertisements apart to find out what makes them click. And all the time the answer is right here. You put a picture of a girl like you in the layout and you can sell anything—soap or cigarettes or motor oil or cruises to the Caribbean."

"You're nice, Hank," she said. "But I feel low. I don't know if he is at home studying advertisements. He might be with Linda Barnes."

"The redhead? Never! No man you liked would ever be interested in anything so crude."

"That doesn't sound like you, Hank," Phyllis said. "I thought you had more sense."

"I have," Hank said. "How about a swim?"

"I'd love it, Hank. I want to talk to you. But I can't now. I've got to go on looking. I think if he sees me—" she lowered her eyes demurely, finding it fun to flirt with Hank—"he may think it's worth while to come out of his sulk and play with me."

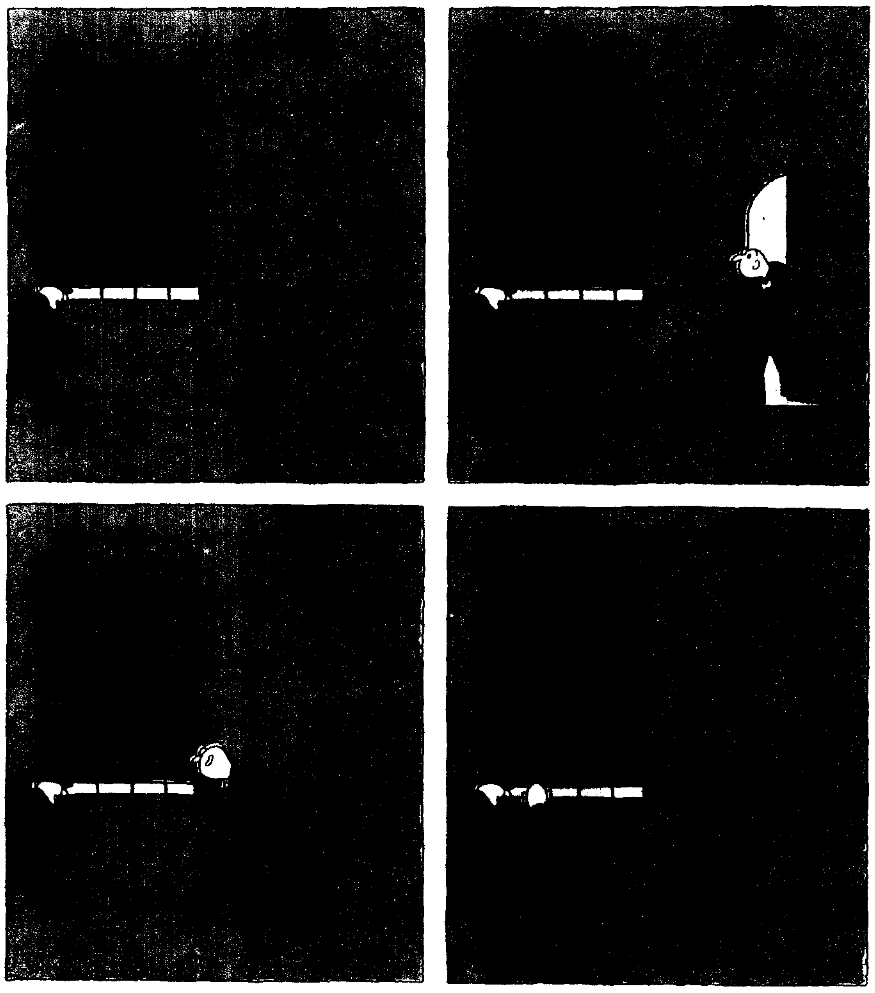
"The idea," Hank said, "is sound."

PHYLLIS drove toward the village, with an eye out for Dick's car. When she had watched Linda Barnes working on Dick in the train she had been faintly amused. The girl was gay and reckless and good-looking but she had no chance with Dick. It might be different now that Dick was sore. He might assuage his vanity where assuagement was so plainly offered.

Phyllis drove into the village and out Main Street and cut across to the State road and came back through the square. She didn't see Dick's car. She drove out to the Dawsons' on the chance that Dick might be there. A lot of people were having cocktails at the Dawsons' but Dick wasn't. Phyllis spent that evening trying to read a book.

Sunday was worse. Dick had never stayed sore so long before. Phyllis decided that as long as Dick hadn't seen her in the little flowered dress on Saturday she might as well wear it again. She put it on late in the afternoon and got her bathing suit and things and drove to the Beach Club.

The crowd was thinning out when she got there but she found Hank. He was wearing shorts and nothing else and he looked tall and lean and brown and friendly. He was, she thought, the best friend she had and she needed a friend. She could tell Hank anything she felt like telling him about herself and know that she was safe. She could make a reference to something she hadn't told him about and he would understand. Or if he didn't, he wouldn't pester her with embarrassing questions.



"It'll take me about two minutes to change," she said.

She went into a cabana and put on her bathing suit, a slightly faded blue one composed of shorts and a bandeau intended for swimming, and joined Hank on the sand. The sun was low but it was still hot. They sat cross-legged, side by side, looking out over the water.

"HANK," Phyllis said, "can't a woman have a job after she's married?"

"Yes," Hank said, "if she isn't too good at it."

"Why can't she be too good at it?"

"Woman's place is in the cave," Hank said.

"How awfully old hat," Phyllis said.

"It is an old idea," Hank retorted. "That's why it isn't old hat. We don't live in caves any more but the feelings the cave man had are still with us."

"In the cave-man days women did all the work."

"That's not the point," Hank said. "The point is they didn't get much credit for it."

"But what did men do to make themselves feel superior to women?"

"Beat them up."

"And nowadays a man can't beat up his woman."

"If he does he feels so guilty that the woman has it on him."

"Have you beaten up a lot of women, Hank?"

"Scores," Hank said. "Let's swim."

They swam lazily out to a float and sat on the edge of it dangling their feet in the water and Phyllis told him the whole story.

"So you see," she finished, "I really am in a jam and I haven't any idea how to get out."

"Give it time," Hank said.

"But I don't want to sit around and wait—I want to do something."

"What can you do?"

"I could call him up."

"Why don't you?"

"I don't want to call him up. I want him to call me up and besides I'd rather see him."

"Won't he be at the Goodhues' dance tomorrow night?"

"I don't know."

Hank frowned thoughtfully. "You might go with me. If he wants to take you home I'll edge out of the picture."

"He won't want to take me home."

"I wouldn't know about that," Hank said. "It's up to you whether he wants to."

They swam back to the shore.

"I've got to be in town tomorrow," Hank said. "I've got to go to a conference even if it is a holiday. But I'll be around after dinner."

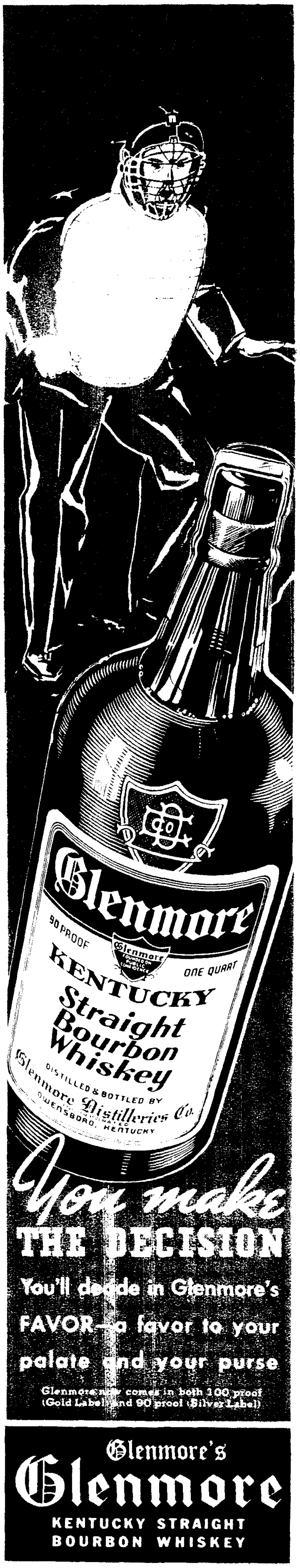
"Hank," she said, "you couldn't guess how much better I feel. It's so bettering to talk to you."

HANK called for her at ten o'clock Monday night. She had a new black dress, a black dress with a trickily cut bodice and a bouffant skirt. It exposed her arms, her shoulders and a great deal of back and yet would make her look graceful when she danced and the full skirt swung. She thought it was the most flattering evening dress she had ever had.

"You look like a little devil," Hank said.

"I hope so," Phyllis said.

They drove off toward the Goodhues' place on the shore. The Goodhues had



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Glenmore now comes in both 100 proof (Gold Label) and 90 proof (Silver Label)
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1. *Fine old Kentucky Burley aged-in-wood.*
2. *Flavored with pure maple sugar for extra good taste.*
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4. *Cut to pack easy in a pipe —cut to roll smooth in a cigarette.*
5. *Every tin contains 2 full ounces.*

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Tobacco Co.

built a dance floor over the tennis court and lighted it with Chinese lanterns. They had brought Benny Burmeister's band out from town. They had enough champagne to fill the swimming pool. It was a college boy's dream of a party.

Every time Phyllis turned around somebody asked, "Where's Dick?" She had to smile and shake her head and say, "I don't know." She wondered where Dick was and whether he would come to the dance.

It was about half past two when she saw him dancing with Linda Barnes.

Dick came over as Phyllis was leaving the floor with Hank and asked her for the next dance. He looked just as grim as he had when he had said goodby to her at the railway station on Friday.

"Yes, of course," Phyllis said.

It was plain from the way Dick danced that he was just as sore as ever.

Benny Burmeister's band was playing "Let's Call the Whole Thing Off" and when they came to the chorus four of the men laid down their instruments and sang. Phyllis thought the song was too appropriate.

"Oh, hell," Dick said suddenly, and held her tightly in his arms and put his cheek against hers, "I can't resist you."

THE dance was almost over. He didn't let her go when the music stopped. He held her close and kissed her mouth hard. She pushed him away.

"Don't, Dick," she said. "I don't want to be kissed—now. We've got to understand each other first."

"Let's skip it," Dick said. "I've been playing around with that redheaded girl but I like you better. We're all going to Al's. You come on down to Al's. I'll lose her there. You tell Hank you want me to take you home."

He left her then.

"Let's sit on the terrace," Phyllis said to Hank.

They found chairs on the terrace and sat there looking at the dance. Phyllis wished she could cry. She took Hank's hand in hers for comfort.

"He wants to go to Al's," Phyllis said.

"All right," Hank said, "we'll go to Al's."

Al's was a big dog wagon on the edge of the village. Phyllis had been there a good many times after dances. Phyllis wondered how she could make Dick talk. If she let him take her home from Al's he wouldn't talk. She had to do something to make him feel proud of himself again so he could forget that she had a better job.

"Hank," she said, "did you mean that men like to fight?"

"I don't," Hank said. "But I guess they do. It's one thing they can beat women at."

Phyllis saw Dick and Linda Barnes and George Davis and Judy Green leaving. Hank saw them too. He got up.

When they got to Al's, Phyllis saw Dick and the redheaded Linda and the others at one end of the room. She went to the other end. There was a crowd of six or seven tough young men there. Phyllis noticed that they looked on her and Hank with a sullen hostility. The one nearest Phyllis was leaning back against the end wall with his feet out in front of him. Phyllis stumbled over his feet so he couldn't help knowing they were in the way but he did not move. Phyllis felt it wouldn't take much to start something and she had to start something.

Al pushed a cup of coffee across the bar. Phyllis knew it wasn't meant for her. It was meant for the man whose feet were in the way. But she took it. The man muttered something that sounded most unpleasant.

Phyllis put her sharp little heel down on his foot and bore down suddenly and gave the heel a twist. He must have had a corn from the way he jumped.

"You little tramp!" he roared.

Hank turned on him. "What was that you said?" he asked.

The fellow aimed a punch at Hank and Hank ducked it.

"Dick," Phyllis screamed. "Dick!"

Dick was already charging down the room.

Phyllis never could remember half the things that happened in the next few seconds. They came too fast. But there was one picture that was sharp and clear. Two of the tough guys had Hank's arms, one on either side, and they were holding him while the fellow whose corn Phyllis had stepped on was winding up his right hand. He smashed at Hank's face. Hank ducked and the blow glanced off his forehead. The two men held Hank tighter and the fellow drew back his fist again.

Phyllis never could remember how she happened to have the ketchup bottle in her hand. Phyllis had never hit anybody in her life. But as the man drew back his fist, his body crouched, his head was right in front of her and she swung as hard as she could swing.

The man went down. And then she saw two policemen.

One of them bent over the man on the floor and picked the broken glass out of his hair.

"Who hit him?" the cop demanded.

"I guess," Al said, his face as bland as bland, "I guess the bottle must have fell off the shelf."

"The hell it did," the cop said.

There was an argument but after a few minutes the man on the floor got up and Al gave him a towel. Nobody wanted to charge anybody with anything.

Phyllis and Hank went out on the sidewalk. Dick followed them out. Dick beamed on them. He had all the old swagger.

"I got two of those guys," he said. "It was a good brawl while it lasted."

"Was it?" Phyllis said. She had that picture of Hank being held by two men while a third got ready to smash his face. There hadn't been any time to think. All she knew was that she couldn't bear to let the fellow smash Hank's face. Hank's face was suddenly dearer to her than any other face in the whole world.

DICK took her arm. Phyllis put her other arm through Hank's arm.

"C'mon kid," Dick said, "I'm taking you home."

Phyllis stared at him. She had started something. She had started something and it had had the effect on Dick that she had hoped it would have. He felt now that he was better than any woman. He would probably talk now about her having a better job than he had. But she didn't care. She didn't want to talk to him. She wanted to be with Hank. Dick might think he loved her but he had no tenderness for her and she had no tenderness for him. He had been physically attractive to her. But he wasn't any more.

"Hank is taking me home," she said.

Dick looked at Hank, then at Phyllis. Then he shrugged his shoulders.

Hank drove out the State road. Phyllis put her face in her hands and cried. Hank stopped the car beside the road.

"I—I'm crying because I don't love him," Phyllis said.

"I can't join you in crying about that," Hank said.

"How can you love a man you can't talk to?"

"You can't," Hank said.

Phyllis wiped her eyes and smiled at Hank. He put his arm around her. Then gently but firmly he kissed her and with a little sigh of content Phyllis crept closer into his arms.

"Oh, Hank," she said at last, "why did you let me fool myself so? Why didn't you tell me it was you all the time?"

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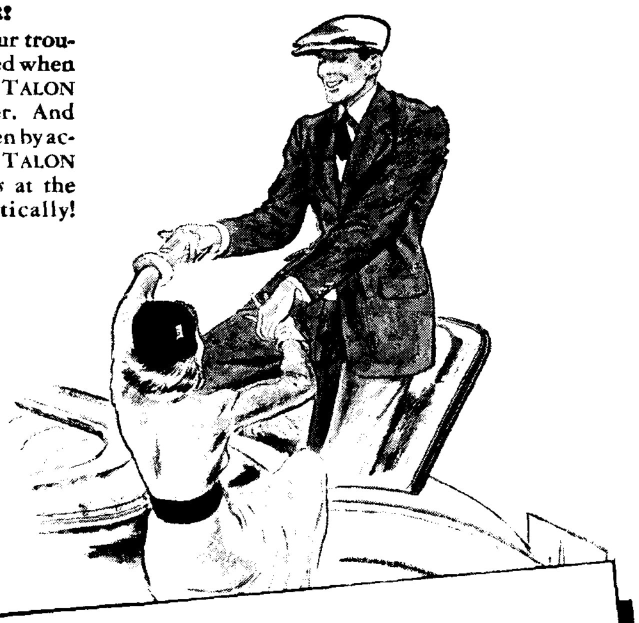
With the TALON fastener, there's only *one* thing to fasten, instead of *five!* Just *zip* it . . . and your trousers are opened or closed.



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You *know* your trousers are closed when they have a TALON slide fastener. And they can't open by accident. The TALON fastener *locks* at the top automatically!

"It's our 4th Year with Talon fasteners in all Varsity-Town suits"

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MEN NOW ASK FOR IT ON THEIR TROUSERS, STATES THIS FAMOUS MEN'S CLOTHING HOUSE

Again this fall . . . for the *eighth* straight season . . . every Varsity-Town suit has the Talon slide fastener for trousers.

"Men prefer it for one reason," says this great maker of young men's clothing.

"Because it *makes better sense* than the old trouser closure.

"In the first place, the Talon fastener is an important improvement in tailoring. It makes the fly neater—prevents it from becoming worn-looking—improves the whole appearance of your trousers.

"But the thing that pleases men most is this: the *ease* and *speed* it makes possible. Once you've worn the Talon fastener, you want it on all your clothes!"

This is testimony from a House that has stressed quality for 50 years. It is based on the reactions of hundreds of thousands of men.

Ask for the Talon trouser fastener on your next suit. Introduced in expensive clothes, it now comes as an *extra value* on better-made suits of all prices!

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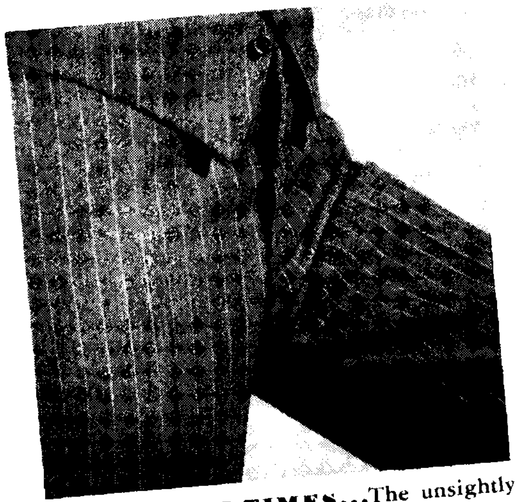
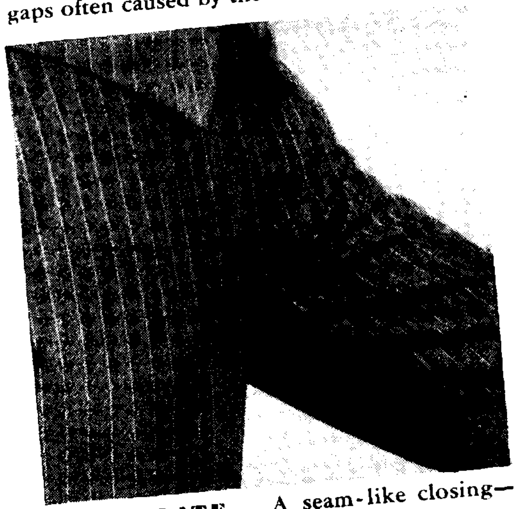
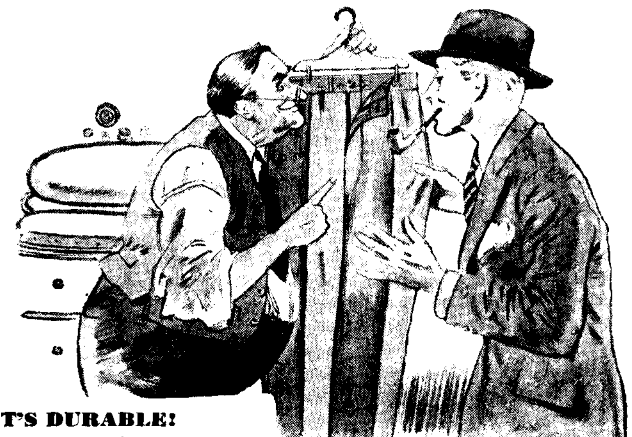


BEHIND THE TIMES... The unsightly gaps often caused by the old trouser closure.



UP-TO-DATE... A seam-like closing—with the TALON slide fastener for trousers.



IT'S DURABLE!
Pressing and dry cleaning can't damage the TALON fastener. It always works perfectly. And, of course, it can't get loose or break off!

STOUTS, LONGS
The more unusual your size, the more you'll like the convenience and the seam-smooth closing made possible by the TALON fastener.

TRY THE **TALON** *FASTENER ON YOUR NEXT SUIT—AND YOU'LL NEVER GO BACK TO THE OLD WAY*

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

YES, I'M STILL SINGLE
DO YOU LIKE TO BE SINGLE, MISS ELLEN?
TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, JUDY, I DON'T! I'D LOVE TO HAVE A LITTLE GIRL LIKE YOU!
THEN WHY DON'T YOU DO WHAT MAMA SAID? SHE SAID YOU WOULDN'T STILL BE SINGLE IF YOU ASKED THE DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH
MY BREATH! WHY, JUDY! IS THAT...
RECENT TESTS PROVE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. AND TESTS ALSO PROVE THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE...

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH

"Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets *into every tiny* hidden crevice between your teeth . . . emulsifies and washes away the decaying food deposits that *cause* most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle—gives new brilliance to your smile!"

NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!
...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!
THREE MONTHS LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S
AND MISS ELLEN SAYS I CAN HAVE THE BIGGEST PIECE OF HER WEDDING CAKE!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Tested and Approved 2273 Good Housekeeping Bureau
20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢

No Evidence

Continued from page 25

knows who done it, they ain't talking neither. They kept still and let Streed get indicted, and they'll keep still even if he gets electrocuted."

I didn't see him for a couple of days. I went to headquarters looking for him.

"Not here," a desk officer informed me. "He's on sick leave. Him and a taxicab crossed the street at the same time."

I went to the hospital. O'Malley didn't seem much hurt.

"This puts a stop to the Lugin investigation," I asserted.

"Sure, a guy can't work while he's in bed."

"Why didn't you cross with the lights?"

"I did. The other guy didn't. Say, I'm not kicking. They give me a radio here to listen to the ball games and a book to read that hasn't got no cops in it, and what a nurse! A knockout!"

THE nurse came in presently. Her name was Miss Fairbairn. She was a small girl and so pretty as to justify O'Malley's opinion of her.

"I got to look up that taxi guy and thank him," O'Malley told me. After the nurse had left he added: "The point is, can I make some character with her? I ain't told her I'm a cop."

He was in the hospital five days. I saw him every day. The fifth day, when I got there, he was dressed to leave and the nurse was packing his things. The radio was giving a sports program.

"Giants 2, Cubs 1, in the second," O'Malley informed me, "and Pittsburgh is beating Cincinnati."

Then the radio announcer interrupted him.

"News flash," the radio stated: "Jockey Fred Broom was killed instantly and Jockey Joe Linn was injured in the first race at Aqueduct this afternoon when Broom's mount crossed its legs turning into the stretch and three following horses piled into him."

I heard a sound from the nurse. She stared at the radio; then she fainted. Some other nurses took her away.

"We're no good here," O'Malley said. "I guess I'll go home."

We called a taxi but we didn't go home. We went to the precinct station. O'Malley went into the captain's room and I sat and waited. Then two plain-clothes officers brought in the nurse, who was weeping, and they took her into the captain's room and I waited some more. O'Malley and the two detectives came out finally.

"What's going on here?" I inquired of him.

"Come on; we got to move!"

We grabbed a taxi to the railroad station and the two detectives came along with us. The last race was being run when we got to the track. We didn't see it because we went straight to the track gate. After the race, the horses came in from the track and the third jockey I saw was Freddie Broom.

"Too bad you didn't win that race," O'Malley said to him, "because now you're going to be busy getting tried for murder."

The two plain-clothes men took Broom away to get dressed and O'Malley and I went back to Manhattan.

"I don't understand all this," I told him. "Apparently Streed did not kill Lugin and Broom did."

"That's the answer."

"What was his reason?"

"You seen the reason taking care of me in the hospital. This Miss Fairbairn met Broom one time at a party and they got in love with each other. After that, if Miss Fairbairn had an afternoon off, she went to the track to see Broom ride. She didn't have no real interest in horses, but she liked to make a little bet on whatever horse he was on so Broom introduced her to Lugin. Lugin was the kind of guy, if he got to thinking about a woman he didn't have no principles, and he got thinking about Miss Fairbairn. He found he couldn't get nowhere with her, so he cooked up a story about some kind of conspiracy among the jockeys to keep Broom from winning races, and he got her to meet him several times while he pretended he was finding out about it.

"Broom had got suspicious she was seeing somebody else, but Miss Fairbairn wouldn't tell him nothing, because Lugin had convinced her that to find out what game the other jockeys was up to, they had to keep the whole thing from Broom. She's a nice kid, but she's a little dumb, and she thought it would be a swell thing to find out all about it and then tell Broom afterward.

"The night Lugin got killed, he met Miss Fairbairn right after he left Streed in the park. Besides his place at the hotel, Lugin had some rooms uptown that he used for his own purposes, and he got Miss Fairbairn to go up there with him by pretending some jockey was going to meet 'em there. Well, that night Broom had followed Miss Fairbairn to find out if she was meeting somebody. He's a little guy, even for a jockey, and anyone Miss Fairbairn might be meeting would be bigger than him, and he knew where a trainer at the track kept a gun, and he went and got it without nobody knowing. I guess the kid was wild with jealousy. Miss Fairbairn don't know what Lugin meant to do at the apartment, but a guy is free to guess; it might be Broom got there just in time.

"It's a first-floor apartment and a window was open, and when Broom seen the two together there he shot Lugin through the window. It was just luck for them that nobody noticed the shot. Him and Miss Fairbairn figured that give 'em a chance to cover the killing up. Lugin, being a careful guy, had left his car parked around the corner and Broom had parked his car there too. They waited till pretty near morning and then Broom went and got Lugin's car and they put him in it without nobody seeing 'em, and Broom drove Lugin's car and left it on Riverside Drive and Miss Fairbairn drove Broom's car and picked him up. Then Broom went back to Long Island and put the gun back without nobody knowing he had had it."

"THERE wasn't any evidence of all this," I declared, "and I can't see how you found it out."

"Well, I couldn't see but two reasons Lugin might get killed—money or a woman. If it was money, probably Streed done it, because his wife and kid give him a motive for not losing his job; but if it was a woman, I figured somebody else had done the killing.

"Cops that worked on the case had turned up plenty women, but not any that Lugin might have got killed about. So maybe it was some woman they hadn't turned up. Well, we had all the circumstances: We had the car and the dead guy and the bullet, and the list of who bet with him, and his letters from women, and the record of his telephone calls and about a hundred statements from people that was acquainted with him. I figured the woman, if there was one, had to show somewhere in them things. I picked out of 'em whatever people didn't have airtight alibis for midnight and we went and seen 'em; but that got us nothing. So then I tried the phone calls.

"I seen Lugin had several times called a hospital. I couldn't find no friend of his was sick there, so I sent some plain-clothes guys to hang around the hospital and talk with flunkies. They come back and said who Lugin called was a nurse; then it turned out the nurse was in love with a jockey. I seen there might be a connection between that and the Lugin killing, but I couldn't get no proof to hook the jockey up with the murder and I had to have good proof because everybody had accepted Streed as being guilty.

"IT WAS no use to question the nurse; if she knew who had knocked off Lugin she had kept still and she meant to keep on keeping still. So how to find out if the nurse knew anything? In a couple of days I figured out a way. I seen the chief doc at the hospital and told him all about it, and I asked him, if I got hurt and was brought to the hospital, would he give me that nurse and not let her know I was a cop.

"The doc was pretty slick about it. I got a taxi guy to bump me, not very much, and the doc bandaged me up to look worse hurt than I was and he fixed up the hospital record. I seen right away the nurse had some trouble on her mind. I talked about murders and I had 'em bring in a radio and I listened to the races, but she pretended not to be interested in them things. I had to be careful because if I said too much she would guess that I wasn't no regular patient. She's a dumb kid, but any woman is smart if she is covering up somebody she loves, and I come to the conclusion she was doing just that, and who she was covering up might be the jockey.

"Well, to prove that I had to make her talk. How to do that? It come to me that she'd talk if she thought there wasn't no longer any need of protecting him, so after a while I figured a way of making her think that."

"I understand," I said. "The radio. How was that worked?"

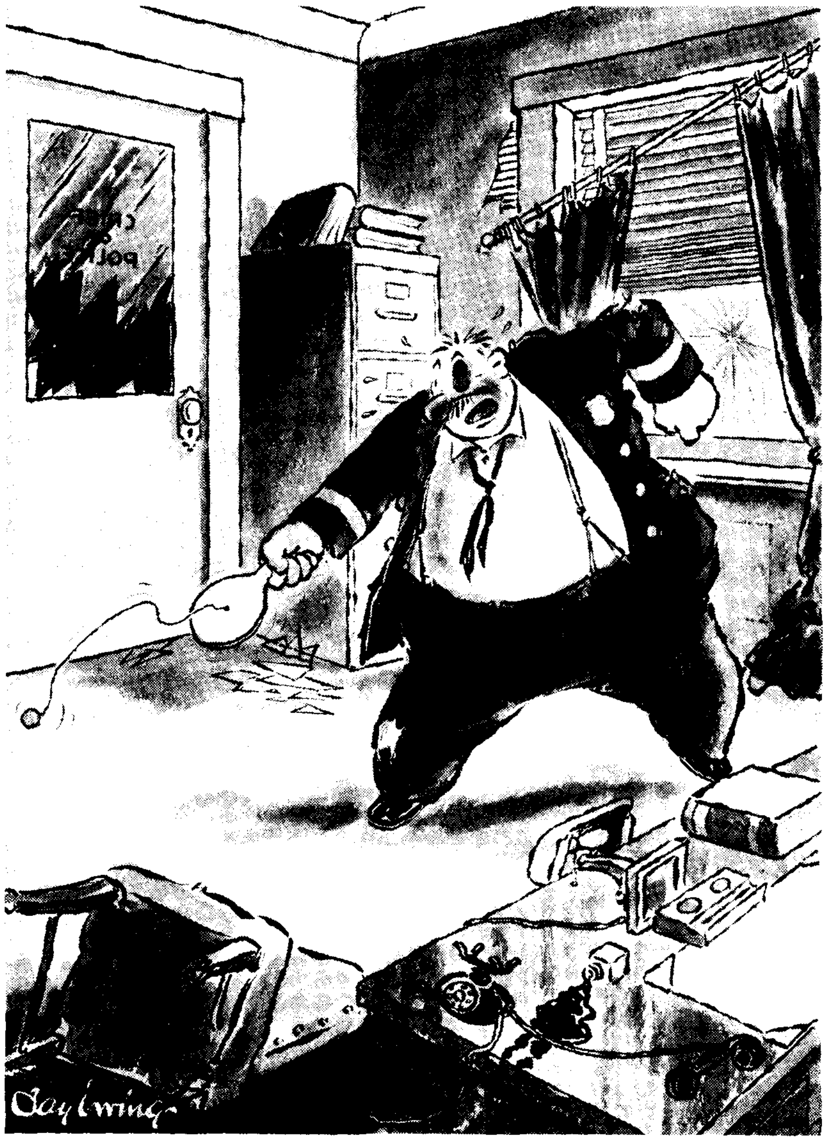
"Why, it was simple. Any radio guy can arrange it. There was another radio and a microphone in the room above mine connected up with my radio and a cop was in charge of 'em. When my radio was turned on but wasn't set on any station and the radio upstairs was on a station, the program come through my radio from the other one. The cop could shut his radio off and speak through the mike into my radio when he had a mind to.

"I told the doc we wanted to fix it up like that, and a radio guy from the department come over and arranged the connection when the nurse was off duty. When we got ready for the test, the cop upstairs shut his radio off and announced through the mike that Broom had been killed.

"You seen how it worked on the nurse; she passed out. When she come to, two plain-clothes cops was with her and questioned her, and she told 'em the whole story, thinking there was no use hiding it any more because Broom had been killed. I kind of hated to work that game on the girl while she was taking care of me, but she was protecting a killer and a homicide cop has got to catch 'em."

"You'll get a lot of credit out of this, O'Malley."

"I'd ought to get a little. Even them high-ranking cops, if they convict somebody, would rather they got the right guy."



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BEFORE YOU GO TO BED

—take Bromo-Seltzer. While you sleep, this gentle remedy counteracts the CAUSES of morning-after headache.

AFTER YOU WAKE UP

—another Bromo-Seltzer. It relieves the effects of fatigue from late hours. Leaves you *refreshed*—more *alert!*

● When you have morning-after, you want to stop it *fast*. Bromo-Seltzer does this—*faster*, doctors found, than any other remedy they tested.

But here's a way to help *avoid* next-morning misery! At bedtime, take Bromo-Seltzer.

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Alkalizes, too!

It builds up your *alkaline* reserve—to protect against excess acidity caused by overindulgence.

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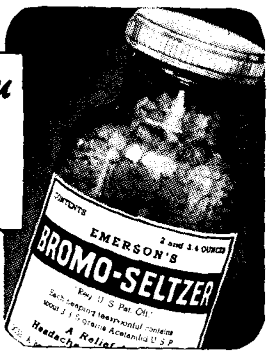
Makes you feel fit FASTER!



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281 strokes for 72 holes made Ralph Guldahl National Open Champion and record-holder of the lowest score ever made in the National Open Championship.

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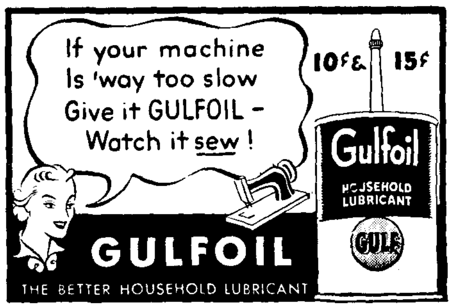
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NYAL SERVICE DRUG STORE

WORTH LOOKING FOR

All Horse Players Die Broke

Continued from page 11

much time, but Unser Fritz says to me *like this:*

"Emma is returning to me," he says.

"Emma who?" I say.

"Why," Unser Fritz says, "my Emma. The one I tell you about not long ago. She must hear I am in the money again, and she is returning just as I always say she will."

"How do you know?" I say. "Do you hear from her, or what?"

"No," Unser Fritz says, "I do not hear from her direct, but Mrs. Crob knows some female relative of Emma's that lives at Ballston Spa a few miles from here, and this relative is in Saratoga this morning to do some shopping, and she tells Mrs. Crob and Mrs. Crob tells me. Emma will be here tonight. I will have these emeralds waiting for her."

Well, what I always say is that every guy knows his own business best, and if Unser Fritz wishes to toss his dough off on jewelry, it is none of my put-in, so all I remark is that I have no doubt Emma will be very much surprised, indeed.

"No," Unser Fritz says. "She will be expecting them. She always expects emeralds when she returns to me. I love her," he says. "You have no idea how I love her. But let us hasten to the course," he says. "Cara Mia is a right good thing in the third, and I will make just one bet today to win the thousand I need to buy these emeralds."

"But, Fritz," I say, "you will have nothing left for operating expenses after you invest in the emeralds."

"I am not worrying about operating expenses now," Unser Fritz says. "The way my figures are standing up, I can run a spool of thread into a pair of pants in no time. But I can scarcely wait to see the expression on Emma's face when she sees her emeralds. I will have to make a fast trip into town after the third to get my dough out of the box in the jug and pick them up," he says. "Who knows but what this other party that is interested in the emeralds may make her mind up before five o'clock and pop in there and nail them?"

Well, after we get to the race track, all Unser Fritz does is stand around waiting for the third race. He has his figures on the first two races, and ordinarily he will be betting himself a gob on them, but he says he does not wish to take the slightest chance on cutting down his capital at this time, and winding up short of enough dough to buy the emeralds.

IT TURNS out that both of the horses Unser Fritz's figures make on top in the first and second races bow down, and Unser Fritz will have his thousand if he only bets a couple of hundred on either of them, but Unser Fritz says he is not sorry he does not bet. He says the finishes in both races are very close, and prove that there is an element of risk in these races. And Unser Fritz says he cannot afford to tamper with the element of risk at this time.

He states that there is no element of risk whatever in the third race, and what he states is very true, as everybody realizes that this mare Cara Mia is a stick-out. In fact, she is such a stick-out that it scarcely figures to be a contest. There are three other horses in the race, but it is the opinion of one and all that if the owners of these horses have any sense they will leave them in the barn and save them a lot of unnecessary lather.

The opening price offered by the bookmakers on Cara Mia is 2 to 5, which means that if you wish to wager on Cara Mia to win you will have to put up five dollars to a bookmaker's two dollars, and everybody agrees that this is a reasonable thing to do in this case unless you wish to rob the poor bookmaker.

In fact, this is considered so reasonable that everybody starts running at the bookmakers all at once, and the bookmakers can see if this keeps up they may get knocked off their stools in the betting ring and maybe seriously injured, so they make Cara Mia 1 to 6, and out, as quickly as possible to halt the rush and give them a chance to breathe.

This 1 to 6 means that if you wish to wager on Cara Mia to win, you must wager six of your own dollars to one of the bookmaker's dollars, and means that the bookies are not offering any prices whatsoever on Cara Mia running second, or third. You can get almost any price you can think of right quick against any of the other horses winning the race, and place and show prices, too, but asking the bookmakers to lay against Cara Mia running second or third will be something like asking them to bet that Mr. Roosevelt is not President of the United States.

WELL, I am expecting Unser Fritz to step in and partake of the 2 to 5 on Cara Mia for all the dough he has on his person the moment it is offered, because he is very high indeed on this mare, and in fact I never see anybody any higher on any horse, and it is a price Unser Fritz will not back off from when he is high on anything.

Moreover, I am pleased to think he will make such a wager, because it will give him plenty over and above the price of the emeralds, and as long as he is bound to purchase the emeralds, I wish to see him have a little surplus, because when anybody has a surplus there is always a chance for me. It is when everybody runs out of surpluses that I am handicapped no little. But instead of stepping in and partaking, Unser Fritz keeps hesitating until the opening price gets away from him, and finally he says to me like this:

"Of course," he says, "my figures show Cara Mia cannot possibly lose this race, but," he says, "to guard against any possibility whatever of her losing, I will make an absolute cinch of it. I will bet her third."

"Why, Fritz," I say, "I do not think there is anybody in this world outside of an insane asylum who will give you a price on the peek. Furthermore," I say, "I am greatly surprised at this sign of weakening on your part on your figures."

"Well," Unser Fritz says, "I cannot afford to take a chance on not having the emeralds for Emma when she arrives. Let us go through the betting ring, and see what we can see," he says.

So we walk through the betting ring, and by this time it seems that many of the books are so loaded with wagers on Cara Mia to win that they will not accept any more under any circumstances, and I figure that Unser Fritz blows the biggest opportunity of his life in not grabbing the opening. The bookmakers who are loaded are now looking even sadder than somewhat, and this makes them a pitiful spectacle, indeed.

Well, one of the saddest-looking is a character by the name of Slow McCool, but he is a character who will usually give you a gamble and he is still taking Cara Mia at 1 to 6, and Unser Fritz walks up to him and whispers in his ear, and what he whispers is he wishes to know if Slow McCool cares to lay him a price on Cara Mia third. But all that happens is that Slow McCool stops looking sad a minute and looks slightly perplexed, and then he shakes his head and goes on looking sad again.

Now Unser Fritz steps up to another sad-looking bookmaker by the name of Pete Phozzler and whispers in his ear, and Pete also shakes his head and after we leave him I look back and see that Pete is standing up on his stool watching Unser Fritz, and still shaking his head.

Well, Unser Fritz approaches maybe a dozen other sad-looking bookmakers, and whispers to them, and all he gets is the old head shake, but none of them seem to become angry with Unser Fritz, and I always say that this proves that bookmakers are better than some people think, because, personally, I claim they have a right to get angry with Unser Fritz for insulting their intelligence, and trying to defraud them, too, by asking a price on Cara Mia third.

Finally we come to a character by the name of Willie the Worrier, who is called by this name because he is always worrying about something, and what he is generally worrying about is a short bank roll, or his ever-loving wife, and sometimes both, though mostly it is his wife. Personally, I always figure she is something to worry about, at that, though I do not consider details necessary.

She is a redheaded Judy about half as old as Willie the Worrier, and this alone is enough to start any guy worrying, and what is more she is easily vexed, especially by Willie. In fact, I remember Solly telling me that she is vexed with Willie no longer ago than about 11 A.M. this very day, and gives him a public reprimanding about something or other in the telegraph office downtown when Solly happens to be in there hoping maybe he will receive an answer from a mark in Pittsfield, Mass., that he sends a tip on a horse.

Solly says the last he hears Willie the Worrier's wife say is that she will leave him for good this time, but I just see her over on the clubhouse lawn wearing some right classy-looking garments, so I judge she does not leave him as yet, as the clubhouse lawn is not a place to be waiting for a train.

Well, when Unser Fritz sees that he is in front of Willie's stand, he starts to move on, and I nudge him and motion at Willie, and ask him if he does not notice that Willie is another bookmaker, and Unser Fritz says he notices him all right, but that he does not care to offer him any business, because Willie insults him ten years ago. He says Willie calls him a dirty old Dutch bum, and while I am thinking what a wonderful memory Unser Fritz has to remember insults from bookmakers for ten years, Willie the Worrier, sitting there on his stool looking out over the crowd, spots Unser Fritz and yells at him as follows:

"Hello, Dirty Dutch," he says. "How is the soap market? What are you looking for around here, Dirty Dutch? Santa Claus?"

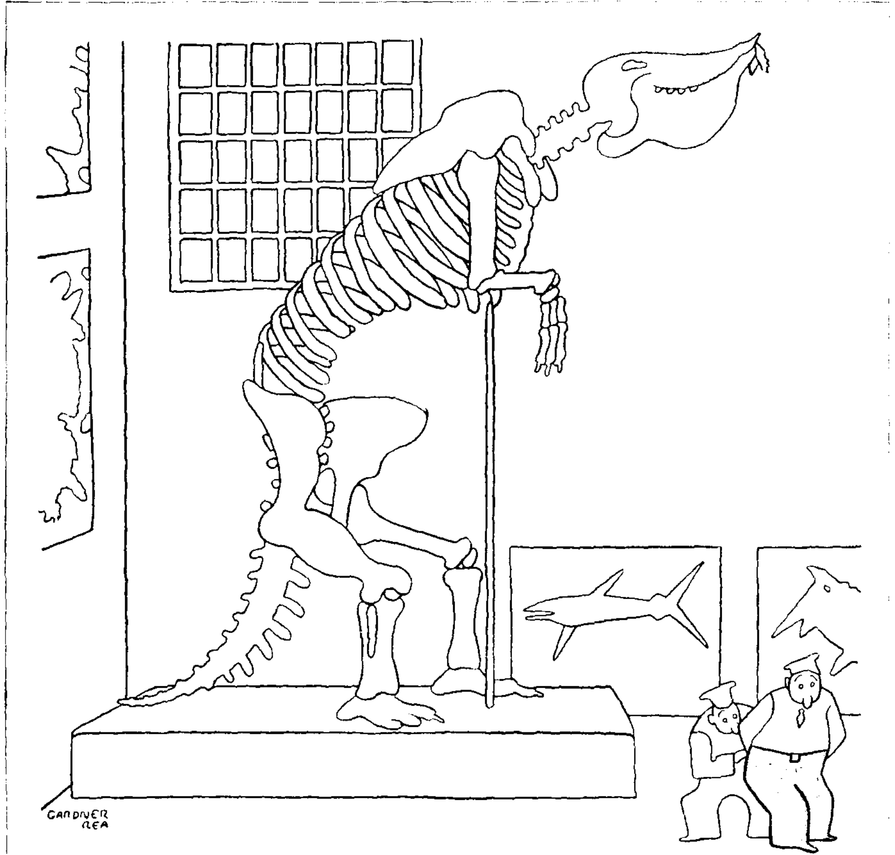
Well, at this, Unser Fritz pushes his way through the crowd around Willie the Worrier's stand, and gets close to Willie, and says:

"Yes," he says, "I am looking for Santa Claus. I am looking for a show price on Number Two horse, but," he says, "I do not expect to get it from the shoemakers who are booking nowadays."

NOW the chances are Willie the Worrier figures Unser Fritz is just trying to get sarcastic with him for the benefit of the crowd around his stand in asking for such a thing as a price on Cara Mia third, and in fact the idea of anybody asking a price third on a horse that some bookmakers will not accept any more wagers on first, or even second, is so humorous that many characters laugh right out loud.

"All right," Willie the Worrier says. "No one can ever say he comes to my store looking for a market on anything and is turned down. I will quote you a show price, Dirty Dutch," he says. "You can have 1 to 100."

This means that Willie the Worrier is asking Unser Fritz for one hundred dollars to the book's one dollar, if Unser Fritz wishes to bet on Cara Mia dropping in there no worse than third, and of course Willie has no idea Unser Fritz or anybody else will ever take such a price, and the chances are if Willie is not sizzling a little at Unser Fritz, he will



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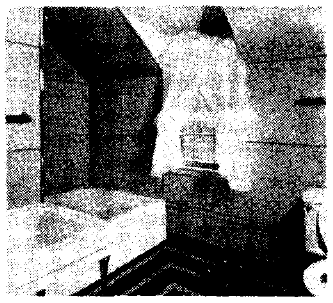

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not offer such a price, because it sounds foolish.

Furthermore, the chances are if Unser Fritz offers Willie a comparatively small bet at this price, such as may enable him to chisel just a couple of hundred out of Willie's book, Willie will find some excuse to wiggle off, but Unser Fritz leans over and says in a low voice to Willie the Worrier:

"A hundred thousand."

Willie nods his head and turns to a clerk alongside him, and his voice is as low as Unser Fritz' as he says to the clerk:

"A thousand to a hundred thousand, *Cara Mia* third."

The clerk's eyes pop open and so does his mouth, but he does not say a word. He just writes something on a pad of paper in his hand, and Unser Fritz offers Willie the Worrier a package of thousand-dollar bills, and says:

"Here is twenty," he says. "The rest is in the jug."

"All right, Dutch," Willie says. "I know you have it, although," he says, "this is the first crack you give me at it. You are on, Dutch," he says. "P. S.," Willie says, "the Dirty does not go any more."

Well, you understand Unser Fritz is betting one hundred thousand dollars against *a thousand dollars* that Cara Mia will run in the money, and personally I consider this wager a very sound business proposition, indeed, and so does everybody else, for all it amounts to is finding a thousand dollars in the street.

There is really nothing that can make Cara Mia run out of the money, the way I look at it, except what happens to her, and what happens is she steps in a hole fifty yards from the finish when she is on top by ten, and breezing, and down she goes all spread out, and of course the other three horses run on past her to the wire, and all this is quite a disaster to many members of the public, including Unser Fritz.

I am standing with him on the rise of the grandstand lawn watching the race, and it is plain to be seen that he is slightly surprised at what happens, and personally, I am practically dumfounded because, to tell the truth, I take a nibble at the opening price of 2 to 5 on Cara Mia with a total of thirty slugs, which represents all my capital, and I am thinking what a great injustice it is for them to leave holes in the track for horses to step in, when Unser Fritz says like this:

"Well," he says, "it is horse racing."

AND this is all he ever says about the matter, and then he walks down to Willie the Worrier, and tells Willie if he will send a clerk with him, he will go to the jug and get the balance of the money that is now due Willie.

"Dutch," Willie says, "it will be a pleasure to accompany you to the jug in person."

As Willie is getting down off his stool, somebody in the crowd who hears of the wager gazes at Unser Fritz, and remarks that he is really a game guy, and Willie says:

"Yes," he says, "he is a game guy at that. But," he says, "what about me?"

And he takes Unser Fritz by the arm, and they walk away together, and anybody can see that Unser Fritz picks up anyway twenty years or more, and a slight stringhalt, in the last few minutes.

Then it comes on night again in Saratoga, and I am standing out under the elms in front of the Grand Union, thinking that this world is by no means as beautiful as formerly, when I notice a big, fat old Judy with snow-white hair and spectacles standing near me, looking up and down the street. She will weigh a good two hundred pounds, and much of it is around her ankles, but she has a pleasant face, at that, and when she observes me looking at her, she comes over to me, and says:

"I am trying to fix the location of a restaurant where I work many years ago," she says. "It is a place called Shovelin's. The last thing my husband tells me is to see if the old building is still here, but," she says, "it is so long since I am in Saratoga I cannot get my bearings."

"Ma'am," I say, "is your name Emma by any chance, and do they ever call you Emerald Em?"

WELL, at this the old Judy laughs, and says:

"Why, yes," she says. "That is what they call me when I am young and foolish. But how do you know?" she says. "I do not remember ever seeing you before in my life."

"Well," I say, "I know a party who once knows you. A party by the name of Unser Fritz."

"Unser Fritz?" she says. "Unser Fritz? Oh," she says, "I wonder if you mean a crazy Dutchman I run around with many years ago? My gracious," she says, "I just barely remember him. He is a great hand for giving me little presents, such as emeralds. When I am young, I think emeralds are right pretty, but," she says, "otherwise I cannot stand him."

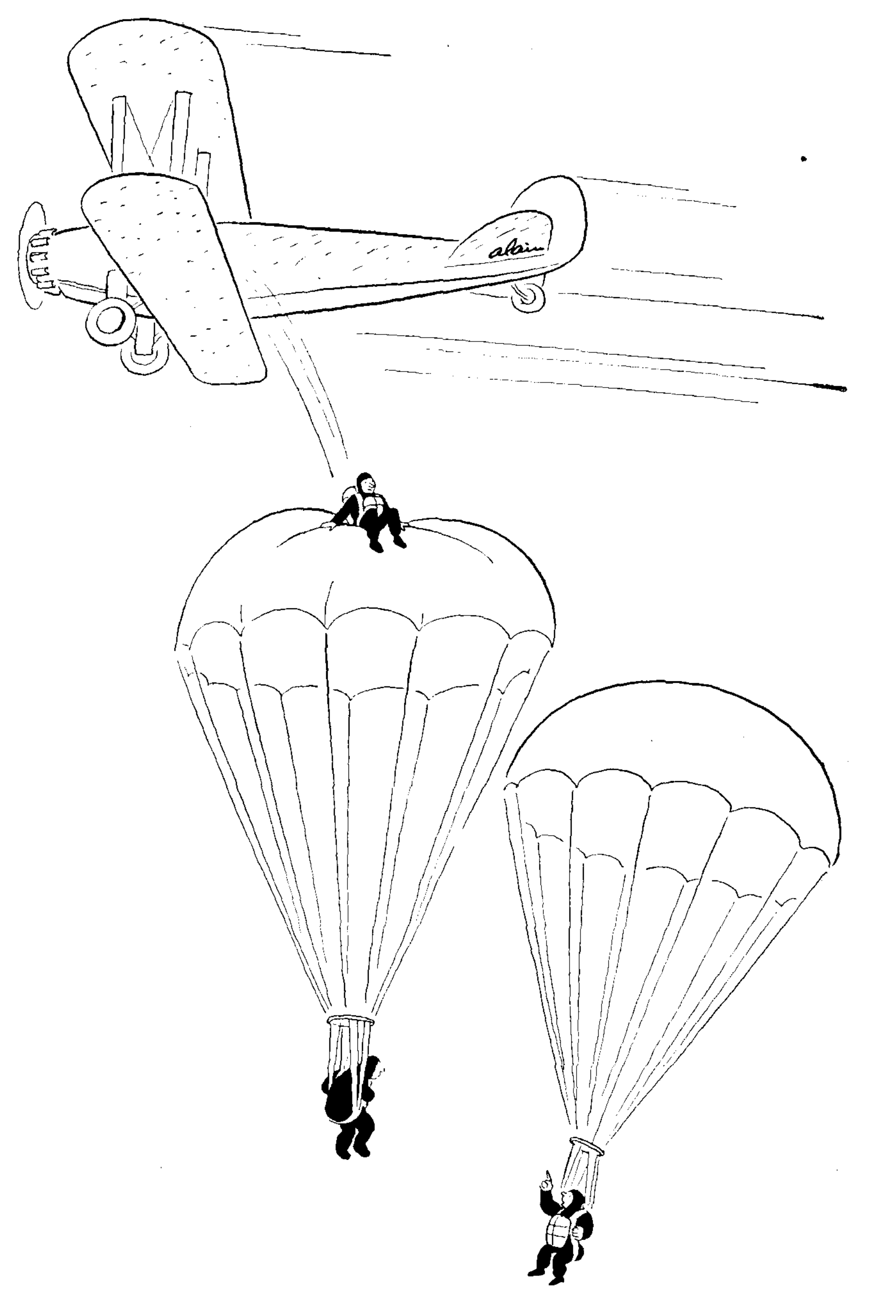
"Then you do not come here to see him?" I say.

"Are you crazy, too?" she says. "I am on my way to Ballston Spa to see my grandchildren. I live in Macon, Georgia. If ever you are in Macon, Georgia, drop in at Shovelin's restaurant and get some real Southern fried chicken. I am Mrs. Joe Shovelin," she says. "By the way," she says, "I remember more about that crazy Dutchman. He is a horse player. I always figure he must die long ago and that the chances are he dies broke, too. I remember I hear people say all horse players die broke."

"Yes," I say, "he dies all right, and he dies as you suggest, too," for it is only an hour before that they find old Unser Fritz in a vacant lot over near the railroad station with the Betsy he gets off Joe Palladino in his hand and a bullet hole smack-dab through his pimple.

Nobody blames him much for taking this out, and in fact I am standing there thinking long after Emerald Em goes on about her business that it will be a good idea if I follow his example, only I cannot think where I can find another Betsy, when Solly comes along and stands there with me. I ask Solly if he knows anything new.

"No," Solly says, "I do not know anything new, except," he says, "I hear Willie the Worrier and his ever-loving make up again, and she is not going to leave him after all. I hear Willie takes home a squarer in the shape of a batch of emeralds and diamonds that she orders sent up here when Willie is not looking, and that they are fighting about all day. Well," Solly says, "maybe this is love."



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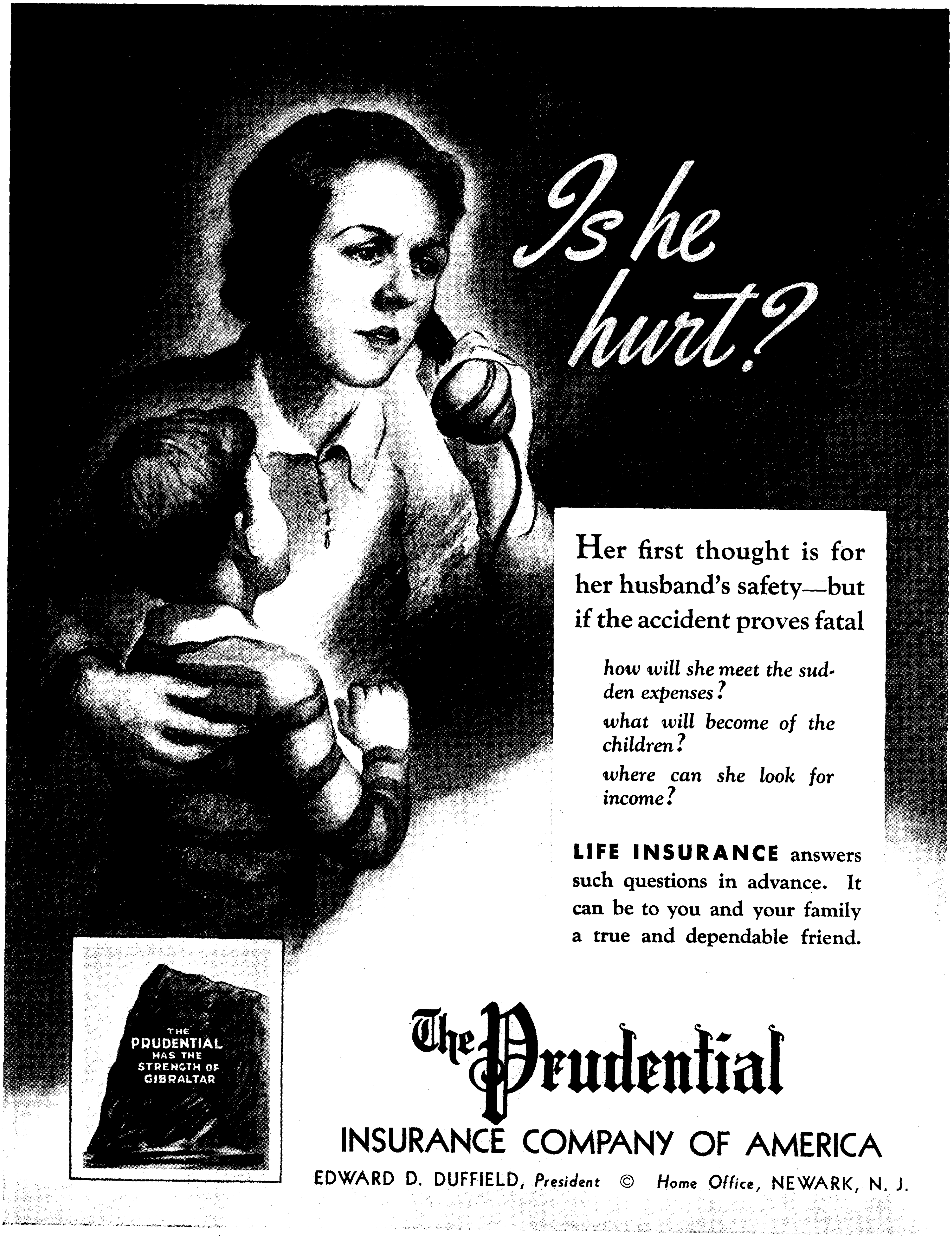

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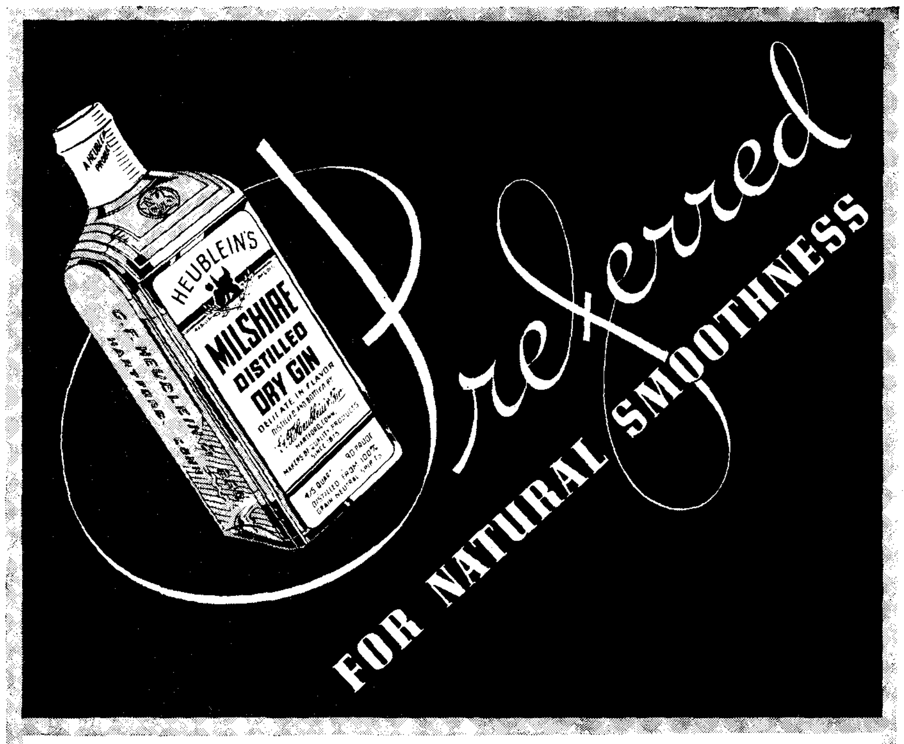

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Don't Call Me Pretty

Continued from page 16

She is also one who engages in sports. Yet she walks as though she carried lead in her heels and a heavy truck on her back. The bosom sunken, the head forward, the feet dragging. I don't care how homely a woman is—if she walks into a room as though she had pride in herself, no one will notice if she is the ugliest thing in the world."

A certain famous young woman who shall be nameless is a pertinent example. She is too tall, too thin, and she has a face, says Nicole, like a pocketbook. The long thin nose reaches down over a sad mouth almost to the long thin chin. No wonder the poor girl droops as she walks, with her chest shrunk between her shoulders. If she would stand up *straight and take a few good deep* breaths, Nicole would feel much better. And so would the girl. Incidentally, when she wears a hat with brim and trimming pointing hopefully upward, and a veil to soften the sharp outlines of her face, her thinness becomes delicacy and she has an almost ethereal look.

Lining Up Your Hat

If you have the right hat on, your battle with the mirror is already half won. That woman with a nose like a tomato (don't blame me—the phrase is Nicole's) loses all resemblance to the vegetable garden when she puts on a hat that goes up recklessly above one ear and down over the opposite eye and most of the unfortunate nose. The lady with a mouth like a monkey steps out quite happily in a gay hat with a large bow—the hat itself, being charming, draws attention away from the lower part of the face and focuses it on the eyes.

That gives you a rough idea of what the experts mean when they insist that buying a hat is not and never should be a hit-and-miss affair. There are a few principles of line and angle, and if you look at yourself in one type of hat after another you'll know exactly what they are.

You'll see that a hat should be just big enough to balance the face and figure (and it's important to remember that there's a good deal of you below the neck which must be considered, too). A definitely small woman is top-heavy in a big hat, and if she is plump as well her hat is better with upward lines. A large woman needs a large hat. If her features are large she should wear a downward brim, and if her nose is prominent the brim should dip at an angle.

Color is as important as line. A great many otherwise sensible women, as they acquire years and poundage, develop a yearning for pink and baby blue, and a hope that these make them look young. Actually pastel colors add decades to their age, to say nothing of their avoirdupois. Colors with character and definiteness do them much more good. They may not look sixteen, but one wonders why they should want to if they could. If they'll look their age, but look it well, they can be pretty impressive.

On the other hand, a woman whose features grow more severely accented with the years can do with a little femininity in her clothes. By softening the edges she converts harshness into interesting definiteness.

Pastels are for young girls, and black is for everybody, according to the Parisienne, but especially for blondes. Madame Nicole, who is brunette, wears black for work, red for sports, and white for evening. Anybody can wear white, she insists, even large women. The crux is in the line of the dress. A large woman should wear a bias front and a straight back, and avoid draping below the waist. If she is large above the waist, draping there will help. Big sleeves are the answer when shoulders are narrow and hips are not. A thin girl can drape herself like a Greek statue and look as well-proportioned as one.

The more we go into this matter of ugly women, the more positive we become that there aren't any. There are only, it appears, women who haven't taken enough trouble with their hair, their clothes, their make-up. A celebrated literary lady who had lived twenty of her forty years with the conviction that she was hopelessly plain recently startled the world—or her corner of it—by turning into a fascinating woman. It wasn't easy, but this is how it was done:

She started out by being pretty tall, with a long nose and chin, prominent cheekbones, a sallow skin. She wore her dark hair long and drawn straight back.

First, her hair was cut short and parted in the center to give breadth and softness to her thin face. It was combed back into a poetic, shepherd boy's bob *with soft waves behind the ears to fill* out the thin neck. A red powder was used on her face, giving a glow to her skin and brightness to her eyes. Her eyelids were made lighter than her face—the reverse of eye shadow—to add still more gentleness and youth. She wore no rouge, but reddened her lips lusciously and shaped them to a square mouth, because Mother Nature, when she skimped on everything else, gave her a set of magnificent healthy white teeth that rated having attention called to them. The result was a young, healthy, glowing face with a touch of worldliness appropriate to her years and her position as a literary light.

The man who wrought this miracle—and he doesn't call it a miracle although he's pretty proud of the effect—is Monsieur Dumas, a Russian who plies his profession of changing women's faces in New York. *Dumas is very sorry for* pretty women. They have to give up the idea of being pretty for good and all if they ever want to get a second glance—from him, at any rate. We like to look at a pretty woman, says he, but we have no confidence in her. And he names you a string of the great ladies of the world, past and present, and shows you that they were far from beautiful.

Faces Without Camouflage

The woman with accentuated features, as he gallantly calls our less than perfect lineaments, merely needs a touch of artifice. The planes and emphases of a face are things to be worked with, not camouflaged by desperate hair arrangements and make-up.

The first thing a girl should do is take stock of her good points. If she *has fine, expressive eyes* or a generous mouth she has enough to make her something very special. If the eyes have it, do everything to give them a break. Draw the hair away from the temples and forehead, use a carefully chosen eye shadow, carefully applied if you are brunette (blondes with eye shadow look made-up, and that's Crime Number One in this lexicon).

Never be ashamed of a large mouth, says Dumas. The mouth that is too small or thin-lipped is the really unfortunate feature. It has to be emphasized with a generous application of lipstick. And in this connection, the experience of actresses and models whose mouths are of scanty proportions is helpful. They apply their lipstick with a fine paintbrush, literally painting a mouth on, and then blot it with a cloth or tissue to avert the painted look. If you still persist in thinking your mouth is too large, use a light lipstick of thin consistency, and use it sparingly. It's important to follow the natural line and to color the insides of the lips as well.

In the matter of eyebrows there is a difference of opinion. Some of the most photographed models are leaving theirs as nature made them, and one whose picture you've undoubtedly seen has a pair nearly half an inch thick above her very effective eyes. Dumas, however, insists that art has rights over eyebrows, too, that in fact it is mandatory to do something about them if the eyes are not of the large and lustrous variety. In that case the brows must be raised and drawn straight to the temple.

Choose a shade of powder which will heighten the natural tint of your skin. As for rouge, it's dangerous stuff, to be approached with caution. Girls with broad faces often have a fondness for it, which is too bad because it broadens their faces still more. Thin faces, on the other hand, can use rouge if it is cannily applied.

In his business of transforming women's looks, Dumas is constantly in conflict with the absentee influence of husbands. A woman regarding her new face in the mirror with ecstatic appreciation suddenly draws down her mouth and wails, "What will my husband say?" This is the expert's cue to mount his make-up box and, flourishing a pair of shears, deliver his famous declaration of women's independence.

The husband, he says, is a creature of habit. Through all the carewom business day he looks forward to coming home. In his mind's eye his wife is there looking a certain way, the way to which he is accustomed. If he comes home one night and finds her hair bobbed, or a different permanent, or her eyebrows plucked, he goes insane. But this is no cause for alarm. She need only be patient for a few days while he convalesces from the shock and the old image is replaced by the new.

It's Your Own Fault

But women have themselves to blame if husbands persist in being difficult. The woman with the new gown or the novel coiffure turns to her husband and says doubtfully, "Dear, do you like it?" How, asks Dumas, should he know whether he likes it? He is a specialist in bonds, not beauty. Thus uncertainly approached, of course he says no. But if the woman says, "Look, dear, how beautiful I am! I feel ten years younger! Isn't it marvelous?" her case is ninety per cent won. The speaker on a campaign platform doesn't ask the audience how they like the government. He tells them. Let women learn this simple rule of campaign psychology and the problem of husbands versus beauty will be solved.

But women are weak kittens, with no minds of their own, says this gentleman. Which seems to put the matter up to us.

Appointment with Death

Continued from page 17

energetically. "It is, I think, a moot question. Should one, if one sees a wrong being done, attempt to put it right? One's interference may do good—but it may also do incalculable harm! It is impossible to lay down any ruling on the subject. Some people have a genius for interference—they do it well! Some people do it clumsily and had, therefore, better leave it alone!

"Then there is, too, the question of *age*. Young people have the courage of their ideals and convictions—their values are more theoretical than practical. They have not experienced, as yet, fact that contradicts theory! If you have a belief in yourself and in the rightness of what you are doing, you can often accomplish things that are well worth while! (Incidentally you often do a good deal of harm!) On the other hand, the middle-aged person has experience—he has found that harm, as well as and perhaps more often than good, comes of trying to interfere and so—very wisely, he refrains! So the result is even: the earnest young do both harm and good, the prudent middle-aged do neither!"

"ALL that isn't very helpful," objected Sarah.

"Can one person ever be helpful to another? It is *your* problem, not mine."

"You mean *you* are not going to do anything about the Boyntons?"

"No. For me, there would be no chance of success."

"Then there isn't for me either?"

"For you, there might be."

"Why?"

"Because you have special qualifications. The appeal of your youth and sex."

"Sex? Oh, I see."

"One comes always back to sex, does one not? You have failed with the girl. It does not follow that you would fail with her brother. What you have just told me (what the girl Carol told you) shows very clearly the one menace to Mrs. Boynton's autocracy. The eldest son, Lennox, defied her in the force of his young manhood. He played truant from home, went to local dances. The desire of a man for a mate was stronger than the hypnotic spell. But the old woman was quite aware of the power of sex. She had already seen something of it in her career. She dealt with it very cleverly—brought a pretty but penniless girl into the house, encouraged the marriage. And so acquired yet another slave."

Sarah shook her head.

"I don't think young Mrs. Boynton is a slave."

Gerard agreed.

"No, perhaps not. I think that because she was a quiet, docile young girl, old Mrs. Boynton underestimated her force of will and character. Nadine Boynton was too young and inexperienced at the time to appreciate the true position. She appreciates it now, but it is too late."

"Do you think she has given up hope?"

Dr. Gerard shook his head doubtfully.

"If she has plans no one would know about them. There are, you know, certain possibilities where Cope is concerned. Man is a naturally jealous animal, and jealousy is a strong force. Lennox Boynton might still be roused from the inertia in which he is sinking."

"And you think"—Sarah's tone was very businesslike and professional—"that there's a chance I might be able to do something about Raymond?"

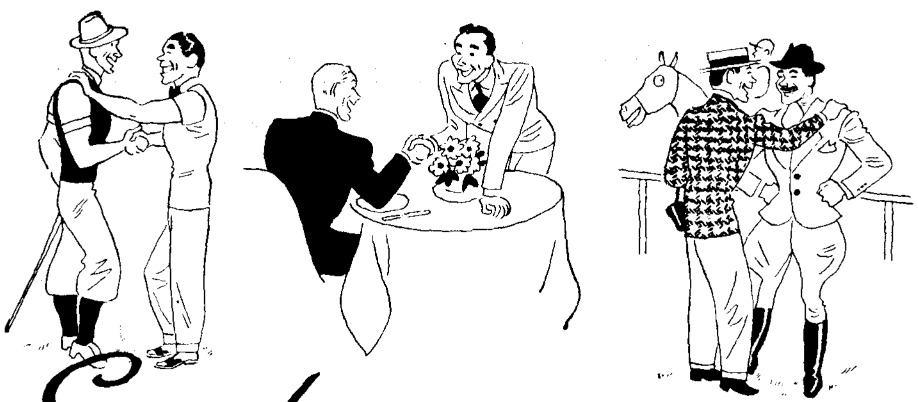
"I do."

Sarah sighed.

"I suppose I might have tried. Oh, well, it's too late now anyway. And—I don't like the idea."

Gerard looked amused.

"That is because you are English!



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The English have a complex about sex. They think it is 'not quite nice.' "

Sarah's indignant response failed to move him.

"Yes, yes, I know you are very modern—that you use freely in public the most unpleasant words you can find in the dictionary—that you are professional and entirely uninhibited! All the same, I repeat, you have the same racial characteristics as your mother and your grandmother. You are *still* the blushing English miss although you do not blush!"

"I never heard such rubbish!"

Dr. Gerard, a twinkle in his eyes, and quite unperturbed, added: "And it makes you very charming."

This time Sarah was speechless.

Dr. Gerard hastily raised his hat.

"I take my leave," he said, "before you have time to begin to say all that you think."

He escaped into the hotel. Sarah followed him more slowly.

There was a good deal of activity going on. Several cars loaded with luggage were in process of departing. Lennox and Nadine Boynton and Mr. Cope were standing by a big saloon car superintending arrangements. A fat dragoman was standing talking to Carol with quite unintelligible fluency.

Sarah passed them and went into the hotel.

Mrs. Boynton was wrapped in a thick coat and sitting in a chair, waiting to depart.

Looking at her, a queer revulsion of feeling swept over Sarah.

SHE had felt that Mrs. Boynton was a sinister figure, an incarnation of evil malignancy.

Now, suddenly, she saw the old woman as a pathetic, ineffectual figure. To be born with such a lust for power, such a desire for dominion—and to achieve only a petty domestic tyranny! If only her children could see her as Sarah saw her that minute—an object of pity—a stupid, malignant, pathetic, posturing old woman.

On an impulse Sarah went up to her.

"Goodby, Mrs. Boynton," she said. "I hope you'll have a nice trip."

The old lady looked at her. Malignancy struggled with outrage in those eyes.

"You've wanted to be very rude to me," said Sarah.

(Was she crazy, she wondered, what on earth was urging her on to talk like this?)

"You've tried to prevent your son and daughter making friends with me. Don't you think, really, that that is all very silly and childish? You like to make yourself out a kind of ogre, but really, you know, you're just pathetic and rather ludicrous. If I were you I'd give up all this silly play-acting. I expect you'll hate me for saying this, but I mean it—and some of it may stick. You know you could have a lot of fun still. It's really much better to be—friendly—and kind. You could be if you tried."

There was a pause.

Mrs. Boynton had frozen into a deadly immobility. At last she passed her tongue over her dry lips, her mouth opened. . . . Still, for a moment, no words came.

"Go on," said Sarah encouragingly. "Say it! It doesn't matter what you say to me. But think over what I've said to you."

THE words came at last—in a soft, husky but penetrating voice. Mrs. Boynton's basilisk eyes looked, not at Sarah, but oddly over her shoulder. She seemed to address, not Sarah, but some familiar spirit.

"*I never forget,*" she said. "*Remember that. I've never forgotten anything—not an action, not a name, not a face. . . .*"

There was nothing in the words themselves, but the venom with which they were spoken made Sarah retreat a step.

And then Mrs. Boynton laughed. It was, definitely, rather a horrible laugh.

Sarah shrugged her shoulders.

"You poor old thing," she said.

She turned away. As she went toward the lift she almost collided with Raymond Boynton. On an impulse she spoke quickly:

"Goodby. I hope you'll have a lovely time. Perhaps we'll meet again some day."

She smiled at him, a warm, friendly smile, and passed quickly on.

Raymond stood as though turned to stone. So lost in his own thoughts was he that a small man with big mustaches, endeavoring to pass out of the lift, had to speak several times.

"Pardon."

At last it penetrated. Raymond stepped aside.

"So sorry," he said. "I—I was thinking."

Carol came toward him.

"Ray, get Jinny, will you? She went back to her room. We're going to start."

"Right. I'll tell her she's got to come straightaway."

Raymond walked into the lift.

HERCULE POIROT stood for a moment looking after him, his eyebrows raised, his head a little on one side as though he were listening.

Then he nodded his head as though in agreement. Walking through the lounge he took a good look at Carol, who had joined her mother.

Then he beckoned the headwaiter, who was passing.

"Pardon, can you tell me the name of those people over there?"

"The name is Boynton, monsieur; they are Americans."

"Thank you," said Hercule Poirot.

On the third floor Dr. Gerard, going to his room, passed Raymond Boynton and Ginevra walking toward the waiting lift. Just as they were about to get into it, Ginevra said:

"Just a minute, Ray, wait for me in the lift."

She ran back, turned a corner, caught up with the walking man.

"Please—I must speak to you."

Dr. Gerard looked up in astonishment.

The girl came up close to him and caught his arm.

"They're taking me away! They may be going to kill me. . . . I don't really belong to them, you know. My name isn't really Boynton. . . ."

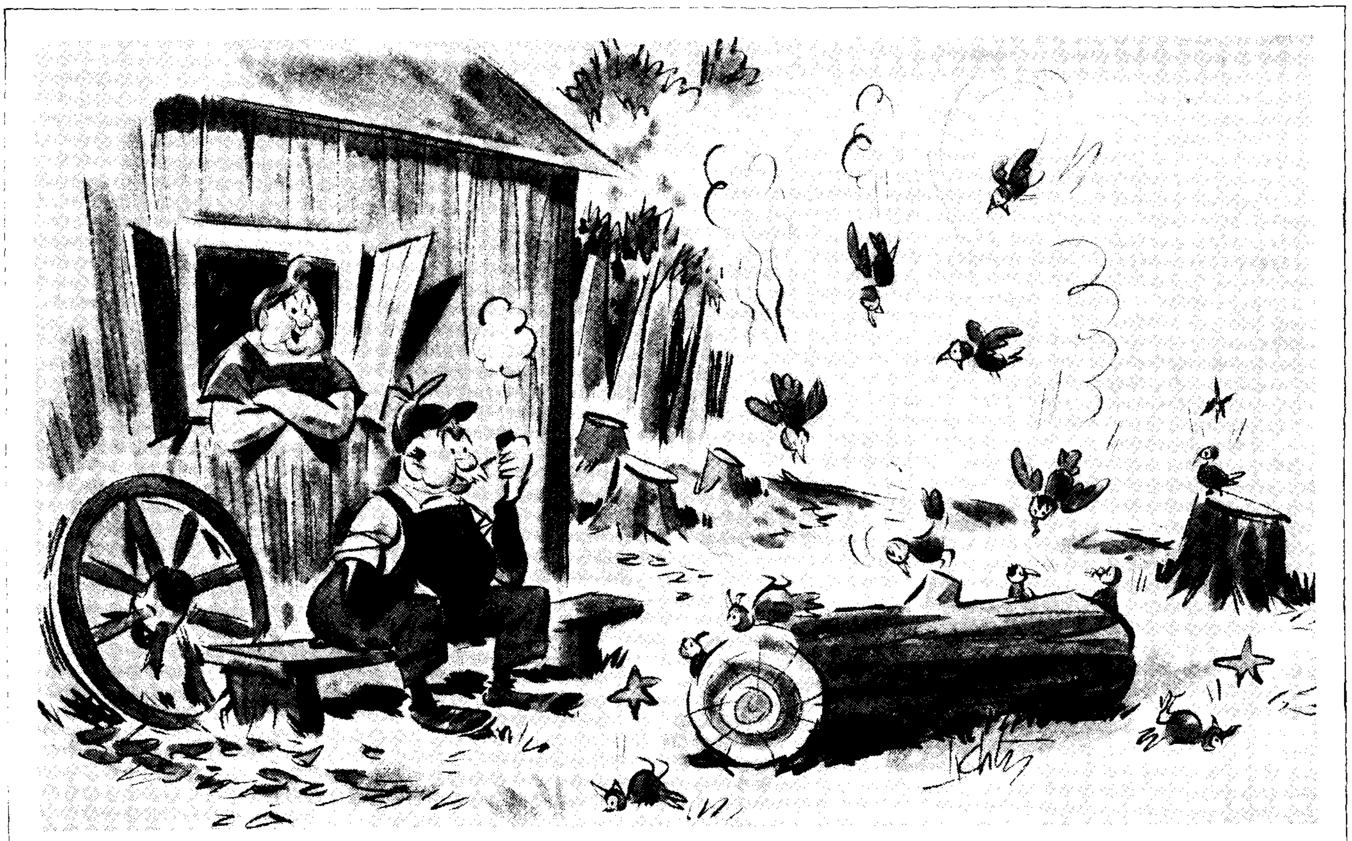
She hurried on, her words coming fast and tumbling over each other.

"I'll trust you with the secret. I'm—I'm *Royal*, really! I'm the heiress to a throne. That's why—there are enemies all round me. They try to poison me—all sorts of things. . . . If you could help me—to get away—"

She broke off. Footsteps.

"Jinny—"

Beautiful in her sudden startled gesture, the girl put a finger to her lips,



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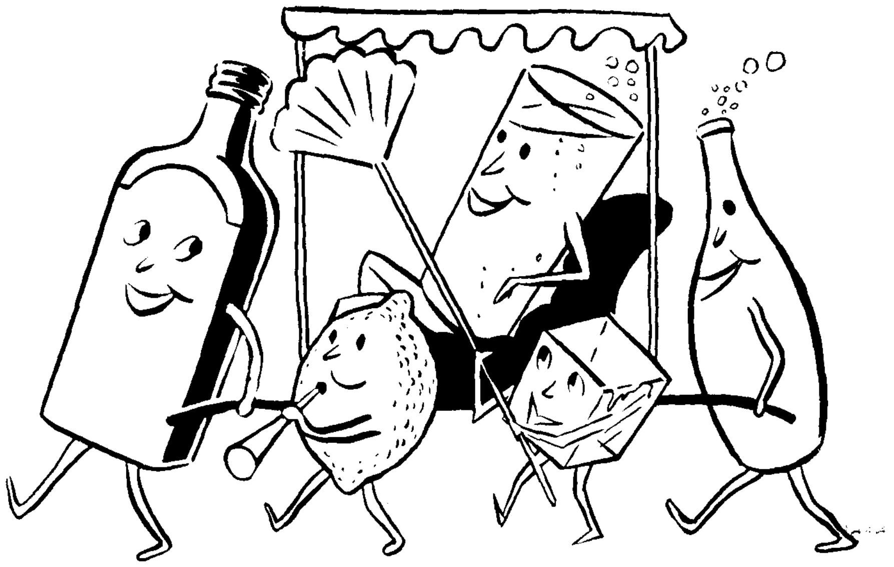

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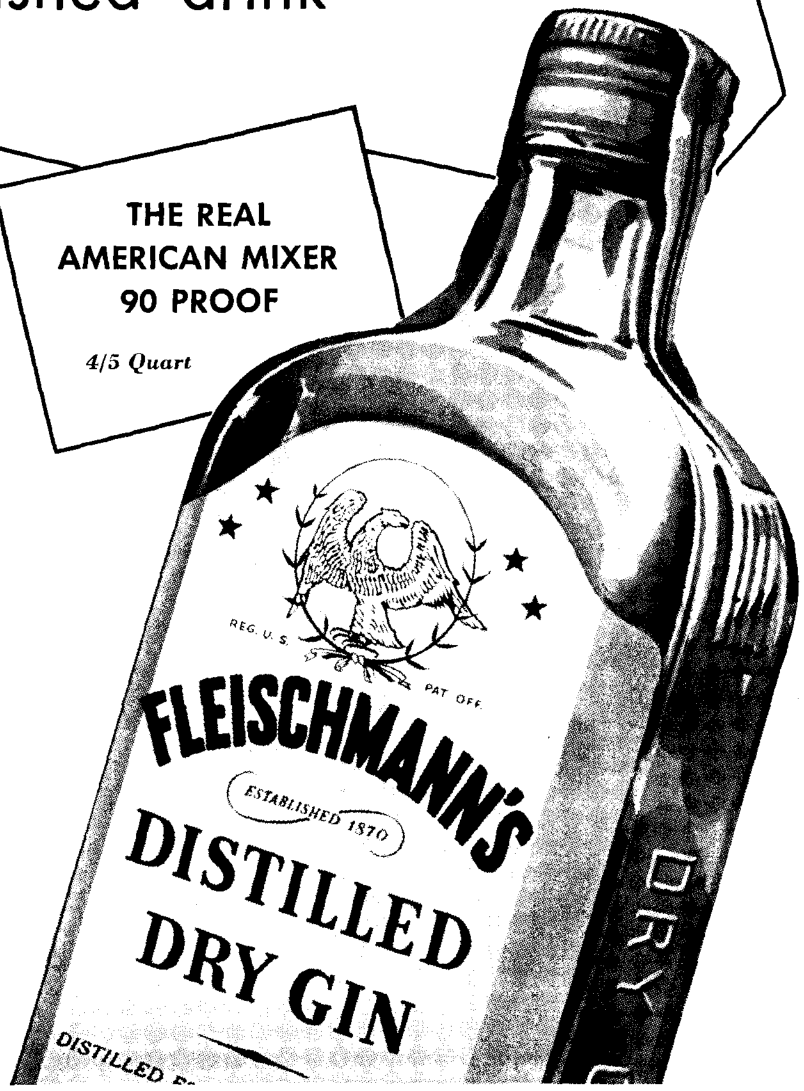

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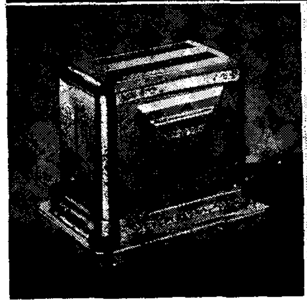

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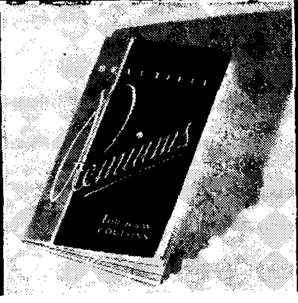

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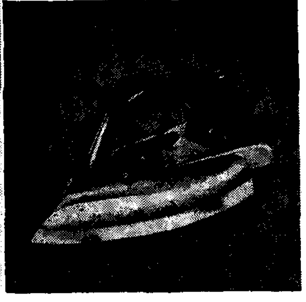

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threw Gerard an imploring glance and ran back.

"I'm coming, Ray."

Dr. Gerard walked on with his eyebrows raised. Slowly he shook his head and frowned.

IT WAS the morning of the start to Petra.

Sarah came down to find a big masterful woman with a rocking-horse nose, whom she had already noticed in the hotel, outside the main entrance objecting fiercely to the size of the car.

"A great deal too small! Four passengers? *And* a dragoman? Then, of course, we must have a much larger car. Please take that car away and return with one of an adequate size."

In vain did the representative of Messrs. Castles raise his voice in explanation. That was the size of car always provided. It was really a most comfortable car. A larger car was not so suitable for desert travel.

The large woman, metaphorically speaking, rolled over him like a large steam roller.

Then she turned her attention to Sarah.

"Miss King? I am Lady Westholme. I am sure you agree with me that that car was grossly inadequate as to size?"

"Well," said Sarah cautiously. "I agree that a larger one *would* be more comfortable."

The young man from Castles' murmured that a larger car would add to the price.

"The price," said Lady Westholme firmly, "is inclusive and I shall certainly refuse to sanction any addition to it. Your prospectus distinctly states 'in comfortable saloon car.' You will keep to the terms of your agreement."

Recognizing defeat, the young man from Castles' murmured something about seeing what he could do and wilted away from the spot.

Lady Westholme turned to Sarah, a smile of triumph on her weather-beaten countenance, her large red rocking-horse nostrils dilated exultantly.

Lady Westholme was a very well-known figure in the English political world. When Lord Westholme, a middle-aged, simple-minded peer whose only interests in life were hunting, shooting and fishing was returning from a trip to the United States, one of his fellow passengers was a Mrs. Vansittart. Shortly afterward Mrs. Vansittart became Lady Westholme. The match was often cited as one of the examples of the danger of ocean voyages. The new Lady Westholme lived entirely in tweeds and stout brogues, bred dogs, bullied the villagers and forced her husband pitilessly into public life. It being borne in upon her, however, that politics were not Lord Westholme's *métier* in life and never would be, she graciously allowed him to resume his sporting activities and herself stood for Parliament.

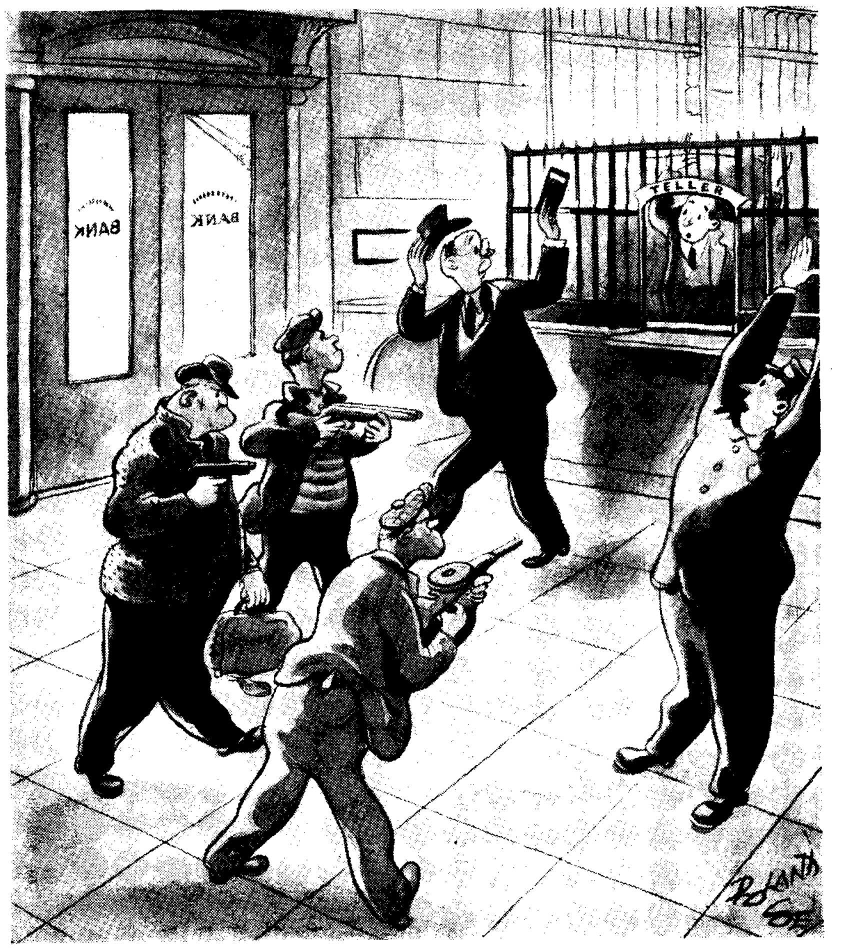
BEING elected with a substantial majority, Lady Westholme threw herself with vigor into political life, being especially active at Question time. Cartoons of her soon began to appear (always a sure sign of success). As a public figure she stood for the old-fashioned values of family life, welfare work among women, and was an ardent supporter of the League of Nations. She had decided views on questions of agriculture, housing and slum clearance. She was much respected and almost universally disliked! It was highly possible that she would be given an undersecretaryship when her party returned to power. At the moment a Liberal government (owing to a split in the National government between Labor and Conservatives) was somewhat unexpectedly in power.

Lady Westholme looked with grim satisfaction after the departing car.

"Men always think they can impose upon women," she said.

Sarah thought that it would be a brave man who thought he could impose upon Lady Westholme! She introduced Dr. Gerard, who had just come out of the hotel.

"Your name is, of course, familiar to



"It's all right. I'll MAIL my deposit!"

ROLAND COE

me," said Lady Westholme, shaking hands. "I was talking to Professor Clemenceaux the other day in Paris. I have been taking up the question of the treatment of pauper lunatics very strongly lately. Very strongly, indeed. Shall we come inside while we wait for a better car to be obtained?"

A vague little middle-aged lady with wisps of gray hair, who was hovering near by, turned out to be Miss Amabel Pierce, the fourth member of the party. She, too, was swept into the lounge under Lady Westholme's protecting wing.

"You are a professional woman, Miss King?"

"I've just taken my M. B."

"Good," said Lady Westholme with condescending approval. "If anything is to be accomplished, mark my words, it is women who will do it."

Uneasily conscious for the first time of her sex, Sarah followed Lady Westholme meekly to a seat.

THEIR first halt was the Dead Sea. They had lunch at Jericho. Afterward when Lady Westholme, armed with a Baedeker, had gone off with Miss Pierce, the doctor and the fat dragoman, to do a tour of old Jericho, Sarah remained in the garden of the hotel.

Her head ached slightly and she wanted to be alone. A deep depression weighed her down—a depression for which she found it hard to account. She felt suddenly listless and uninterested, disinclined for sight-seeing, bored by her companions. She wished at this moment that she had never committed herself to this Petra tour. It was going to be very expensive and she felt quite sure she wasn't going to enjoy it!

She wondered where the Boyntons were now—perhaps they had gone on to Syria—they might be at Baalbek or Damascus. Raymond—she wondered what Raymond was doing. Strange how clearly she could see his face—its eagerness—its diffidence—its nervous tension. . . .

Dr. Gerard entered and plumped down in a chair, wiping his hot forehead.

"Phew! That woman should be poisoned!" he declared.

Sarah started.

"Mrs. Boynton?"

"Mrs. Boynton! No, I meant that Lady Westholme! It is incredible to me that she has had a husband for many years and that he has not already done so. What can he be made of, that husband?"

Sarah laughed.

"Oh, he's the 'huntin', fishin', shootin' ' kind," she explained.

"Psychologically that is very sound! He appeases his lust to kill on the so-called lower creations."

"I believe he is very proud of his wife's activities."

"Because they take her a good deal away from home? That is understandable."

"Oh, you Frenchmen!" Sarah exclaimed. "You've got no use for any woman who isn't young and attractive."

Gerard shrugged his shoulders.

"We are more honest about it, that is all. Englishmen, they do not get up in tubes and trains for ugly women—no, no."

"How depressing life is," said Sarah with a sigh.

"There is no need for *you* to sigh, mademoiselle."

"Well, I feel thoroughly disgruntled today."

"Naturally."

"What do you mean—naturally?" snapped Sarah.

"You could find the reason very easily if you examined your state of mind honestly."

"I think it's our fellow travelers who depress me," said Sarah. "It's awful, isn't it, but I do hate women! When they're inefficient and idiotic like Miss Pierce they infuriate me, and when they're efficient like Lady Westholme they annoy me more still."

"It is, I should say, unavoidable that these two people should annoy you. Lady Westholme is exactly fitted to the life she leads and is completely happy and successful. Miss Pierce has worked for years as a nursery governess and has suddenly come into a small legacy which has enabled her to fulfill her lifelong wish to travel. So far, travel has lived up to her expectations. Consequently you, who have just been thwarted in obtaining what you want, naturally resent the existence of people who have been more successful in life than you are."

"I suppose you're right," said Sarah gloomily. "What a horribly accurate mind reader you are. I keep trying to humbug myself and you won't let me."

At this moment the others returned. The guide seemed the most exhausted of the three. He was quite subdued and hardly exuded any information on the way to Amman.

Now the road wound upward from the Jordan, twisting and turning, with clumps of oleanders showing rose-colored flowers.

They reached Amman late in the afternoon and after a short visit to the Graeco-Roman theater went to bed early. They were to make an early start the next morning as it was a full day's motor run across the desert to Ma'an.

They left soon after eight o'clock. The party was inclined to be silent. It was a hot airless day and by noon, when a halt was made for a picnic lunch to be eaten, it was really stiflingly hot. The irritation on a hot day of being boxed up closely with three other human beings had got a little on everyone's nerves.

Lady Westholme and Dr. Gerard had a somewhat irritable argument over the League of Nations. Lady Westholme was a fervent supporter of the League. The Frenchman, on the other hand, chose to be witty at the League's expense. From the attitude of the League concerning Abyssinia and Spain they passed to the activities of the League in suppressing dope gangs.

"You must admit they have done wonderful work. Wonderful!" snapped Lady Westholme.

Dr. Gerard shrugged his shoulders.

"Perhaps. And at wonderful expense, too!"

"The matter is a very serious one. Under the Dangerous Drugs Act—"

The argument waged on.

MISS PIERCE twittered to Sarah: "It is really *most* interesting traveling with Lady Westholme."

Sarah said acidly: "Is it?" But Miss Pierce did not notice the acerbity and twittered happily on.

"I've so *often* seen her name in the papers. So *clever* of women to go into public life and hold their own. I'm always so *glad* when a *woman* accomplishes something!"

"Why?" demanded Sarah ferociously.

Miss Pierce's mouth fell open and she stammered a little.

"Oh, because—I mean—just because—well—it's so nice that women are *able* to do things!"

"I don't agree," said Sarah. "It's nice when *any* human being is able to accomplish something worth while! It doesn't matter a bit whether it's a man or a woman. Why should it?"

"Well, of course—" said Miss Pierce. "Yes—I confess—of course, looking at it in that light—"

But she looked slightly wistful. Sarah said more gently:

"I'm sorry, but I do hate this differentiation between the sexes. 'The modern girl has a thoroughly businesslike attitude to life!' That sort of thing. It's not a bit true! Some girls are business-

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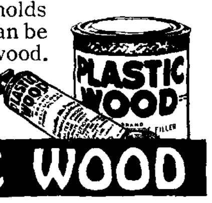


PLASTIC WOOD

like and some aren't. Some men are sentimental and muddleheaded; others are clearheaded and logical. There are just different types of brains. Sex only matters where sex is directly concerned."

Miss Pierce flushed a little at the word sex and adroitly changed the subject.

"One can't help wishing that there were a little shade," she murmured. "But I do think all this emptiness is so wonderful, don't you?"

Sarah nodded.

Yes, she thought, the emptiness was marvelous. . . . Healing. . . . Peaceful. . . . No human beings to agitate one with their tiresome interrelationships. . . . No burning personal problems! Now, at last, she felt, she was free of the Boyntons. Free of that strange, compelling wish to interfere in the lives of people whose orbit did not remotely touch her own. She felt soothed and at peace.

Here was loneliness, emptiness, spaciousness. . . . In fact, peace. . . .

Only, of course, one wasn't alone to enjoy it. Lady Westholme and Dr. Gerard had finished with drugs and were now arguing about guileless young women who were exported in a sinister manner to Argentinian cabarets. Dr. Gerard had displayed throughout the conversation a levity which Lady Westholme, a true politician with no sense of humor, found definitely deplorable.

"We go on now, yes?" announced the tarbooshed dragoman and began to talk about the iniquities of Jews again.

It was about an hour off sunset when they reached Ma'an at last. Strange, wild-faced men crowded round the car. After a short halt they went on.

Looking over the flat desert country, Sarah was at a loss as to where the rocky stronghold of Petra could be. Surely they could see for miles and miles all round them? There were no mountains, no hills anywhere. Were they then still many miles from their journey's end?

They reached the village of Ain Musa where the cars were to be left. Here horses were waiting for them—sorry-looking, thin beasts. The inadequacy of her striped washing frock disturbed Miss Pierce greatly. Lady Westholme was sensibly attired in riding breeches, not perhaps a particularly becoming style to her type of figure but certainly practical.

The horses were led out of the village along a slippery path with loose stones. The ground fell away and the horses zigzagged down. The sun was close on setting.

SARAH was very tired from the long hot journey in the car. Her senses felt dazed. The ride was like a dream. It seemed to her afterward that it was like the pit of hell opening at one's feet. The way wound down—down into the ground. The shapes of rock rose up round them—down, down into the bowels of the earth, through a labyrinth of red cliffs. They towered now on either side. Sarah felt stifled, menaced by the ever-narrowing gorge.

She thought confusedly to herself. "Down into the valley of death—down into the valley of death. . . ."

On and on. It grew dark and the vivid red of the walls faded—and still on, winding in and out, imprisoned, lost in the bowels of the earth.

She thought: "It's fantastic and unbelievable . . . a dead city."

And again like a refrain came the words: "*The valley of death* . . ."

Lanterns were lit now. The horses wound along through the narrow ways. Suddenly they came out into a wide space—the cliffs receded. Far ahead of them was a cluster of lights.

"That is camp!" said the guide.

The horses quickened their pace a little—not very much; they were too starved and dispirited for that, but they showed just a shade of enthusiasm. Now the way ran along a gravelly water bed. The lights grew nearer.

They could see a cluster of tents, a higher row up against the face of a cliff. Caves, too, hollowed out in the rock.

They were arriving. Bedouin servants came running out.

Sarah stared up at one of the caves. It held a sitting figure. What was it? An idol? A gigantic squatting image?

No, that was the flickering lights that made it loom so large. But it *must* be an idol of some kind, sitting there immovable, brooding over the place. . . .

And then, suddenly, her heart gave a leap of recognition.

Gone was the feeling of peace—of escape—that the desert had given her. She had been led from freedom back into captivity. She had ridden down into this dark winding valley and here, like an arch priestess of some forgotten cult, like a monstrous swollen female Buddha, sat Mrs. Boynton. . . .

MRS. BOYNTON was here, at Petra! Sarah answered mechanically questions that were addressed to her. Would she have dinner straightaway—it was ready—or would she like to wash first? Would she prefer to sleep in a tent or a cave?

Her answer to that came quickly. A tent. She flinched at the thought of a cave; the vision of that monstrous squatting figure recurred to her. Why was it that something about the woman seemed hardly human?

Finally she followed one of the native servants. He wore khaki breeches, much patched, and untidy puttees and a ragged coat very much the worse for wear. On his head the native headdress, the cheffiyeh, its long folds protecting the neck and secured in place with a black silk twist fitting tightly to the crown of his head. Sarah admired the easy swing with which he walked—the careless proud carriage of his head. Only the European part of his costume seemed tawdry and wrong. She thought: "Civilization *is* all wrong—*all* wrong! But for civilization there wouldn't be a Mrs. Boynton! In savage tribes they'd probably have killed and eaten her years ago!"

She realized, half humorously, that she was overtired and on edge. A wash in hot water and a dusting of powder over her face and she felt herself again—cool, poised, and ashamed of her recent panic.

She passed a comb through her thick black hair, squinting sideways at her reflection in the wavering light of a small oil lamp in a very inadequate glass.

Then she pushed aside the tent flap and came out into the night prepared to descend to the big marquee below.

"You—here?"

It was a low cry, dazed and incredulous.

She turned to look straight into Raymond Boynton's eyes. So amazed they were! And something in them held her silent and almost afraid. Such an unbelievable joy. . . . It was as though he had seen a vision of Paradise—wondering, dazed, thankful, humble! Never, in all her life, was Sarah to forget that look. So might the damned look up and see Paradise. . . .

He said again:

"*You*. . . ."

It did something to her—that low, vibrant tone. It made her heart turn over in her breast. It made her feel shy, afraid, humble and yet suddenly arrogantly glad.

She said quite simply: "Yes."

HE CAME nearer, still dazed, still only half believing.

Then suddenly he took her hand.

"It *is* you," he said. "You're real. I thought at first you were a ghost, because I'd been thinking about you so much." He paused and then said, "I love you, you know. . . . I have from the moment I saw you in the train. I know that now. And I want you to know it, so that—so that you'll know it isn't me—the real me—who behaves so caddishly. You see I can't answer for myself even now. I might do—anything! I might pass you by or cut you, but I do want you to know that it isn't me, the real me, who is responsible for that. It's my nerves. I can't depend on them. . . . When she tells me to do things I do them! My nerves make me! You will understand, won't you? Despise me if you have to—"

She interrupted him. Her voice was low and unexpectedly sweet.

"I won't despise you."

"All the same I'm pretty despicable! I ought to—to be able to behave like a man."

It was partly an echo of Gerard's advice, but more out of her own knowledge and hope that Sarah answered—and behind the sweetness of her voice there was a ring of certainty and conscious authority.

"You will now."

"Shall I?"

His voice was wistful. "Perhaps . . ."

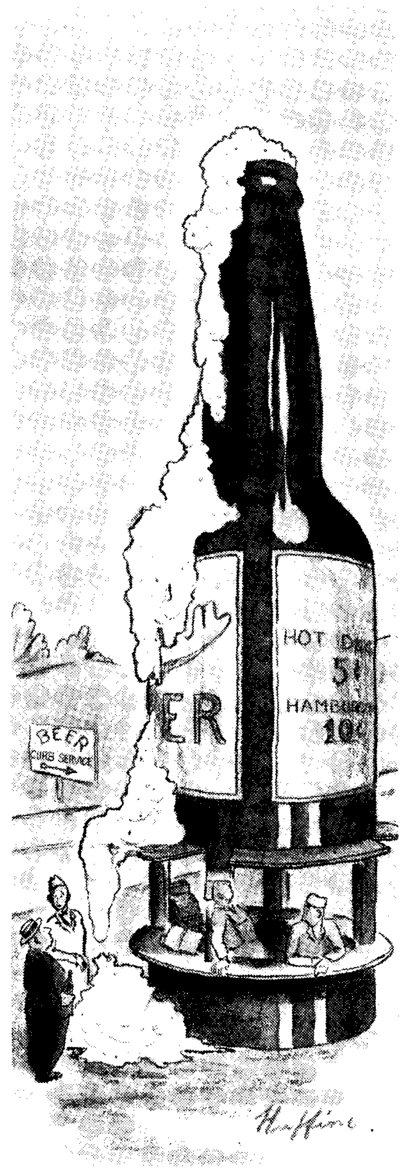
"You'll have courage now. I'm sure of it."

He drew himself up and flung back his head.

"Courage? Yes, that's all that's needed. Courage!"

Suddenly he bent his head, touched her hand with his lips. A moment later he had left her.

(To be continued next week)



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COLLIER'S

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Mr. Lewis' Baby

A YEAR or more ago the old friends and union associates, John L. Lewis and William Green, had their famous quarrel. Lewis, the Iowa Welshman, did not linger long digging coal. Before he was thirty he was legislative agent of the United Mine Workers.

Green was even more quickly made union leader by the Ohio coal miners. Soon he was sent to the Ohio State Senate. Both Green and Lewis took naturally to politics. During the last twenty-five years their digging has been in the state capitals and at Washington, whither they went as lobbyists.

They succeeded in ingratiating themselves with the politicians. Members of Congress are pleased when either William Green or John L. Lewis call them by their first names.

The old friends split over a question which has worried labor leaders off and on the last fifty years. The question is how to organize the workers into unions.

The A. F. of L. had generally preferred to organize workers in separate crafts, carpenters, painters, plumbers, and the like, all separated by skill. Mr. Lewis and his associates in the Committee for Industrial Organization said that things would move faster if whole plants and industries were organized without bothering about the details of various crafts and trades.

Obviously there was much to say on each side. Back in the eighteen-eighties Terence V. Powderley and the Knights of Labor adopted the industrial union plan. The Knights were beaten and scattered by public irritation over epidemics of strikes.

Then Samuel Gompers, a young English cigar maker, built up the American Federation of Labor on the craft principle, although even Gompers accepted the industrial unionism of the miners.

Many others before John L. Lewis tried to make a fighting issue of the industrial union idea. "Big Bill" Haywood, the turbulent leader of the I. W. W., was the most famous. Haywood was disastrously beaten by Samuel Gompers. Haywood made the fundamental mistake of seeming to approve sabotage and violence. This lack of scruple destroyed him. Public opinion would not tolerate sabotage.

The fact that others have failed to establish industrial unionism does not at all suggest that John L. Lewis cannot now succeed. Hitherto industrial unionism foundered on the rocks of violence, sabotage and loose discipline. Industrial unionism has actually worked very well in the few industries, notably coal mining, within which it was well established.

The great difference now lies in the political power enjoyed by organized labor. Both the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. are Democratic. John L. Lewis, however, took the initiative as a campaigner for the re-election of President Roosevelt before other labor leaders had committed themselves. The Administration, especially the National Labor Board, has been considered very friendly to Mr. Lewis and the C. I. O. Certainly labor has never had a better opportunity to organize.

Now and at all other times, however, organized labor has been a numerically small minority of all American wage earners.

About half the people ten years old and older are employed as wage earners in this country. The proportion of workers is surprisingly stable. In 1890, 49.2% were gainfully occupied and forty years later, in 1930, the census figure was 49.5%. We are a steady people.

The number of wage earners is very large. At least fifty million Americans must now be employed as wage earners.

Conceding the claims of the important leaders, the American Federation of Labor may have about 3,500,000 members. The Committee for Industrial Organization counts almost as many. By the most generous estimates, accordingly, not more than fifteen per cent of all American wage earners are members of unions.

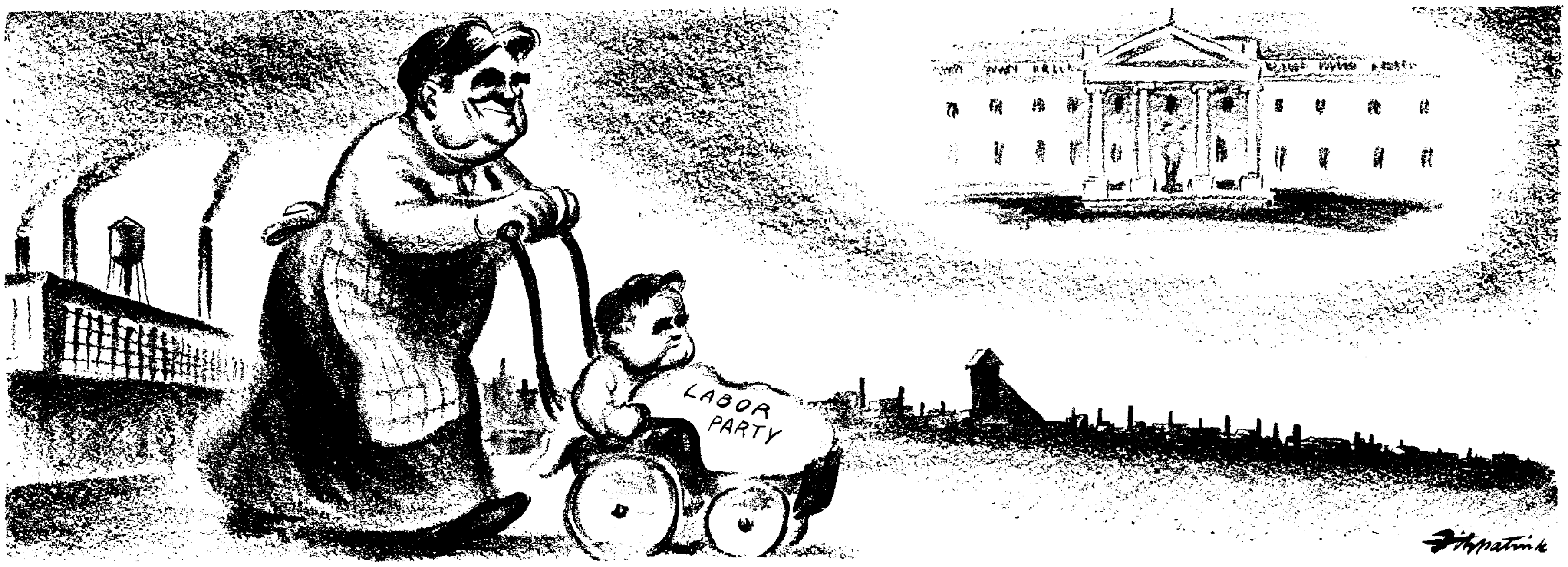
The unions are, however, very much larger and much more influential than ever before. Up to this year union membership reached its highest peak at the close of the World War. Then ten or eleven per cent of American wage earners were enrolled. The A. F. of L. was by far the largest group but the independent railroad brotherhoods and the clothing makers were numerous and powerful. Labor leaders, being human, take a natural pride in the numbers of their followers and the present favorable conditions for further organization. In this development we in the United States have followed European examples. If no fundamental blunders are committed, our American unions may continue to grow as have the British.

In Britain today the Labor Party is His Majesty's opposition. But a few years ago Labor was His Majesty's government. John L. Lewis is now struggling to organize an American Labor Party somewhat on the British model. So far, the American Labor Party has supported President Roosevelt, a Democrat, and Mayor LaGuardia, of New York, a one-time Republican. The Labor Party calls itself liberal or radical.

How far the unions can go politically will depend very largely on how well they are managed as unions. The great majority of Americans are not unionists. Perhaps a majority were favorable to unionism in last year's election. The outburst of strikes was, however, very disturbing to many who approved generally of unions.

Controversies between the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. will not strengthen the American Labor Party. Irresponsible strikes will hurt, not help. Before the Labor Party can win enough support from the disinterested majority, the unions will have to solve their own problems of discipline and of responsibility. Strikes against the leaders and jurisdictional quarrels between rival unions are barriers across the road of political development. The public will observe the record and render its verdict.

It is an exciting time for labor and for the nation. We won't soon forget the experiences through which we are living.



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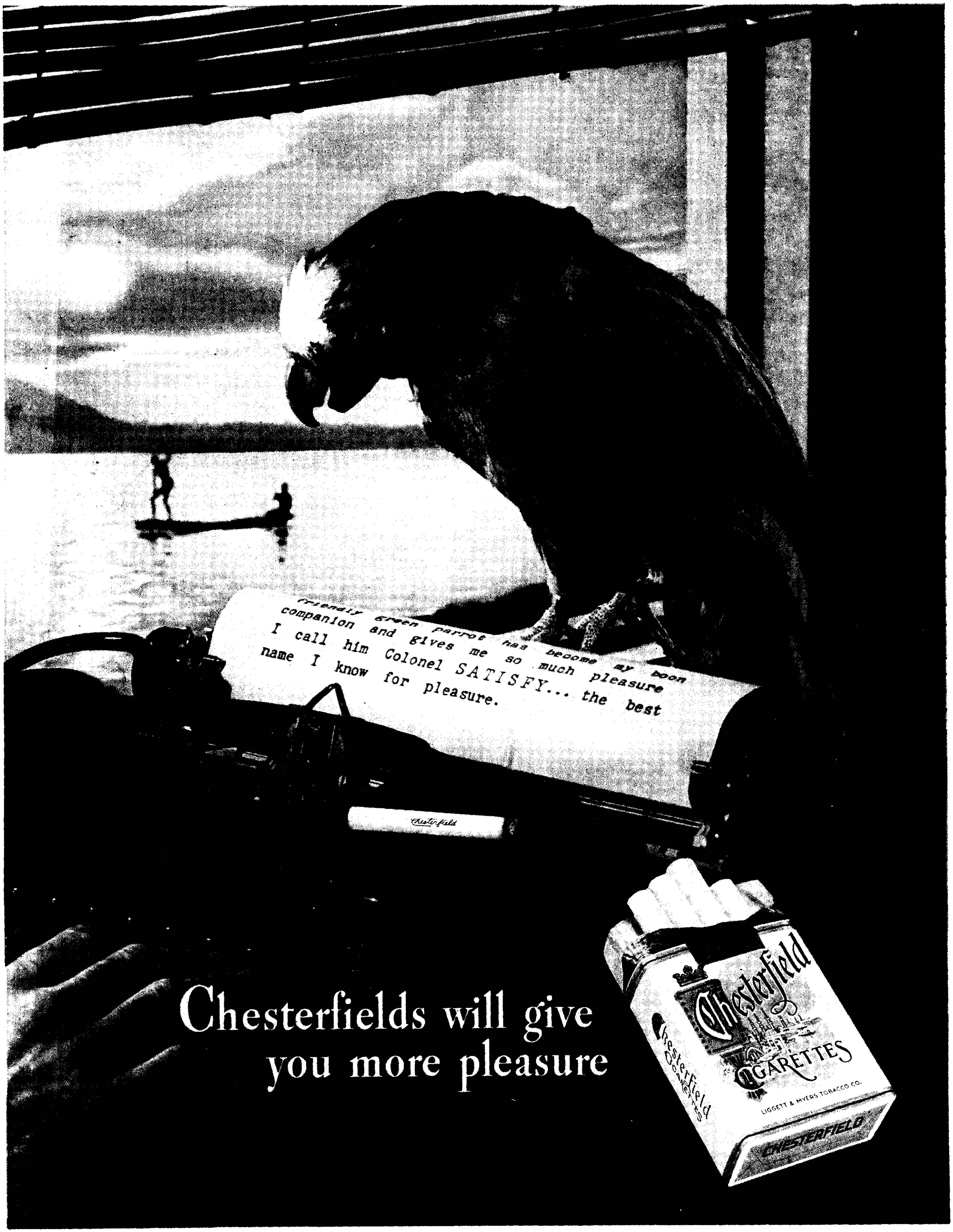

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